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LANCASHIRE POETS
AND OTHER
LITERARY SKETCHES.

T. COSTLEY, F.R.S.A.I.

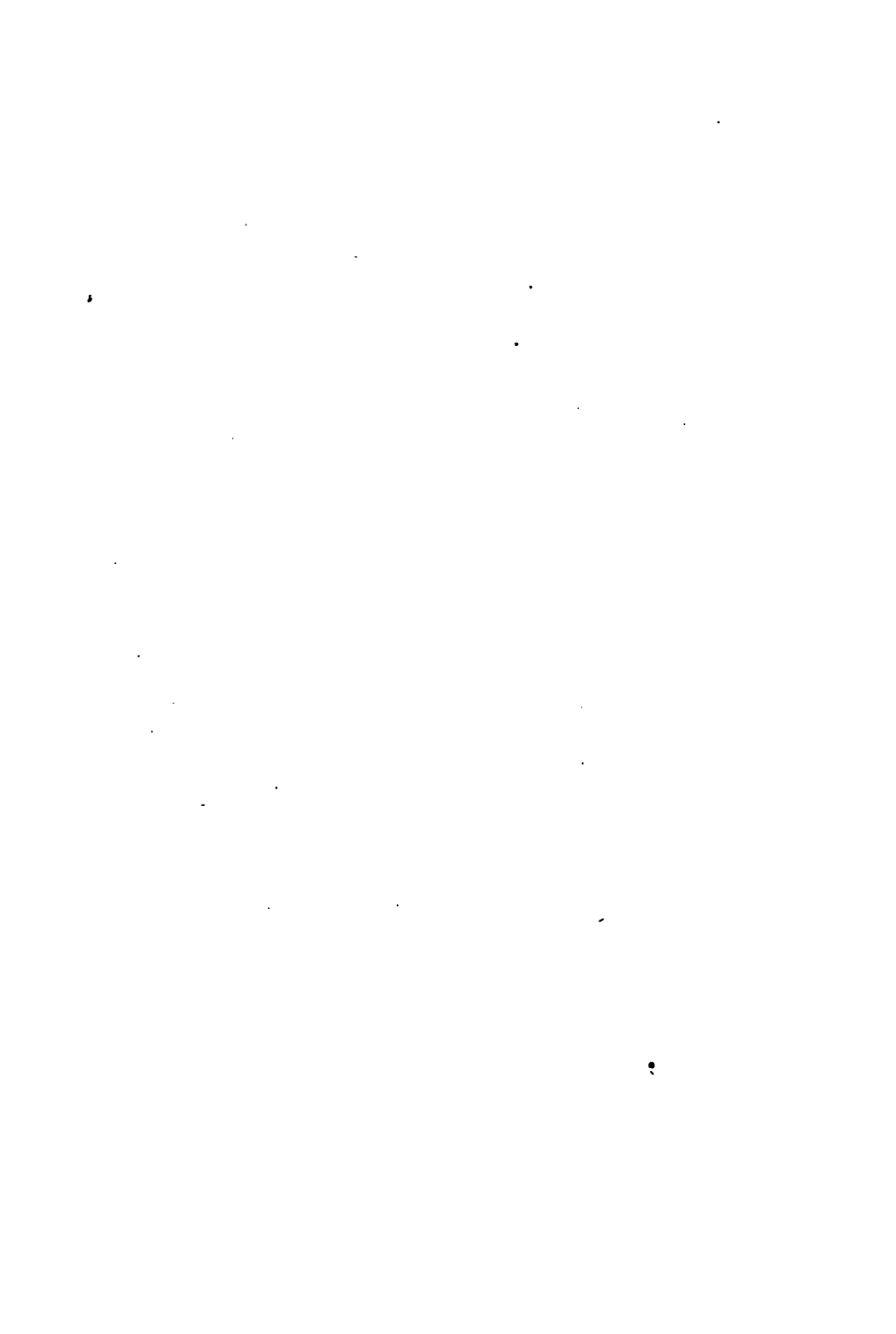




Yours truly
Thomas Costley

LANCASHIRE POETS.
AND
OTHER LITERARY SKETCHES.

(IN A SERIES OF LECTURES.)



Lancashire Poets,

AND

Other Literary Sketches,

(In a Series of Lectures.)

By THOS. COSTLEY F.R.S.A.I.,

AUTHOR OF "MY FAVOURITE AUTHORS."

"Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand,—"

WILLIAM COWPER.

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“Authors are martyrs, witnesses to the truth, or else nothing.”—
CARLYLE.

“Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves
understand.” —**PLATO.**

PREFACE.

THOSE who have the pleasure of attending meetings of Literary Institutes and Mutual Improvement Societies are generally expected at the same time to offer a few observations such as experience may suggest to those about to enter on a literary career. I have at many such gatherings, taken the opportunity of dwelling on the delights and advantages we enjoy from reading the best authors of ancient and modern times, and I can only hope that the quotations in prose and verse occurring in the following lectures may afford as much pleasure to my readers as they have afforded myself. The following are the titles of a few of the lectures I have—during the past forty years—delivered to various Literary Societies and Clubs: "Oliver Goldsmith," 1865; "The Poetry of Byrom," 1876; "Thomas Campbell," 1877; "Wordsworth," 1878; "Thomas Moore," 1879; "Longfellow," 1879; "Robert Burns," 1880; "The Natural System of Botanical Classification," 1882; "What the Great Poets have said about Flowers," 1883; "Thomson, Wordsworth and Tennyson as Descriptive Poets," 1883; "What the Minor Poets have said about Flowers," 1884; "Erasmus Darwin," 1886; "The early song writers of Ireland," 1887; "John Ruskin," 1888; "The later song writers of Ireland," 1888; "The Rarity of Inherited Genius," 1889; "Ben Jonson," 1890; "Dean Swift," 1890; "Daniel Defoe," 1891; "Sir Walter Raleigh," 1891;

"Manchester Authors," 1892; "The First and Second Chapters of British Eloquence and Literature," 1895 and 1896; and "Birds," 1897.

LANCASHIRE POETS OF THE 16TH, 17TH, AND 18TH CENTURIES

is my first lecture of the series, and is a very fit subject to write about for one who has lived among and mixed much with our local authors for nearly forty years. Lancashire authors may naturally be divided into two classes, namely, prose and verse. I have confined myself to the latter. The poets of this county are so numerous that I had to limit my observations to those born previous to the beginning of the present century. That a remarkable number of short, sweet poems have proceeded from the pens of our Lancashire lyrists nobody, I think, will deny. The poets born during the 19th century are, in my opinion, greater than those who lived in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. In a future lecture I intend to deal with those who have lived in the Victorian era, and in the works of these will be found pungent wit, jollity, and fun in large store indeed. I have not exhausted the subject, but I hope I have done so much that I shall attract others to dig deep into what I must regard as a mine of literary wealth. There is no county in England, to my knowledge, that has given birth to a larger number of writers in prose and verse, who, if they are not of the highest class of genius, display at least abundant talent. In many of the smaller poems of our lyrists there is a beauty, a simplicity, and a grace that is only to be compared to the com-

positions of the minor poets who lived in the reign of Queen Anne. Witness the following from Mrs. Hemans' lines on "Books":—

"Come, let me make a sunny realm around thee,
Of thoughts of beauty. Here are books and flowers,
With spells to loose the fetters which hath bound
thee,
The ravelled coll of this world's feverish hours."

And again, in "The Departed":—

Are ye for ever to your skies departed?
Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?
Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted
Through Eden's fresh and flowery shades, no more.

Here is another beautiful thought of hers on
"The Cottage Homes of England":—

"The cottage homes of England! By thousands on
our plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook, and round
the hamlet fanes;
Through glowing orchards forth they peep, each from
its nook of leaves,
And fearless there, the lowly sleep, as birds beneath
the eaves."

The above short quotation from the works of Lancashire's greatest poetess proves the truth of my statement, namely, that our local poets have style as well as beauty and simplicity.

Mrs. Lydia Sigourney's beautiful tribute to Mrs. Hemans is here worth remembering:

"Every unborn age

Shall mix thee with its household charities;
 The hoary sire shall bow his deafened ear,
 And greet thy sweet words with his benison;
 The mother shrine thee as a vestal flame
 In the lone temple of her sanctity;
 And the young child who takes thee by the hand
 Shall travel with a surer step to heaven."

SALFORD AUTHORS, OLD AND NEW.

The second lecture of the series is on "Salford Authors, Old and New," a more numerous class than I at first imagined they could be. I am persuaded that they form a fair proportion of the industry, the energy, the intelligence, and scientific knowledge of the county. They have not all published books, for some of the best treatises or contributions to science and literature have been given to us in pamphlet form. I have not been able to get extracts from all their books, or sketches of all their lives, because there is no biographical dictionary extant that I know of which their names would, in my opinion, worthily adorn. Of course, my lecture is not intended to exhaust the subject, but rather to introduce to the public some of the greater intellects of the Royal Borough. During the last three hundred years there has been born in Salford quite a galaxy of intellect which, if full justice was done to it, not only a pamphlet would be the result, but a large volume might be published. A town that can boast of such names as John Byrom, William Crabtree, Sir E. W. Watkin, Richard Wright Proctor, J. Prescott Joule, Charles

Beard, and Mary H. Holt, need not be ashamed of its history. Besides these, doubtless many have lived and died in Salford, as in other places, who were as "sweet flowers born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air." Dr. John Byrom's poetry is well known, and the famous quatrain, given often with slight variations, proves to a demonstration that he is Salford's greatest epigrammatist.

If Byrom was ready to lampoon a foe, he never lacked the courage to rebuke a friend. This is shown in the lines here addressed to Townley, the Jacobite colonel, who was sadly addicted to profane swearing:—

"Soldier, so tender of thy prince's fame,
Why so profane of a superior name?
For the king's sake the brunt of the battle bear,
But for the King of king's sake do not swear!

"SALFORD'S ALMOST FORGOTTEN WORTHIES"

is the third lecture in the series. I had Ernest Jones in my mind's eye when the above title suggested itself. I had read a short time before a masterpiece by Froude, entitled: "England's Forgotten Worthies," and I was convinced that there are in every town and county forgotten, or almost forgotten, worthies. Although I cannot refer you in Salford to a hero such as Froude mentions in the person of Widdrington, of whom it has been said by the poet:

"For Widdrington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

I don't doubt if the occasion had arisen many of our almost forgotten worthies would have done what Widdrington is pictured to have done by the author of the heroic song, "Chevy Chase." If you would like to see the grand old verse, here it is:

"For Wetharrington my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his legges were hewen in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on his kne."

Some of Salford's worthies are not likely to be ever forgotten so long as the people of the borough have virtue and valour, and admiration for noble deeds done in the present as well as the past. The names of social reformers, philanthropists, and men of light and leading must be remembered for all time, and of these Salford can boast not a few; witness Brotherton, Hewitt, Armitage, Heywood, Joule, Jones, and others.

"WHAT THE POETS HAVE SAID ABOUT FLOWERS."

My fourth lecture of the series is on "What the Poets have said about Flowers," more particularly wild flowers. The subject is as extensive in scope and detail as it is instructive and interesting to the lover of poetry, and the lover of shrubs, trees, and flowers. All the poets deserving the name of poet have taken either one flower or another out of the vegetable kingdom, and have thought it a worthy theme for a *song*. *Botany*, more than any other science, is rich

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in themes of supreme interest to the great majority of mankind. How few persons there are who know the names of the stars in the firmament in comparison with those who are acquainted with the wild children of our flowery groves. We are as familiar with stones and rocks as we are with plants, and yet they are not so loved and caressed by the young and old. Astronomy and geology may be highly attractive, but botany that treats of flowers and plants is much more attractive to the ordinary student of nature. To roam over meadows, through country lanes, peeping into hedges after wild flowers—can anything be more delightful, especially when the year is in its vernal prime:—

“While the bee is humming in the sun,
The yellow cowslip springs;
And hark! from yonder woodland's side,
Again the cuckoo sings!”

My labours in the delightful pursuit after the choice bits of poetry on flowers to me have been most elevating. In fact the wild flowers which are to be found in gardens are a delightful study in themselves:—

“Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies
Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay;
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.”

"THE POOR AND POOR LAWS."

"The Poor and Poor Laws" is the title of my fifth lecture of the series. Few subjects can be of greater interest to mankind in general, or social reformers in particular, than the laws that are made in the interests of indigent persons. We have been making laws in this country with regard to the poor for hundreds of years, and they are yet far from being perfect, though undoubtedly they have undergone much amelioration during the last half-century. Impostors are numerous in every place, but less numerous than formerly. The lazy and the crafty are sooner found out than they were in earlier times. Laziness, that is, downright idleness, in man or woman, is one of the most damnable in the whole catalogue of sins. In Queen Elizabeth's reign we find there was an Act passed reciting that, "considering that all parts in this realm be presently with fogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars exceedingly pestered, by means whereof daily happeneth that horrible murders, thefts, and other great outrages are committed," and enacting that all vagrants for a first offence were to be whipped and branded with a hot iron on the right ear; for a second, regarded as felons; and for a third, suffer death as felons without the benefit of clergy. Strype says that every English county had from 300 to 400 vagrants living by theft and rapine. I am thankful to be able to say that the state of things in this respect has not only improved twenty, but ninety, per cent. since the time of Elizabeth. As is well known, a large proportion of

the aged poor in our workhouses are there on account of old age and sickness. A goodly number of the male paupers are in the house because they have not been able in the past to earn sufficient money to lay a portion of it by for their support in old age. The poor working men in these islands have the largest families and the lowest wages, reminding one of Addison's words:—"Poor people! I pity them." Every well-regulated mind must entertain towards the unfortunate more pity than anger. "Poverty pall the generous spirits; it crows industry, and casts resolution itself into despair."

"OUR LAWS IN RELATION TO TRAMPS"

is the sixth lecture of the series. The tramp is an extraordinary individual, looking at him from whatever standpoint you may. He has been the mystery of mysteries for not one but many thousands of years. He is the great enemy of law in general, but is seldom disobedient to the laws of the country in which he resides. Even in the days of the greatest of law-givers, there were tramps, and not a few, that is to say, in the days of Moses, and also in the days of Rameses the Great, of Egypt; and later, in the age of Pompey, and in the time of King John of England, and in the days of the Edwards. Doubtless there are many tramps on the road who find it difficult to get employment. Others are on the road because they have no liking for work. Some are married, and take with them from town to town their wives and children. A tramp has been defined as one who tramps as a stroller, a scamp, vagrant, or vagabond.

**"EXPERIENCE AS A MEMBER OF THE SALFORD
BOARD OF GUARDIANS."**

The experience of a Guardian of the Poor for twelve months cannot but be interesting to the general public, if the story is told without varnish. Byron remarks, "It's strange, but true, for truth is ways stranger than fiction; if it could be told, what would the world gain, and how differently would we men behold." There are no public duties more honourable than those of a Poor-law Guardian, who has very often to submit to the servant's hate and the hireling's frown, and often to the censures of the very people who have elected him to act in their behalf.

**"THE FIRST CHAPTER OF BRITISH ELOQUENCE
AND LITERATURE, FROM THE BIRTH OF
CHRIST TO THE DEATH OF KING
ALFRED, 901."**

My eighth lecture of the series is entitled "The First Chapter of British Eloquence and Literature, from the Birth of Christ to the Death of King Alfred, 901." It is a long period of time, and not without many interesting events to the student of history. In fact, I don't think there is any other nation that can point to a period in which the science of language, the structure of language, and its relation to literature, is so complete. Men sung and spoke eloquently in a language but partially formed, which is a marvel to the scholar of to-day, and, I am persuaded, will be for all ages. I believe more Anglo-Saxon literature has been lost than what has been

preserved. Among these writers are Gildas, mentioned by Bede, and said to be the author of "Tract de Excidio Britanniæ," and the Welsh or British authors, Tallesin, Merlin, Aneurin, Tysilio, and others. I have touched very gently the writings of these ancient authors in this lecture. Marsh, in his lectures on the English language, speaks of those periods in terms evidently inspired by his enthusiasm for the subject. "The study," he says, "of our ancient mother tongue is an important, and, I may say, essential, part of a complete English education; and although it is neither possible, nor in any way desirable, to reject alien constituents of the language, yet there is reason to hope that we may recover and re-incorporate into the English language many a gem of rich poetic wealth that now lies buried in more forgotten depths than even those of Chaucer's 'well of English undefiled.'" It has been said that literature, well or ill-conducted, is the great engine by which all civilised states must ultimately be supported or overthrown. The better class of Anglo-Saxon poets sung of themes worthy of the poet, though in a peculiar rhythm, and often without rhyme or alliteration, though in emphatic syllables. They sang of heroes, of death struggles, and moral truth; or, in their cloisters, turned scripture itself, or scripture story, into fitting rhymes and song. I quote the following, translated by Mr. J. Conybeare, a gentleman of vast research in the field of Anglo-Saxon literature.

"The strong dart fitteth,
The spear-man whetteth,
The town sorrow biteth,

The bold age quelleth,
Wreck suspicion worketh,
Wrath the city smiteth."

THE LATE DR. WILSON; WITH SOME REMARKS
ABOUT EMINENT MEDICAL MEN."

"He wha eats but ane dish seldom needs a
doctor."—SCOTCH PROVERB.

"Whoever has lived twenty years ought to know
how to order himself without physie."—Tiberius quoted
by MONTAIGNE.

"Time is generally the best doctor."—OVID.

"Keep the bowels open, the head cool, the feet
warm, and a fig for the doctors."—PROVERB.

"Ministers cobble away at the State, judges at
the law, parsons at the conscience, doctors at our
hands and feet. What cobblest thou, friend Jobson?"
"Far better shoes that have ever been worn."—WEISSE.

The medical profession is a noble calling, and
there are medical prescriptions which have been
handed down to us from the very earliest ages. The
present mode of treatment of diseases is probably not
very different from that prevalling a couple of
hundred years ago. In the beginning of the present
century herbs formed a large element in nearly every
medical prescription. In this lecture I have referred
to many doctors who have distinguished themselves
in other walks of life than that of medicine; but if
time had permitted I should have been able to have
spoken of many more. I have known a large number

of medical men in my time, and a few I have been intimately acquainted with; and this enables me to say that a more diligent, a more worthy, or a more hardworking body of professional men is not to be found in the community. It has been said that "the doctor sees all the weakness of mankind, the lawyer all the wickedness, and the theologian all the stupidity." Thomas Fuller, M.D., not referred to in my lecture, was a very clever man, and wrote some excellent things, witness his remarks on "Books." "Tell me not," he says, "what thou hast heard and read, and only so; but what thou hast taken into thy meditation, found to be truth, settled with judgment, fixed in thy memory, embraced in thy affections, and then a long time practised, and so made up to be truly thine own. This, and only this, is rightly called learning." He was born in 1654, and nobly distinguished himself by the kindness he showed towards the poor. John Ferrar, a native of Chester, another not referred to in my lecture, wrote many works on different subjects. One of them was entitled, "Medical Histories and Reflections." It is a great work in that department of knowledge. His work on "Apparitions" has been very highly commended. Here are a few more eminent doctors:—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," son of Abigail Holmes, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A., August 29th, 1809. Valentine Mott, M.D., LL.D., born at Glencove, New York, 1785. John Moore, a native of Stirling, Scotland, wrote several very interesting works. It was at Dr. Moore's request that Robert Burns

drew up his autobiographical sketch. It was said of Dr. Moore that he was a sensible and entertaining companion; his style was easy, always agreeable and pleasing, his wit was playful, and his pleasantry on physicians is sometimes little inferior to the satires of Molière.

“ THOMAS MOORE; OR, LYRICAL POETRY ”

is the subject of my tenth lecture. Moore was the most copious of lyrical writers. He was a born singer, if he was not a great poet. The first instrument he touched when he left home for school was a harp, like “the harp that once in Tara’s Hall,” etc. Though a great part of Moore’s life was spent in England, he never abated one jot or tittle in his intense love of the land of the shamrock. Here is a lovely thought of his, on beauty, from “The Fire-worshippers”:—

“ Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
 Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
 Of the gross world, illumining
 One only mansion with her light!
 Unseen by man’s disturbing eye,
 The flow’r that blooms beneath the sea,
 Too deep for sunbeams, do not lie
 Hid in more chaste obscurity.

A soul, too, more than half divine,
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
 Religion’s softened glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,

Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shady, too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere.

When one thinks of Moore, he may well recall the following beautiful description of "The Bard" by an ancient writer:—

"I call upon the Muses to chant in full concert,
 With notes melodious and harmonious loves,
 As for Achilles, erst, I called on them to form
 A choir, with immortal frenzy and Homeric strains,
 And now let us, the sacred choir of Muses,
 Sing; breathing forth 'in unison' the ends of song;
 For I 'am in the midst of you,' Phœbus with flowing
 locks."

Moore did a great work for his country when he published "National Airs," containing, as it did, such lovely poems as "Flow on, thou shining river," "All that's bright must fade," "Those evening bells," "Oft in the stilly night," and other famous poems and songs. Byron paid Moore a splendid tribute when he said of him that his poetry, music, and voice were all his own, with an expression in each which never was, nor ever would be, possessed by another. Henry Morley says—"As a lyrical poet, Moore was above all things a musician, and one of the best writers we have ever had of words for music." Lewis Morris is not very quotable, but one line of his may here be given: "The flute is sweet to gods and men, but sweeter the lyre and voice of a true singer," and such was Moore."

It has been said of him, and not without reason, that, although Irish, in a national sense, he was the least Irish of Irish bards. His songs, it is true, are characterised more by sprightliness, fancy, and sentiment, than by imagination. But he thoroughly understood the requirements of vocalization, and his verse is perfectly modulated for singing—an art to which very few poets, even of a much higher order, have attained. There are those who think that Moore's poetry is not destined to survive, but I venture to entertain a different opinion with regard, at least, to his Irish melodies. They may not all be of the first order—some, indeed, are trivial and weak—but the finer lyrics have a radiant grace and vivacity of sentiment, a starry sparkle of wit, and a faultless finish of diction, that must yield the highest pleasure to all imbued with the spirit of poesy.

"SONGS AND SINGERS OF IRELAND."

"Songs and Singers of Ireland" is the subject of my eleventh lecture. Carlyle might well say that song is the heroic of speech, and he might also have said the heroic of action, as can be abundantly proved in Ireland. It has always been a land of singers and of song, but it is very difficult to find out when the Irish began to sing or play on stringed instruments. The subjects of their songs are various and numerous. A few may be named here; others will suggest themselves. "St. Patrick was a Gentleman" is lively in the extreme:—

"Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
 Who came of decent people;
 He built a church in Dublin town,
 And on it put a steeple."

The Shamrock itself is a subject of perennial interest. There can be no doubt that the now universal potato was first planted in the south of Ireland. There is a poem, published in 1689, entitled, "The Irish Hudibras," in which there are several references proving the potato to have been extensively cultivated in Ireland, and commonly used before that date:—

"Sublime potatoes! that from Antrim's shore,
 To famous Kerry, form the poor man's store;
 Agreeing well with every place and state—
 The peasant's noggin, or the rich man's plate.
 Much prized when smoking from the teeming pot,
 Or on turf-embers, roasted crisp and hot.
 Welcome, although you be our only dish;
 Welcome, companion to flesh, fowl or fish;
 To the real gourmands, the learned few,
 Most welcome, steaming in an Irish stew."

The above extract is from a grand "national poem" which Mr. Morley thinks must always remain in manuscript, as no enterprising publisher will undertake the risk of printing it, to place clearly before the reader its merits.

"Erin's unrivalled potato,
 Pride of the land of the great."

It is thought that whisky was first made in Ireland in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Before

that time leper-houses were everywhere to be found, and hence this healing spirit was termed "the water of life," *uisge beaga*, or, *usquebagh*, and from these words whisky and poteen are derived. Whisky has been and is yet a universal theme for rhymers and singers.

Bobbin Joan is the tune of a song entitled "Love and Whisky."

Love and whisky can
 To anything persuade us
 No other power we fear
 That ever can invade us.
 Should others dare intrude,
 They'll find our lads so frisky,
 By none can be subdued,
 Excepting love and whisky.
 May the smiles of love
 Cheer our lads so clever;
 And with whisky, boys,
 We'll drink King George for ever.

The Irish oak, figuratively termed a sprig of Shillelagh is a fertile subject for songs. Of course "Shillelagh" is a district in county Wicklow once famous for its oak woods.

"In ruction delighting,
 Laughing and fighting.

A very common expression is "leather away with your oak sticks!" This is still the privilege and the practice of too many Irishmen.

"LANDSCAPE SCENERY; OR, THE LAKES OF
KILLARNEY"

is the subject of my twelfth and last lecture. The beauties of nature never tire me, especially such beauties as are to be seen in a thousand varieties of form in and around the Lakes of Killarney. Emerson says:—"He who travels to be amused, or to get something which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things." Nature in all her aspects strikes the observant eye; but in a district like Killarney she presents a variety of *many* aspects at one and the same time—in all the glory of colour, and the majesty of form. If you want to see stately ruins go to Innisfallen Abbey. It is an old historical edifice, dating more than 1,000 years back. If you desire to see rich vegetation adding a charm to a ruined edifice, go to Ross Castle. There is a character about other lakes in other countries peculiarly their own, but none of them in my opinion have so many features going to make the landscape of lake scenery perfect as has Killarney. John Ronayn selected a hundred years ago for his retreat a small island which yet retains his name, and lived in it as a hermit. Every vestige of Ronayn's cottage and mossy rocks has given place to a smooth-shorn grass plot; but the song written on him by the Hon. George Ogle, remains. Songs that flow from the heart of man are immortal, and live after the work done by their hands has passed away. John Bernard Troller, in his "Walks Through Ireland," in regard to this celebrated song, says

that he recollected learning the words of it when a schoolboy. It seemed to him the perfection of poetry, with its melancholy strain so often repeated:—

Adieu, adieu thou faithless world,
Thou wert not made for me!

filled him with mournful pleasure, and he became indifferent to the sports and plays usual with boys. He had often pored over these verses, not knowing their full import, but devouring and dwelling on them with secret and indescribable satisfaction. He knew not then what a "faithless world" meant. Here are some of the verses:—

"As on Killarney's bank I stood, near to her crystal
wave,

I saw a holy hermit retired within his cave;
His eyes he often turn'd to heaven, and thus exclaimed
he:

'Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
for me!'

His bed was strewed with rushes, which grew along the
shore,

And o'er his limbs emaciate, a sackcloth shirt he wore;
His hoary beard and matted hair hung listless to his
knee:

'Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made
for me!'

I thought his heart had broken, so heavy were his sighs,
I thought his tears would dry up the fountains of his
eyes;

Oh! 'twas a grievous thing to hear, a piteous sight to see:

'Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made for me!'

His sorrow pierced my bosom, in all I took my share;
My sighs his sighs re-echoed, I gave him tear for tear;
I had no comfort left to give—it might intrusion be:
'Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made for me!'

I thought that there was friendship, but that's a gem most rare;

I thought that love was sacred, and beauty was sincere;

But these are visions all like dreams, which with the morning flee:

'Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world, thou wert not made for me!''

I have now only to sincerely express my indebtedness to all those who have helped me in any way to accomplish the object I have had in view in delivering these lectures, which have been to benefit the funds of the Salford Royal Hospital, towards which a substantial amount has been contributed, after the payment of all the attendant expenses.

THOMAS COSTLEY.

8, Saint Mary's Street, Manchester, 1897.



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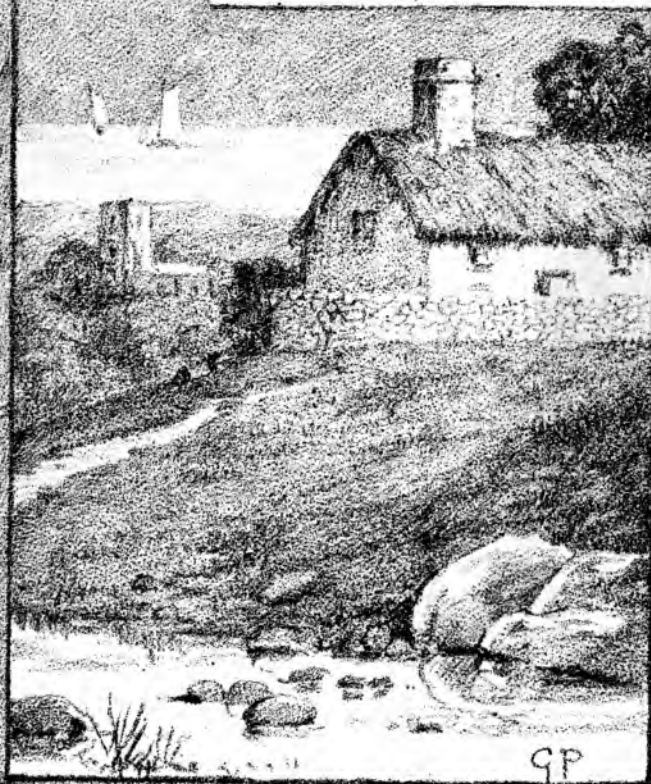
"Choose an author as you choose a friend."—EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

"The man is either mad, or he is making verses."—HORACE.



Our cottage stood on Magaberry Hill
Above a river fed by many a rill
From which, upon a clear & lovely day
Could well be seen the sparkling lake,
Lough Neag

Thos Costley



POPULAR LECTURES IN PENDLETON.

"LANCASHIRE AUTHORS."

"It requires more than genius to be an Author."—
LA BRUYERE.

"If you would understand an Author, you must
understand his age."—GOETHE.

"The two most engaging powers of an Author are
to make new things familiar and familiar
things new."—THACKERAY.

On Thursday evening Dec. 5th, 1895, Mr. Thomas Costley, of Broughton, a member of the Salford Board of Guardians, delivered the first of a series of twelve popular lectures in the Pendleton Town Hall. Owing to the boisterous state of the weather, the audience was not a large one, but those present thoroughly enjoyed the intellectual *menu* provided. The Rev. S. A. Steinthal presided, and in a few brief remarks introduced the lecturer.

Mr. COSTLEY, who was warmly received, said:—
The subject of my first lecture will, I have no doubt, be of interest, as it ought to be, to all present, treating as it does of some of the authors of our own county during the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. Now the Lancashire people are known to be an ingenious people—a people who have their wits about them. No other county has exhibited greater inventive genius in all departments of our industrial life than Lancashire, and such being the case it will be of interest to you to know some of its authors. I will lay before you the names of a few, for it is only a few I can touch upon, the number of authors in Lancashire being so large that it is impossible to deal in one paper with one-tenth or one-twentieth part of them. Few of our English counties can boast of a longer roll of eminent sons than Lancashire. For the most part their genius, happily perhaps for us, has

taken a very practical direction, having found its outcome in those great engineering works, and in those manufactures which have carried the names of some of our local firms to the very ends of the earth. Whilst, however, making due acknowledgement of this fact, it must not be supposed that Lancashire has been in any way behind-hand in contributing her share to the literature of the country. A list of the names of somewhere about 1,500 authors is quite sufficient in itself to secure, at any rate, an honourable place for the county palatine in this respect also, though none of them can be placed in the front rank among the creators of the "literature of power." But if Lancashire has never given birth to a Plato, a Dante, or a Milton—I do not add Shakespeare, because the whole world is too small to bring forth more than one genius of his transcendent capacity—she numbers among her literary children not a few singers worth listening to.

There are certain names which the mere mention of Lancashire authors will serve to call up in the mind of everyone present—Mrs. Gaskell, the friend and biographer of Charlotte Brontë, and the accomplished author of "Cranford" and "Mary Barton;" Mrs. Banks, Harriet Martineau, Roscoe, who first laid open to English readers the fascinating story of the rise and progress of the new birth of learning in Italy; De Quincey, the master of a prose style combining qualities so marvellous as to defy description; Samuel Bamford, the weaver poet; and Dr. Lightfoot, the late Bishop of Durham, whose reputation as a scholar stands even higher on the Continent, if that were possible, than in England. This catalogue of Lancashire authors might easily be extended to a much greater length without introducing the names of men fairly entitled to be considered of national if not of cosmopolitan fame. My original intention had been to include in this paper some account, however brief, of the prose writers, as well as the poets, of our county. But a very cursory examination of the subject matter which would have to be brought in, proved that it was impossible to treat both branches, so to speak, within the necessary limits of a lecture. I shall, therefore, confine myself this evening to the Poets of Lancashire, and hope to show you before I finish that even if no Milton has sprung from our soil, there have not been wanting men possessed of the true poetic spirit, and, what is still rarer, endowed with the gift of clothing the creations of their fancy in sweet, harmonious numbers.

The first Lancashire poet whom I wish to bring under your notice is Thomas Preston, of Preston,

THOMAS PRESTON.

whose chief composition was a dramatic piece, written in rhymed alexandrines, entitled "A Lamentable Tragedy; or, the Life of Cambyzes, King of Persia," a play which attracted sufficient notice to be ridiculed by Shakespeare, who makes Falstaff in "Henry IV." say, "Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it might be thought I had wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in Cambyzes' vein." Preston's reputation as a Latin scholar was undisputed, but his skill as a poet was a matter of controversy. Our author's tragedy was put on the stage in or about the year 1561. The play is called a comedy, but some of the critics of the day declared that it was neither a comedy nor a tragedy, and by their declaration virtually condemned it. To set forth the purpose of the play, the prologue thus begins:—

"Agathorn, he whose counsel wise to princes well
extended,
By good advice unto a prince three things he hath
commended;
First is, that he hath government, and ruleth over
men;
Secondly, to rule with laws, eke justice (saith he)
then:
Thirdly, that he must well conceive he may not
always reign:
Lo! thus a rule unto a prince, Agathorn squared
plain.
Tully the wise whose sapience in volumes great doth
tell,
Who in wisdom, in that time, did many men excel.
A prince (saith he) is of himself a plain and speaking
law,
The law a schoolmaster divine, this by his rule I draw.
The sage and witty Seneca his words thereto did
frame;
The honest exercise of Kings, men will ensue the
same,
But contrarywise if that a king abuse his kingly
seat—
His ignominy and bitter shame in fine shall be more
great.
In Persia there reigned a king, who Cyrus hight by
name,
Who did deserve, as I do read, the lasting blast of
fame;
But he, when sisters three had wrought to share his
vital thread,
As heir due to the crown, Cambyzes did proceed;

He in his youth was trained by trace of virtue's lore.
 Yet (being king) did clean forget his perfect race
 before.
 Then clearing more unto his will such vice did
 imitate
 As one of Icarus his kind forewarning then did hate:
 Thinking that none could him dismay, nor none his
 facts could see;
 Yet at the last a fall he took like Icarus to be.
 Else as the fish, which oft had taken the pleasant bait
 from hook,
 In safe did spring and pierce the streams when
 fisher fast did hook,
 To hoist up from the watery-waves unto the dried
 land,
 Then scaped, at last by subtle came to the fisher's
 hand;
 Even so this king Cambyzes here, when he had
 wrought his will,
 Taking delight the innocent his guiltless blood to
 spill,
 Then mighty Jove would not permit to prosecute
 offence,
 But what measure the king did mete the same did
 Jove commence,
 To bring to end with shame his race; two years he
 did not reign;
 His cruelty we will dilate; and make matters plain;
 Craving that this may suffice now your patience to
 win:
 I take my way; behold, I see the players coming in."

Like some of his greater contemporaries, Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh, Preston was fortunate enough to obtain the notice of Queen Elizabeth, who, to mark her approbation of his performances, both as an actor and a writer, conferred upon him the title of scholar, with a pension of twenty pounds a year added to it. The only other work of Preston's with which I am acquainted is "A Gelliflower; or, Sweet Marygold."

BARTON BOOTH, THE ACTOR.

How ill can Poetry express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime;
 And Painting, mute and motionless,
 Steals but a glance of time.
 But by the mighty Actor wrought
 Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And Sculpture to be dumb.

The second name on our list is that of Barton Booth, who was born at Barton in the parish of Eccles, in the year 1681. Booth achieved considerable success as an actor, and was also the author of a dramatic piece, entitled "The Death of Dido," brought out in the year 1716. He took the part of Cato in Addison's well-known play, and Pope in addition to other references to him, has the following—

"Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
But has he spoken? Not a syllable!
What shook the stage and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair."

Theophilus Cibber, in his memoir of our subject, says—"He had the deportment of a nobleman, and so well became a star and garter he seemed to be born to it." So long as histrionic success bestows celebrity, the name of Barton Booth will shine with a lustre of its own in the annals of the British stage. Dean Stanley was the first to draw attention, I believe, to the fact "that his surname has acquired a fatal celebrity from his descendant, Wilks Booth, who followed in his ancestor's profession, and, by the knowledge so gained, assassinated President Lincoln, in Ford's Theatre, at Washington, on Good Friday, 1865." Barton Booth died in London in May, 1733. His best known composition is a song which has been the object of enthusiastic praise.

SONG.

"Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise ;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies ;
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow,
 And marble towers, and gates of brass,
 In his rude march he levels low :
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove ;
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the bless'd above,
 Where, known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born, from heaven together came ;
 Love will the universe control,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more."

THOMAS WILSON.

Thomas Wilson, who next claims our attention, was born at the village of Priest Hutton, near Lancaster, on the 3rd of December, 1747. He seems to have been a fairly successful man, for we learn that besides being the head-master, during 38 years, of Clitheroe Grammar School, he was rector of Cloughton and incumbent of the parochial churches of Clitheroe and Downham. As an indication of his social standing, it may be mentioned he was a Justice of Peace for the county. He died at Clitheroe on the 3rd of March, 1813. The following extracts from his ballads show that he was not without the ability to express his thoughts in vigorous, if not very euphonious, language:—

"If life like a bubble evaporates fast,
 We must take off our wine, and the bubble will last ;
 For a bubble may soon be destroyed with a puff,
 If it is not kept floating with liquor enough.

If life's like a flower, as grave moralists say,
 'Tis a very good thing, understood the right way ;
 For if life's like a flower, even blockheads can tell,
 If you'd have it look fresh, you must water it well !

That life is a journey no mortal disputes,
 So their brains they will liquor instead of their boots ;
 And each toper will own on life's road as he reels,
 That a spur in the head is worth two in the heels.

If life's like a lamp, then, to make it look brighter,
 They assign to Madeira the post of lamp lighter.
 They cherish the flame with Oporto so stout
 And drink ardent spirits till fairly burnt out.

Then life to a theatre likened has been,
 Where each has assigned him a part in the scene,
 If 'tis theirs to be tipsy, then matter of fact,
 The faster they guzzle the better they act.

Life, 'tis said, like a dream or a vision appears.
 Where some laugh in their slumber and others shed
 tears ; [be said
 But of toppers, when waked from their dream, 'twill
 That the tears of the tankard were all that they shed."

A less popular, but not less meritorious, ballad from
 the same pen is the following :—

" AVARICE.

What man in his wits had not rather be poor
 Than for lucre his freedom to give ?
 Ever busy the means of his life to secure
 And for ever neglecting to live !

Environed from morning till night in a crowd,
 For a moment unbent or alone ;
 Constrained to be abject though ever so proud,
 And at every one's call but his own.

Still repining and looking for quiet each hour,
 Yet studiously plying it still ;
 With the means of enjoying such wish in his power,
 But accursed in wanting the will.

For a year must have passed or a day must be come
 Before he has leisure to rest ;
 He must add to his store this or that petty sum,
 And then he'll have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
 Only swell the desire of his eyes,
 Such a wretch, let my enemy live, if he please,
 But oh ! not so wretchedly die."

DAVID HOLT.

We must now pass on to consider the claims of two
 men, both of the same name, David Holt, but sepa-
 rated in age by a period of 63 years. David Holt
 the elder was born at Manchester in the year 1764,
 and was for the greater part of his life engaged in the
 manufacture of sewing cottons, his mills being situate

in Chorlton-upon-Medlock. He was a member of the Society of Friends, a gentleman of refined manners, and possessed of much dignity without ostentation. His love of literature was ardent and discriminating, while the encouragement he gave to men of genius was generous and judicious. He was the attached and faithful friend of the celebrated Joseph Lancaster, who founded free schools on the monitorial system, and was one of the first trustees of the Royal Lancasterian School in Marshall-street, Oldham Road, Manchester. When Lancaster fell into disfavour, and every door in Manchester was closed against him because he refused to account for the moneys supplied to him by the public for the promulgation of his system, although misappropriation or extravagance of living was never proved, and the latter never charged, David Holt received him into his own house, and gave him monetary assistance, and still more, valuable advice. He possessed qualities in an eminent degree which inspired and invited trust, for his sympathy was never diminished by his wisdom, nor his wisdom by his sympathy. We are told he was sought after by all who were well affected toward practical movements for lessening the evils of poverty and ignorance, and he had probably not an enemy in the world. In literature he found a perpetual delight. He published a book of miscellaneous selections in prose and verse which does him almost as much credit as if the selections were original productions, for they reveal alike the extent of his reading and the maturity of his judgment, as well as his fondness for quiet beauty and dignified simplicity. One of his objects in issuing this volume was, he states in the preface, "To give an additional relish for correct composition," an object, by the way, still only attained in part.

David Holt died at his residence in York-street, Stretford Road, Manchester, May 30th, 1846, at the age of eighty-two. In the book of selections there is a fine engraved portrait of him, which is a revelation of the nobility of his character as well as a true likeness of the man. The following pieces are quoted as fair examples of the contents of the volume. They may or may not be original, but they are so like the man that no disparagement of any author can result from giving him the credit of them :—

"WHAT IS CHARITY ?

"It is not to pause, when at my door
A shivering brother stands ;
It is not to ask why he is poor,
Or why he help demands.

It is not to spurn a brother's prayer
 For faults he once has known :
 It is not to drive him to despair.
 And say that I have none.

The voice of charity is kind ;
 It thinketh nothing wrong ;
 To every fault it seemeth blind.
 Nor vaunteth with its tongue.

In penitence it placeth faith,
 Hope smileth at the door,
 Believeth first, then gently saith,
 'Go, brother, sin no more !'

I notice in this collection a poem, which, although popular, is attributed to no known author. In Richard Wright Procter's collection it is said to be anonymous. I refer to "The Gatekeeper's Daughter." If we might believe that this piece was the composition of David Holt it would more than justify the inclusion of his name in this volume. It is indeed of as much value as many a library of metrical, but not poetical, productions. How delightful, for example, are the following four lines :—

"I then, too, was young and buoyant in soul,
 And often would linger myself for a while,
 I thought it was heaven, whilst paying the toll,
 To win from young Mary a beautiful smile."

If the critic should demur to the praise bestowed upon David Holt's book, and regard it as a little too old-fashioned and dull for modern readers, let him suspect the rectitude of his judgment—wisdom well uttered, and in a pleasant vein, is never dull or old except to the depraved or stupid.

A FORGOTTEN LANCASHIRE POET.

JOHN FITCHETT.

It is not generally known that the longest poem in the English language was written by a Lancashire man, the date of whose birth is not mentioned by those who have called attention to him as a forgotten author. He lived at Warrington, where he was probably born, for a considerable part of this century, and died there in 1838. This great poet (if the quantity a man produces in proportion to his fellow-men entitles him to the appellation) bore the name of John Fitchett, and was an attorney, carrying on a lucrative business in what was, even in his day, an unpoetical but thriving town. The subject of his great poem was "King Alfred," consisting of six octavo volumes

"TO THE MOSS AND THE IVY.

Twin sisters! growing on the ancient walls,
Which are time's monuments, rich tapestry
That wreathes your garlands in chivalric halls,
Outrivaling the page of heraldry!
In desolation's gardens ye are fair,
And ruin loves you, ye her children are.

How solemn—when the silent moon reclines
Upon the broken arch, the ruined tower,
And through the shafted oriel brightly shines;
How solemn then to rove at such an hour,
And trace your trellice-work on high
Upon the surface of the deep blue sky!

Ye grow when man hath ceased to cultivate,
So, ye are nature's own, the wreath she bears
To Time, her father; and ye do create
A chart whereon to trace the lapse of years,
Creeping and growing o'er the shattered stone.
In your own simple majesty, alone.

In old ancestral mansions, where, oh, where
Are lordly brows and eyes—the soft and bright?
Where the brave soldier? where the matchless fair?
The gentle lady and the courtly knight?
Through the high lattice moss and ivy still
Peep forth and whisper, 'We their places fill.' "

The following lines are from "Lays of Hero-
Worship":—

"CASTLES IN THE AIR.

"Delusions in the garb of truth,
Idealisms passing fair,
Dreams of the hopeful heart of youth.
Ye fairy castles in the air.

How bright and beautiful ye rise,
Full beaming on our youthful view.
In the glad light of sunny eyes,
Ever romantic, ever new.

Ye are the freshness and the bloom
Of life, ere life is tinged with sorrow,
When there is not one thought of gloom
To cloud the prospect of to-morrow.

How fair to youth's glad eyes ye seem,
Enchanted gardens, fairy bowers,
And ladies' eyes that softly beam
Through casements of the glittering towers.

The sun of hope is o'er you playing,
All blue and cloudless is your sky;
Fairies and nymphs are round you straying,
And all is redolent of joy."

The bright and fascinating picture, which is thus shown to us, as it were, by a temporary burst of sunshine, is now presented in a sombre light:—

“But the cold world its legions sends
Of cares and toils and griefs and pains;
Before their power your beauty bends,
Your ruins strew the aerial plains.

Some that it took long years to rear
And beautify, from moat to tower,
Are stripped of glory by a tear,
And perish in a single hour.

Friendships, afflictions, early love,
Pleasures and fancies bright and fair
Too oft in time's progression prove
But baseless castles in the air.

And manhood comes, and all are gone,
All withered by its grief and care;
We look around, and see not one
Of youth's gay castles in the air.

And then a dreary blank succeeds,
And we feel lone, and empty hearted,
While the sad soul in secret bleeds
For fairy happiness departed!

At last there comes a calmer hour.
Again the spirit is employed;
Fantasy is replaced by power,
And wisdom fills the mental void.”

Many poems in these volumes appear without title, the author not thinking it necessary to make one by setting up the first line above itself in capital letters. In this respect he followed the example of Tennyson in “*In Memoriam*.” Perhaps the most difficult of all tasks that an author is called upon to perform is that of finding a striking and truthful designation for his book, or for his separate poems or chapters. David Holt got over the difficulty by ignoring it. The following poem is perhaps none the worse for being sent into the world without the usual accompaniment of the rite of baptism:—

“Who so soweth, he shall reap
Abundant store;
Who so sleepeth, he shall sleep
For evermore.

If we strive not, God will never
Grant us aid;
God's help lacking, we for ever
Are dismayed.

To the strong in heart is given
 Master-keys
 Which unlock the gates of heaven
 And all mysteries.
 From the weak of heart is taken
 That he hath;
 Tempest-beaten and doubt-shaken
 Is his path.
 Let us, then, be busy sowing
 Truth's small seeds;
 'Twill be joy to watch it growing
 Into righteous deed.

These lines, I admit, can be easily found fault with, but is there nothing to appreciate? And will any but the "man of vague demurs, and notions born of tavern-talk and spite" deny that David Holt the younger was a true poet because he did not revel in "martial music," the strains of which "suggest life's endless toil and endeavour," but in the quieter melodies that lead to desired rest? He died on the 15th of March, 1880, at Altrincham, in the 52nd year of his age.

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

I have next to speak of one whose reputation as a political reformer has perhaps to some extent overshadowed his fame as a poet. I refer to Samuel Bamford, the well-known author of "Passages from the Life of a Radical." Bamford was born at Middleton on the 28th of February, 1788, and in his youth was apprenticed to a weaver, having previously received some education at the ancient Grammar School of his native town. He then passed a short time on board a coaster as a sailor, and made several voyages between London and Shields. Subsequently he was a warehouseman in Manchester, and finally a weaver again in Middleton. He played a prominent part in the agitation for Parliamentary reform between the years 1815 and 1819, being present as the leader of a contingent from Middleton at the great reform meeting which is known as the field of Peterloo. He was tried at York with orator Hunt and others on a charge of "conspiracy to alter the legal frame of Government and constitution of these realms and with meeting tumultuously in Manchester," and being condemned to twelve months' imprisonment was incarcerated in Lincoln Castle. He was afterwards a reporter for several London and district journals, was seven years a clerk in the Board of Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House, and at length at the age of 70 settled down in Moston, where he spent the last four-

teen years of his life. His poetical works consist of "Passages from the Life of a Radical," published in 1840; "Walks in South Lancashire," "Early Days," "Life of Amos Ogden," "Dialect of South Lancashire; or, Tim Bobbin's Tummus and Meary, with his rhymes and a glossary." Bamford had a highly poetical temperament, and wrote with facility. His most perfect poem is undoubtedly "The Pass of Death," which was written soon after the decease of the Right Hon. George Canning, to which it had reference. Of Canning the *Critic* was able to say, "George Canning is a solitary instance in English history of talents lifting their possessor from a station comparatively low to the highest places of political distinction. Yet were not these talents such as of themselves to justify so remarkable a fortune. Many a man has written better things—many have spoken finer speeches—and yet they died as they had lived, in the station to which they were born, and which an insurmountable barrier appeared to prevent their passing. There is more in fortune and circumstances than we are willing to allow. They lifted Canning to be Prime Minister of England, as they have chained many better men to the drudgery of the desk or the penury of the garret." Canning, however, did not rise all at once, but by many stages to the highest place. And, then, how sadly brief was the enjoyment of it! His triumph was indeed his death-blow. "The harrass and excitement of an office that exposed him to every species of hostility, public and private, were too great for his delicate nerves. In four months from the attainment of his proud dignity he was a corpse." The effect of Canning's death upon Bamford may be imagined, and with the sad story in his mind you will fully enter into the spirit of the following solemnly grand lines:—

" THE PASS OF DEATH.

" Another 's gone, and who comes next
Of all the sons of pride?
And is humanity perplexed
Because this man hath died?
The sons of men did raise their voice.
And cried in despair,
' We will not come, we will not come,
Whilst death is waiting there!'

But Time went forth, and dragged them on
By one, by two, by three;
Nay, sometimes thousands came as one—
So merciless was he.

And still they go, and still they go—
 The slave, the lord, the king;
 And disappear like flakes of snow
 Before the sun of spring.

For Death stood in the gap of Time,
 And slew them as they came;
 And not a soul escaped his hand—
 So certain was his aim.
 The beggar fell across his staff,
 The soldier on his sword,
 The king sank down beneath his crown,
 The priest beside the Word.

And Youth came in his blush of health,
 And in a moment fell;
 And Avarice, grasping still at wealth,
 Was rolled into hell;
 And age stood trembling at the pass,
 And would have turned again;
 But Time said, 'No, 'tis never so,
 Thou can'st not here remain.'

The bride came in her wedding robe—
 But that did naught avail;
 Her ruby lips went cold and blue.
 Her rosy cheek turned pale!
 And some were hurried from the ball,
 And some came from the play;
 And some were eating to the last,
 And some with wine were gay.

And some were ravenous for food,
 And raised seditious cries;
 But being a 'legitimate'
 Death quickly stopped their noise;
 The father left his infant brood
 Amid the world to weep;
 And the mother died whilst her babe
 Lay smiling in its sleep!

And some did offer bribes of gold
 If they might but survive;
 But he drew his arrow to the head,
 And left them not alive!
 And some were plighting vows of love,
 When their very hearts were torn;
 And eyes that shone so bright at eve
 Were closed ere the morn!

And one had just attained to power,
 And wist not he should die;
 Till the arrow smote his stream of life,
 And left the cistern dry!

Another's gone, and who comes next

Of all the sons of pride ?

And is humanity perplexed

Because this man hath died ?

And still they come and still they go,

And still there is no end,

The hungry grave is yawning yet,

And who shall next descend ?

Oh ! shall it be a crowned head,

Or one of noble line ?

Or doth the slayer turn to smite

A life so frail as mine ? "

Bamford died in the year 1872, and was interred in the cemetery near Middleton Church in the presence of a concourse of people and many literary friends. A monument was subsequently raised over his grave, which is suitably inscribed.

The last names on my list are those of two ladies,

MARIA JANE JEWSBURY.

each of whom attained a fair amount of celebrity in their day and generation. I refer to Maria Jane Jewsbury, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher, and to Dorothea Browne, better known under her married name of Mrs. Hemans. Miss Jewsbury was born at Manchester in the year 1800, and lived for the greater part of her life in this neighbourhood. She published a number of verses, which gained her no inconsiderable reputation, and prove her to have possessed lyrical power of no mean order. Her death took place at sea on the 3rd of October, 1833, whilst on her way from Shalapore to Bombay. As a specimen of her work I will read

" THE LOST BRIDE.

" Beneath the Indian waters,

Where rocks of coral sleep,

One of the West's bright daughters

Is gone down to the deep.

For isles beyond her billow,

She sailed with bridal glee,

And now she makes her pillow

In the cold caves of the sea.

The couch where she reposes,

Is many a monster's lair ;

And for wreaths of summer roses,

The sea weed wraps her hair !

Bright coral rocks are round her,

And where she sleeps are pearls

But her mother, if she found her,

Would not know her raven curls.

Now other ships glide over,
 Where one so strong went down,
 Bearing many a youthful rover,
 Who feared no tempest's frown ;
 With gold and silver laden,
 A thousand barques may be,
 Yet bear no brighter maiden
 Than the one deep in the sea."

Beautiful as these lines are, the following are, I think, more beautiful still:—

"THE LOVER'S BALLAD.

"She's in my heart, she's in my thoughts,
 At midnight, morn, and noon ;
 December's snow beholds her there,
 And there the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
 When wine and mirth go round,
 But, oh, the gentle moonlight air
 Knows well the silvery sound !

I care not if a thousand hear
 When other maids I praise ;
 I would not have my brother by
 When upon her I gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone,
 The gold had lost its shine,
 If any but my love herself
 Could hear me call her mine."

Similar sentiments are beautifully expressed in the following stanzas, with which I conclude this notice:—

"DEATH AND THE WORLD.

"I call the world a gay good world,
 Of its smiles and bounties free ;
 But, death, alas ! is the king of the world,
 And he holds a grave for me.

The world has gold—it is bright and red ;
 It hath love, and the love is sweet ;
 And praise, like the song of a lovely lute ;
 But all these with death must meet.

Death will rust the gold, and the fervent love
 He will bury beneath dark mould ;
 And the praise will be put in an epitaph,
 Written on marble cold.

MRS. HEMANS,

Dorothea Browne, better known as Mrs. Hemans, was born in Liverpool, September the 25th, 1793. Her family was highly respectable, and she was afforded a superior education, as education was obtainable in those days for young girls. Her parents removed within a few years of her birth to St. Asaph, in Wales, but she seems to have never disassociated herself from the place of her birth, and is claimed by the people of Liverpool as their best singer, and the most popular poet Lancashire has produced. At the age of fifteen she published a volume of poetry, and two years later sent forth "The Domestic Affections and other Poems." This latter work brought her into immediate notice, and seems to have been instrumental in leading to her marriage in the same year with Captain Hemans. We are often invited to pass judgment on juvenile productions which have not been published till their authors were past middle age, and to marvel at their artistic perfectness; but in such cases we cannot help suspecting that their work has been tampered with before it is allowed to see the light. But Miss Browne in committing her first compositions to the press at the age of fifteen put it out of the power of any critic to say that she had "added and altered many times," to satisfy her maturer judgment. We are, therefore, left to wonder at the fruitfulness and perfectness of so young a tree grown in so poor a soil as that of a populous seaport town. To put it briefly, Mrs. Hemans was an instance of early ripeness. Her marriage with Captain Hemans appears to have been an unhappy one, for after the birth of five children her husband set out for Italy, and they never met again. In 1819 she published a poem in which she glorifies the memory and exploits of Sir William Wallace, whose name gives the title to the book. From this time till her death a constant series of her works issued from the press. About the year 1830 she removed to Dublin, where she superintended the education of her five boys, and where she died on the 26th of April, 1834. It has been said of her "that few have written so much and so well." Mrs. Hemans's verses are never above the comprehension of the average reader, and at the same time contain an element of popularity which fits them either for music or recitation. This element of popularity is not a satisfying quality, although it commands general attention and ensures circulation, for there are times when strains of martial music cease to give pleasure to the jaded mind, and when the didactic poem becomes distasteful. Nevertheless, the lyrical pieces of Mrs. Hemans will always be favourites, even

when poetry of the highest order is allowed to pass out of the memories of the common people. The following poem ought in itself to convince the doubting reader that Mrs. Hemans possessed the divine faculty in an eminent degree :—

“ A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.

“ Blessings be round it still, that gleaming fane,
Low in its mountain glen! Old mossy trees
Narrow the sunshine through the untinted pane,
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
The deep sound of the ever-rolling seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem tone,
There meets the voice of psalms, yet not alone.

For mansions lulling to the heart as these,
I bless thee midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer!
But for their sakes that unto thee repair
From the hill cabins, and the ocean shore;
Oh! may the fisher and the mountaineer
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear
Within thy lowly walls for evermore!

More characteristic of the style of Mrs. Hemans, and more ambitious, is the poem entitled “The Grave of Korner.” Of the subject of this poem Mrs. Jamieson writes:—“Korner joined Lutzow's volunteers. His fate is well known. Young and handsome, a poet and a hero, loving, and in the full assurance of being beloved, with all life's fairest visions and purest affections about his head and heart, he perished—the miniature of ‘Toni’ being found within his bosom, next to the little pocket-book in which he had written the ‘Song of the Sword’—the first shattered by the bullet which had found his heart, the latter stained with his blood.”

“ Green wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And in the stilness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest Bard! rest Soldier! By thy Father's hand,
Here shall the child of after years be led,
With its wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and Bard! For thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God!

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite!
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee,
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token
That Lyre and Sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—a lowlier bed
 Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
 The gentle girl who bowed her fair young head,
 When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying;
 Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!
 She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her
 To whom the wide earth held that only spot—
 She loved thee! lovely in your lives ye were,
 And in your early deaths divided not!
 Thou hast thine oak—thy trophy—what hath she?
 Her own best place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made
 The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
 Since first in childhood's midst the vines ye played,
 And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!
 We were but two! and when that spirit passed,
 Woe for the one—the last!

Woe, yet, not long! She lingered but to trace
 Thine image from the image in her breast;
 Once, once again to see that buried face
 But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
 Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er,
 It answered her no more.

The earth grew silent when the voice departed,
 The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
 What, then, was left for her, the faithful hearted?
 Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
 Softly she perished—be the flower deplored
 Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

Have ye not met ere now?—So let those trust,
 That meet for moments, but to part for years,
 That weep, watch, pray to hold back dust from dust,
 That love where love is but a fount of tears!
 Brother! sweet Sister!—peace around ye dwell!
 Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!"

It will be noted that the mannerism of the foregoing examples of Mrs. Hemans's work is manifest even in her less rhetorical and less chivalrous pieces, making it almost impossible for a reader to mistake the authenticity of what she has written, even when it is unsigned. The following poem, which has been set to music, is generally considered one of her best pieces —

"THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

"The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast;
 And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed;
 And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er
 When a band of exiles moored their barque on the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame;
 Not as the flying come in silence and in fear:
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and the sea;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang with the anthems of the free.
 The ocean-eagle soared, from his nest by the white waves' foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—this was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair amidst the pilgrim band;
 Why had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's land?
 There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high, and the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas? The spoils of war?—No—'twas a faith's pure shrine.
 Yes, call that holy ground, which first their brave feet trod!
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God!"

More beautiful and less martial are the lines under the title of "THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD," three stanzas of which I quote:—

"They grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee,
 Their graves are sowed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

And parted thus they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree ;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth !
 Alas, for love, if thou wert all
 And nought beyond, O earth ! "

Mr. IRLAM proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding over that interesting gathering. He said he was very much astonished to see Mr. Steinthal turn out on such an inclement evening, especially at his period of life, and it showed the great interest he took in, and his appreciation of, the interesting lecture to which they had listened. The hearty thanks of all present were due to Mr. Steinthal. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. COSTLEY seconded the resolution. Mr. Steinthal was a man who when he said he would do a thing did it. He was greatly indebted personally to Mr. Steinthal for taking the chair at that the first lecture of the series.

The CHAIRMAN, in response to the resolution, which was heartily adopted, said he had read with such great interest a little volume which Mr. Costley had published on various authors, and his criticisms thereon, that he was anxious to hear what he would say about Lancashire authors. It might not have been possible, but still it would have been interesting, to have heard the familiar quotations given in the vulgar tongue of that district. That tongue was so full of wit, power, pathos, and manly strength that it would be well for them in these Conservative days not to forget the old broad Lancashire, which was so full of feeling and possessed so much power. (Hear, hear.)

The proceedings then terminated.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON.
PRINTERS,
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Salford Authors, Old and New.

"None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears."—

COWPER.

"Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnatural war with brother authors wage."—

CHURCHILL.

CHARTER OF THE FREE BOROUGH OF SALFORD.

The original document, now preserved in the Peel Park Museum, is, of course, in Latin. The following is a translation of some of the principal clauses:—

"Ranulph de Blundeville (the Good), Earl of Chester and of Lincoln, granted a Charter to Salford in 1223, the eighth year of the reign of Henry the III.

"Ranulph, Earl of Chester and of Lincoln, to all now present, and to those who shall hereafter inspect or hear of this present Charter, gives salutation. Be it known that I have given, granted, and by this my present Charter have confirmed, that the town of Salford may be a free borough; and that the Burgesses dwelling therein may have and hold all the liberties underwritten."

"If any Burgess shall in anger strike or beat any other Burgess without shedding blood, he may make peace for himself in view of the Burgesses, saving by right, viz., 12 pence."

"If I—Earl Randle—shall have a mill there, the Burgesses may grind at such mill to the 20th bushel; and if I shall have no mill there, they may grind wheresoever they wish."

"Also, no Burgess ought to bake bread which is for sale, except at my bakehouse according to the reasonable customs."

"Every Burgess may hold one acre of land with his Burgage, and shall pay for each Burgage 12 pence a year for all rents pertaining to the said Burgage."

"If any Burgess or other person accuse another Burgess of theft, the Prefect shall summon him to answer and to stand judgment in the Portemanne-moot, saving by right." "Likewise the said Burgesses can choose the Reeve from themselves, whom they wish, and remove him at the end of the year;" "also when any Burgess shall wish to grant mortgage or sell his Burgage, he may do so to any one, unless the heirs wish to buy it, and then the nearest shall have the preference, saving my service, so that it be not sold to religion." "Moreover, the Burgesses may arrest their debtors for debts contracted in the borough, if the debtors acknowledge the debt, unless they hold a tenement in the borough." "The aforesaid Burgesses also, and all theirs, of whomsoever they may buy or

sell, and wheresoever they may be within my lordship, whether at fairs or markets, shall be free from toll except the salt toll." "Also the said Burgesses shall have common free pasture in the wood, in the plain, and in all the pastures belonging to the town of Salford; and shall be free from Pannage in the wood of the Town of Salford." "The same Burgesses may take reasonably in the aforesaid wood all necessaries for building and for burning;" "also, when a Burgess dies, his heir shall give no other relief to me except arms, viz., of this kind—a sword, a bow, or a lance." "No one within the Wapentake* of Salford, as a shoemaker, currier, fuller, or any such, may exercise his calling except in the borough; saving the liberties of the borough." "Whoever may wish to sell his Burgage, except to religion, and to leave the town, shall pay me 4d, and go freely wheresoever he wishes, with all his chattels."

* "Wapentake," a sub-division of a shire in the Danish part of England, corresponding to the Hundred in other parts.

SALFORD AUTHORS OLD AND NEW.

The second of the series of lectures was given at the Pendleton Town Hall on Thursday evening, December 12th, 1895, by Mr. Thomas Costley, on the subject of "Salford Authors, Old and New." The chair was occupied by Mr. Eli Sowerbutts, F.R.G.S., and amongst those present were the Rev. J. M. Carrack, and Messrs. A. Somers, J. Thompson, J. Richardson, and A. Stansfield.

Mr. COSTLEY, who was well received, after intimating that he intended to bring under the notice of the audience some of the more distinguished literary men who had sprung from the royal and ancient borough of Salford, said :—

WILLIAM CRABTREE.

"Science lives only in quiet places, and with odd people, mostly poor."—RUSKIN.

I propose to take for my first subject the "Life of William Crabtree." The name will be familiar to some amongst my hearers, if only from the fact that he forms the principal figure in one of the series of Madox Browne's great mural paintings in the Manchester Town Hall. Unhappily, we know very little concerning the events of his life, but what is known tends to show that he was a man of real genius. Born at Broughton, in the year 1610, his early years were passed in that neighbourhood, then one of the most rural and lovely districts around Manchester. The name of the place, "Fairy Hill," is itself redolent of poetic fancies, all the more so, by contrast with the grimy surroundings of the locality in our own time. He was devoted to the study of astronomy, in the pursuit of which he passed whatever time he could spare from his professional avocations. His chief claim to remembrance is a little work entitled "Observationes Celestes," which was not published, however, until twenty-eight years after his death, in which he records his observations of the transit of Venus. The ingenious contrivance by which he secured a reflected representation of the transit, so to speak, is well brought out in Madox Browne's picture. The intense eagerness depicted on the face of the emaciated student, as he watched the casting of the shadow on the canvas at the supreme moment, is a veritable triumph of the painter's art. When I have added that his father's name was John Crabtree, as—

monious. In his "Dialogue on Contentment" and his poem on "The Fall of Man," in answer to Bishop Sherlock, he strongly reminds us of Pope in the celebrated essay, although in the occasional adoption of quaint conceits, he appears to have followed the example of the earlier poets. Of his long pieces perhaps his best is "Enthusiasm," which is distinguished by superior knowledge, and a glow of vigorous fancy suited to the subject."

The following pungent epigram is from his facile pen:—

"Treason never prospers, what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, men don't call it treason."

"God bless the King! I mean our faith's defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But who pretender is, or who is king,
God bless us all, that's quite another thing."

His lines written in support of a popular denunciation of the oppressive charges made by certain tenants of what are known as the School Mills in Long Millgate, Manchester, the owners of which then held the right to grind all corn grown within a considerable radius, are worthy of remembrance:—

"Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it."

I end this brief notice of Byrom, called by courtesy Dr. Byrom, with extracts from his well-known and admired pieces, "Careless Content" and "The Hermit."

CARELESS CONTENT.

"I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my care
I got no ground as I could see,
So when away my careing went
I counted cost, and was content."

THE HERMIT.

"A Hermit there was and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy he said he had got;
As I wanted to learn it I went to his cell,
And when I got there the old hermit said, 'Well,
Young man, by your looks you want something I see,
Come tell me the business which brings you to me.'

'Why, hermit,' I answered, 'you say very true,
And I'll tell you the business that brings me to you,
The way to be happy they say you have got,
As I wanted to learn it, I came to your grot;
Now, I beg and I pray, if you've got such a plan,
That you'll write it me down as plain as you can.'

Upon this the old hermit took up his pen,
And he brought me these lines when he came back
again :

It is *being* and *doing* and *having* that make
All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake,
Now to *be* what God pleases, to *do* a man's best,
And to have a good heart is the way to be blest."

I should like to add, that the well-known tune called "Stockport," to which John Byrom's "Christians, awake" is always sung, was composed specially for the hymn by John Wainwright, a descendant of a Stockport musical family, who was elected organist and singing-man at the Collegiate Church (now the Cathedral), Manchester, May 12th, 1767. He did not hold the situation long, as he died in January, 1768. Perhaps better music and better words were never associated, "Stockport," or as some call it, "Wainwright," being a magnificent specimen of last-century psalmody.

HENRY CLARKE.

"Mathematic form is eternal in the reasoning memory; living form is eternal existence.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

I have now to speak of a mathematician whose fame although inferior to that of Crabtree and Byrom, was still much more than local. Henry Clarke was born in Chapel-street, Salford, in the year 1743. Educated at the Manchester Grammar School, we learn that he was a very precocious boy, and at the age of 13 became assistant in the Academy of Aaron Grimshaw, a Quaker, of Leeds.

After a brief partnership with Robert Pullman, a schoolmaster at Sedbergh, he travelled on the continent, but returned to settle as a land surveyor in Manchester. On April 2nd, 1766, he married Martha Randle, of the same place. He once more became a schoolmaster, and the rest of his life was spent in various educational posts. He first had a commercial and mathematical school in Salford, giving lectures in astronomy and other scientific subjects.

In 1783 he was appointed Prælector in Mathematics and Experimental Philosophy in the College of Arts and Sciences at Manchester, a body anticipating the

Royal Institution, which, however, only lasted a few years. In 1788 Clarke was an unsuccessful candidate for the mastership of a school at Stretford, worth £60 a year. Some time before 1793 he moved to Liverpool, and after returning to Manchester, was at Bristol from 1799 till 1802. He was in that year appointed professor of history, geography, and experimental philosophy at the Military College, Great Marlow, which institution was removed in 1812 to Sandhurst. In the same year he was made LL.D. by the University of Edinburgh.

He retired on a pension in 1817, and died at Islington on the 30th of April the following year. Clarke was a frequent contributor to mathematical journals, especially to the "Ladies' Diary," edited by Hutton, from 1772 to 1782. He was a candidate for a fellowship of the Royal Society in 1783, but was rejected by the influence of Sir Joseph Banks, the President. Horsley (afterwards Bishop of London), in a speech directed against Banks, complains especially of this case, and speaks of Clarke as an "inventor" in mathematics.

Clarke's principal works are:—"Practical Perspective, for the use of schools," 1776; "The Rationale of Circulating Numbers," 1777.

There are few names among those on the Burgess roll of Salford, which are better known and carry with them greater claims to respect than that of Boutflower. One of the best-known members of the

HENRY CREWE BOUTFLOWER.

"Divine love is a sacred flower, which, in its early bud, is happiness, and in its full bloom is heaven."—**HARVEY.**

family was Henry Crewe Boutflower, who in his day and generation attained some celebrity as a divine. The son of Mr. John Boutflower, a surgeon in Greengate, Salford, Henry Crewe, was born on the 25th of October, 1796. He was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, which he left in 1815 for St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1816 he gained the Hulsean Theological Prize, and proceeded B.A. and M.A. in 1819 and 1822. In 1821 he was ordained to the curacy of Elmden, near Birmingham, having for a short time previously acted as assistant-master at the Manchester Grammar School. In 1823 he was elected to the head mastership of the Bury School, and in 1832 was presented to the perpetual curacy of St. John's Church in that town. He was highly respected there as an able and conscientious clergyman, and a good preacher. The Rectory of Elmden, where he first exercised his ministry, was offered to

and accepted by him in 1857, and he held it until his death, which took place on the 4th of June, 1863, while on a visit at West Felton vicarage, Salop. He was buried at Elmden. He collected materials for the history of Bury, which he left in manuscript. His Hulsean prize essay which was published in 1817 at Cambridge was entitled "The Doctrine of the Atonement agreeable to Reason." He also published several sermons, including one on the death of William IV.

WILLIAM HARRISON.

"A thorough-paced antiquary not only remembers what others have thought proper to forget, but he also forgets what others think proper to remember."—COLTON,

Not many people, however long they may have lived in the borough, will remember to have heard the name of William Harrison. Nevertheless, he was an antiquary of considerable reputation in his day. The son of Isaac Harrison, hat manufacturer and merchant, our author, was born at Salford on December 11th, 1802. Early in life he sought his fortune at the Cape of Good Hope, but returning to England he settled down about the year 1845 on a small estate of his own in the Isle of Man, where he became a member of the House of Keys, and afterwards a justice of the peace. It was mainly through his exertions that the Manx Society was established in 1858, for the publication of documents relating to the history of the Isle of Man, and he contributed fourteen volumes to the works of the society, including "a Biographical Account of Works relating to the Isle of Man, 1861;" second edition, 1866; "Manx Proverbs and Sayings, Ballads," &c., 1868; "Account of the Diocese of Sodor and Man, 1879;" and "Manx Miscellanies," 1880. He was an occasional writer on antiquarian matters in the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers. He married Mary Sefton Beck in 1832, and died at Rockmount, near Peel, Isle of Man, on the 22nd of November, 1884.

RICHARD W. PROCTER.

"A beard well lathered is half shaved."—ST. PA.

We have now to deal with the life and works of one better known in the literary world, than was the case with any of our former subjects save one. I hope there are some at any rate among those present who are acquainted with the name and productions of Richard Wright Procter. Before saying anything of the latter, however, it will be better if I state briefly a few facts taken out of his biography. Richard Wright

Procter was born December 19th, 1816, in Paradise Vale, near Broughton Bridge, Salford. Although now an unlovely place, it was then a spot of rare beauty. An old map of Manchester and Salford shows that meadow lands, interrupted here and there with plantations or hedges of thorn and blackberry bushes, were spread far and wide about the River Irwell, which meandered in purity along the whole valley. The appearance of the place to-day makes it hard to believe that cornfields once occupied the space which is now covered with unattractive human dwellings. Yet such was the case in Procter's early days. As there is no mention of Procter's father, and frequent mention of his mother, I presume the latter was a widow, almost from the time of her son's birth. But although she did not live long enough to be appreciated by him, the whole of his life seems to have been under her influence, many evidences of which are often unexpectedly turning up. She died in 1826, when her son was only nine years and two months old. Before her death he had acquired some knowledge of reading and writing, under more than ordinary difficulties, even in those days. First of all, his mother tried to get him into Chetham College, and for that purpose made a formal application, backed up, as appears from certain hints, by some influential recommendations. This effort failed apparently because young Procter was unable to fulfil the conditions that he should be able to read and write—with a certain degree of correctness. He was next sent to the Lancasterian School in Marshall-street, which was then a free school, and the largest and most popular day school in Manchester. But his stay here was very short. Next, having to reside with an uncle in Bradshaw-street, Shudehill, he was relegated to a "dames'" school, in a garret in the same buildings, for another brief period. Here he learned to engrave on glass, and by that means was able to earn a copper or two with great labour. He was taken on Sundays to Schofield's Chapel Sunday School in Ancoats, where he seems to have made quite as much progress in reading as at the day school.

Immediately after the death of his mother he was apprenticed to the trade of hairdresser with an eccentric barber named David Dodd, of whom he has given a lively sketch in his "Barber's Shop," and to whom I shall presently refer. It was during his apprenticeship, and in his first year, that he became enamoured of books.

To search out a cheap book at a well-known Shudehill bookstall, was his greatest pleasure, and from this time the love of books never left him. It is not possible to love as Procter loved without imitation,

and poetry was his first essay. Verse is the Eldorado of the youthful passion of genius, and at no time of his life does the true poet feel irreverence for the dreams of youth. He may be ashamed, and often is, of what he has written, but the pleasure of the first impulse never forsakes him. Procter did not write for bread, nor even for fame, but because it gave him unutterable delight. Procter has himself, however, done justice to his first master in his "Barber's Shop," and done it so well that it forms not a little part of the interest of that book. After the death of poor Dodd, Procter in the course of time married, and began the struggle for life in earnest.

All novels end with marriage; but that should be the beginning, and would be, only that after that event life is usually too real. It is not costly to begin the business of a barber, and yet it is costlier than it looks. The furnishing, however humble, takes no trifle. There are the pole, the signboard, the mirrors, the brushes, the towel arrangements, the chairs, the seats, the gas and water fittings, as well as the tools and perfumes, and whatsoever else the barber may choose to sell in the shape of umbrellas and walking sticks, or dyes and pomade. All these Procter managed to scrape together, and then he began in real earnest to scrape chins. But a barber, however well patronised, has long intervals of rest, during which time he earns nothing, and rest in his case always means loss. It became desirable, therefore, to adopt some other supplementary means of earning money, so Procter, who had been buying books during his apprenticeship for pleasure, now resolved to set up a circulating library. He had 200 books to begin with, many of them of the right sort to secure readers. And if his books were the right sort, so was the librarian himself. He knew the inside and outside of every book, and when an interesting young lady came to drink exquisitely painful draughts of love at his fountain, he could direct her choice more wisely than Solomon. He had laughter and tears for all sorts and conditions of men, and his knowledge and sympathy were exceedingly pleasing. Everybody trusted him, and he never betrayed nor ridiculed their trust. Not long after he had become the proprietor of a circulating library, his friend, Mr. Penks, in the same trade, who was giving up business, offered him his stock, consisting of 1,000 volumes. These Procter purchased, and was able to write in his diary not long afterwards, with a joy that only a poor honest man can understand, "This day I am free from debt." Tremblingly to the *Manchester and Salford Advertiser*, and joy beyond expression he experienced

history it has been, and is at the present day (March, 1842), occupied as an inn, but we have been unable to ascertain the date of its erection from any accessible records. It exhibits evidence, however, of great antiquity, in one place bearing the date of 1612, apparently inscribed to commemorate some alteration having taken place. The Collegiate Church was founded in 1422, and, previous to the present stone edifice being erected, there stood upon the site a wooden church. According to one tradition, on this building being taken down a portion of the timber was made use of in the construction of the Sun Inn; but in Hollingworth's history of Manchester it is stated that "credible tradition sayeth the one part of the said wooden building was removed to Cardsall, another part to Clayton; but the main body was removed to Trafford, which is standing to this day, and now called 'The Great Barn.'" The dwelling, which possesses a charm from its antiquity and the associations connected with its neighbourhood, is divided in the interior by awkward and ill-planned passages, such as are usually found in old habitations, though it contains one commodious apartment, in which for some time past, several parties connected more or less with the literature of the town, have been in the habit of occasionally assembling. One of these meetings was held on the 24th of March last (1842), at which the original poems contained in the "Festive Wreath," were read or recited by their various authors. Of the men who met here we can learn most from the song of Alexander Wilson, which he appears to have composed for that occasion, and which was sung to the popular tune of "Paddy Whack."

"The Sun is a school where the wit or the fool
 May improve him by rule, both by night and by morn;
 Lit up by a Bamford, the Radical gas-light,
 Whose fame will shed lustres on ages unborn.
 There's Elijah the bellman, who self-taught and well,
 man,
 I'm happy to tell, man, hath courted the muse;
 He'll quote and recite, for a day and a night, man,
 From Tim Bobbin, or Shakespeare, at 'Owd Willey
 Booths'.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a thumper, a classical bumper,
 To Tragedy, Comedy, Byron, and Burns;
 To Milton and Moore, to their genius and lore,
 To the evergreen laurels entwining their urns.

We've publicans, sinners, cork-cutters, and dinners,
 A Harper who tunes, a Repealer in corn;
 With lawyers, and Proctors, engravers, and doctors,
 And a Prince of more worth than the prince lately
 born.

We've a beautiful Swain as e'er traversed the plain;
 We've Rogerson's fiddle, his harp and his lute,
 With Whig agitators and Tory debaters,
 A Scully, a Scott, and Tim Bobbin to boot.

Chorus.

Some with audacity stake their veracity
 Poetry lives not in Manchester town—
 The dwelling ten paces from our happy faces
 To Ainsworth gave birth, of Jack Shepherd renown:
 O, Ainsworth, your glory, in graphical story,
 Of deeds so unworthy sustaineth a brand;
 Abandon Saint Giles, sir, for Westminster's guile, sir,
 And lash the Dick Turpins who filch from the land.

Chorus.

That Procter was possessed of genius is, I think, beyond question, although his productions never came up to his own ideal of supreme excellence. He allowed himself to be hampered with muses, and personifications of abstract virtues or qualities, which do not appeal to the imagination. The mere printing of any one of these in capital letters does not constitute personality. It was the fashion of the old schools of poetry. Sylphs and zephyrs and moonlight fays do sometimes become realities under the treatment of great masters like Shakespeare, where the dramatic power is always dominant, but except in passionate poets like Keats they are inanimate. But originality triumphs over even these incumbrances, and saves the verse from triviality. Wherever the poet departs from the thralldom of classical forms of expression, and shows us something of his own which is new and startling, he surprises the attention and secures lively appreciation. Passages of this kind are constantly occurring in Procter's poems. He is always quiet, but never wholly dull. His mental sight is keen, and his powers of description have always relation to this clear insight.

From one of the most gifted of our native-born men of letters we must pass to one of the greatest scientists of the century, and in doing so I am tempted to quote the lines—

"What cannot art and industry perform
 When science plans the progress of their toil?"

JAMES PRESCOT JOULE.

"Philosophy is reason with the eyes of the soul."—
SIMMS.

"Philosophy, rightly defined, is simply the love of
wisdom."—CIC.

James Prescott Joule, F.R.S., LL.D., one of the greatest experimental philosophers that ever lived, was born on the 24th of December, 1818, at Salford. In his youth he had the good fortune to have for instructor in science the celebrated Dalton, the world-famous chemist, and he soon showed by constructing for himself electrical machines, and other philosophical instruments, the bent of his genius. His earliest notable experiments were made with reference to electro-magnetic engines, from which he passed to quantitative determinations regarding heat, and the transformation of forms of energy. It is said he is justly entitled to be considered as the experimental founder of the modern doctrine of the conservation of energy, one of the grandest generalisations ever made in physical science. He died at Sale on the 11th of October, 1889, loved and revered by all who knew him well. In 1878, a civil list pension was conferred upon him of £200 for the great services he had rendered to physical science. Two volumes of his papers have been collected, and published by the Physical Society of London in 1884 and 1887. Scientific men like Joule have done much for us in the past, and will, I believe, do more for us in the future. Emerson says:—"Science always goes abreast with the elevation of the man, keeping step with religion and metaphysics; or the state of science is an index to self-knowledge."

The time that remains at my disposal, will not permit me to do more than barely mention the remaining names on my list. The Rev. Thomas Seddon, M.A., born at Pendleton in or about the year 1753, became a minister at Stretford, and in the course of his life wrote "Characteristic Strictures; or, remarks on portraits of persons in Manchester," and "Letters to an Officer in the Army on various subjects," two volumes. These, with a sermon, appear to have constituted the bulk of his literary productions. He died at sea in 1796. Another member of the Seddon family, Felix John Vaughan Seddon, who was born at Pendleton in 1798, was professor of Oriental languages at King's College, London. His principal work was "An address on the languages and literature of Asia." He died in 1865.

SIR EDWARD WILLIAM WATKIN,

who still happily survives, was born in Salford. In spite of his devoted attention to railway interests, he has found time to write a volume of letters, entitled, "A Trip to the United States and Canada," besides various pamphlets having reference to railway matters.

The Rev. Father Gibson is the author of "Lydia e Hall and its Associations." The Rev. George Perkins, who for many years was second master at the Manchester Grammar School, published a little work on "Early Difficulties in Writing Latin." The Rev. Charles Beard, born in Camp-street, Broughton, was the author of "A History of Port Royal," a standard work, and of several books dealing with theological and biographical subjects. Mary Helen Holt (now Mrs. J. J. Meldrum), a native of Pendleton, has written "The Light Fern Glen; or, Lillian Gray's Prayer," "Ned's Search, a Manchester Story," "Gertrude Ellerslie, a Story of Two Years," "The Story of Aimée; or, A Life's Discipline," "Morning Mists; or, The Story of Zina Delemere."

MR. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.

Mr. Abraham Stansfield, the "Kersal Bard," has contributed to the literature of the period a volume of "Selections from many years' Scribblings in Verse." Previous to this, however, he had sent forth his "Ground Flowers and Fern Leaves." Mr. Stansfield's titles are characteristically modest, but I make bold to declare that a very considerable portion of the contents of his volumes may fairly be placed, as a whole, amongst our best local literary productions; and that, in the words of one of his critics, "it is destined to take high rank in the imaginative literature of the county." He possesses many of the notes of the true poet—spontaneity, depth of feeling, originality of ideas, and clearness of expression. I could easily, if time permitted, place before you a large number of notices of a highly commendatory character, taken from contemporary journals. His power of producing a realistic picture seems to be instinctive, and he has in full measure the faculty of making choice of forms of language most suitable for his purposes. He has translated with great power a considerable number of pieces from French and German authors. But Mr. Stansfield's incursions into the domain of literature have not been confined to poetry. He is also one of the most original and versatile of our local prose writers, as is shown by his numerous contributions, in past years, to the *Manchester Quarterly* and other local periodicals. He has

twice occupied, with honour to himself, the responsible position of editor of a magazine—one a weekly, the other a monthly—the latter of which, the *Manchester Monthly*, may be seen on our bookshelves; and, being but little past the prime of life, he may be assumed to have still before him a fruitful literary career. Here is a gem from the German of Uhland:—

THE SHEPHERD.

The youthful shepherd, tall and fair,
He drove so near the royal tower
Him saw the royal maiden there,
And loved him from that hour.

And, sighing, thus she softly spoke :
" Oh, could I come to thee, my dear !
As white as snow thy gentle flock,
But love lies bleeding here."

The youthful shepherd thus replied :
" Oh, wouldst thou come to me, my dear,
That I might press that hand so white,
And kiss thy cheek so fair !"

And as, each morn, he meekly drove
His woolly flock the castle by,
Upon the turret, far above,
The maiden he did spy.

And greeting her with friendly word,
" O welcome, the king's daughter fine !"
Her gentle answer soon he heard :
" I thank thee, shepherd mine !"

The winter sped ; the spring, so fair,
Was blooming richer than before ;
The shepherd with his flock was there ;
The maiden—never more.

Yet sadly thus on her he calls :
" O welcome, the king's daughter fine !"
A voice it issues from the walls :
" Adieu ! thou shepherd mine !"

And here is one of Mr. Stansfield's lighter original pieces, entitled " A Summer Call to the Mountains," which I like. It breathes the very spirit of the Scottish mountains and their surroundings, and recalls to me those glorious holidays which I have spent in climbing the hills of Westmorland and Cumberland, and the Mourne Mountains in the North of Ireland. The sweetly musical flow of these seven stanzas has a soothing and refreshing effect upon the mind :—

Away to the mountains, away !
 Whose summits are gleaming afar ;
 O, why should we linger to-day
 When the uplands are shining so fair ?
 O, why should we linger at home
 When the earth is apparelled so gay ?
 It is sweet through the highlands to roam :
 Away to the mountains, away !

Away to the mountains, away !
 Where the torrent is breaking in foam,
 And the bracken is kissing the spray,
 And the wild flower is blooming *alone* !
 Where the laverock is soaring on high,
 And is tuning a heavenly lay,
 Till lost in the blue of the sky :
 Away to the mountains, away !

Away to the mountains, away !
 Where the red deer delighteth to be,
 And the hawk is hunting for prey,
 And each wild thing is roaming so free !
 Where the view stretches on to the sea,
 And the peaks rise in endless array,
 And each seems a Titan to be :
 Away to the mountains, away !

Away to the mountains, away !
 Where the holly-fern grows by the tarn,
 And the stone-break, with golden ray,
 Shines out by the mountain burn !
 Where the buckler-ferns dance in the wind
 That is roaming the upland away,
 And seem it a pleasure to find :
 Away to the mountains away !

Away to the mountains, away !
 Let us seek for our heart's desire
 Where the campion covers the way,
 And the mountain seemeth afire !
 Where the speedwell's heavenly blue
 Gleams out in the light of the day,
 Amid flowers of every hue :
 Away to the mountains, away !

Away to the mountains, away !
 Let us climb to the loftiest height ;
 Let us find out the spot, if we may,
 Where the gentian is blooming so bright—
 The bloom that so dearly we prize,
 The flower we have sought for alway,
 With the colour of yonder skies :
 Away to the mountains, away !

Away to the mountains, away !
 Where the breezes are blowing so free
 And the spirit of man is so gay,
 And he finds it a pleasure to be !
 Though Care's at the foot of the hill,
 He'll not overtake us to-day ;
 For once he shall not have his will :
 Away to the mountains, away !

Here is an original poem, entitled "A little late!" which, although not amongst the best productions of the poet's pen, is another of my favourites :—

A LITTLE LATE.

*Intermissa, Venus, diu, Rursus bella moves. Parce,
 precor, precor.—HORACE.*

Tell me not that I am "old ;"
 Age must not be counted so ;
 Never in the winter cold
 Would the sweet "Herb True-love" grow

Thus I plead, but all in vain,
 To her, standing at the gate,
 For she answers me again :
 " You make love a little late !"

" Frost is on your head, and rime,
 Care is stamped upon your brow ;
 Seems it with you winter-time ;
 Why then talk of true-love now ?"

Yet, O maiden, in my heart
 Flowers are blooming—blooming still ;
 All is Spring, through every part
 Love is running like a rill.

Thousand songs are in my breast ;
 Bird-like will they flutter out :
 Put thy hand within the nest—
 Set them flying all about !

Still I plead my case in vain
 To her, standing at the gate—
 Still I hear but one refrain :
 " You make love a little late !"

SIR W. H. BAILEY.

A list of Salford authors would hardly be complete which left out our genial ex-Mayor, Sir William Henry Bailey, who has published several interesting brochures, biographical and critical, including one, "Outside the Classroom ; or, Thoughts for Young Engineers," and another on the literary connection

between Shakespeare and Montaigne. Sir William concludes the latter with these flowery words anent the immortal Shakespeare: "Shakespeare drew from all sources, and it may have been of some interest to trace one of the tributary streams which strengthened his copious and opulent vocabulary, thus enriching our language, placing him among the immortals, and exalting British literature to the front rank in the intellectual world. The silk worm requires mulberry leaves, and the spinning wheel fibre, but our great poet and alchemist turned

"Meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold."

Sir W. H. Bailey has delivered lectures on a score of different subjects up and down the country, and, I have no doubt, done them well, knowing as I do the energy and enthusiasm he throws into every bit of work. In one of his publications entitled, "Outside the Classroom; Thoughts for Young Engineers," previously mentioned, he has a beautiful paragraph on Dr. Joule: "The thermist, or the man that measures heat, is the coming man. Our future course as engineers will be guided and controlled by the followers of Dr. Joule, the great discoverer of the mechanical equivalent of heat, whose name will for ever rank with those of Galileo and Newton and other schoolmasters of God's creation. The coming man will be the thermist. The progress made in the mechanical use of energy heat and force during the last twenty years has been much influenced by this increased knowledge of the reign of law. As a result of the experiments which our distinguished citizen carried to so successful an issue, the engineer is enabled to verify his examinations and to regulate his forces with nearly as much precision as if he were using weights and scales on a shop counter."

Dr. Joule ascertained that a weight of one pound would have to fall 772 feet in order to raise the temperature of one pound of water 1° Fah. He determined the relations between units of heat and potential energy of gravitation by his various methods. He declared the engineers' bank rate—the rate of exchange between heat and work. Professor Tyndall not long ago referred to the severe love of truth which impelled Dr. Joule to pursue his experiments. "This is true," says our ex-Mayor, "for a false man is not fit to be an engineer. Crimes against truth bring a punishment upon the engineer probably much greater than that awarded to any other criminals. A mistake in measurement, an error of judgment, is certain to tell when the product is finished."

There are few among my hearers who are not acquainted with the name of Mr. Alderman Mandley,

the energetic and outspoken member of our Borough Council. It may not perhaps be quite so well-known that the Alderman is an author, having written a work on "Quintus Hortensius," political pamphlets, and occasional poems. Mr. Mandley has also delivered a lecture and published a number of letters on the subject of the Conquest of Mexico, which, besides showing a wide range of reading, were remarkable for their trenchant criticism of Prescott's popular history. I have great pleasure, therefore, in including Alderman Mandley among the list of Salford Authors. I have to also mention Mr. George H. Larmuth, a member of the well-known and highly-respected Salford family. So far as I am aware, he has not attempted to scale the heights of Parnassus, but some years ago he wrote a most useful and valuable little work under the title of "Landlord and Tenant," which went through three editions, and two plays, a burlesque called "Alonzo the Brave," and "Advertising for a Wife." Mr. Larmuth was a pupil of the well-known Salford schoolmaster, John Hampson, who educated seven Mayors of Manchester and Salford, Sir James Potter and Thomas Goadsby and Sir James Watts among others. It has been said that "at one time most of the magistrates on the bench in Manchester, as well as Salford, had been his scholars." Finally, Mr. Alexander Somers, the famous "amateur tramp," who was born in Chapel-street, Salford, published in 1887, a volume of Shakespearian ballads:—

"They strew her tomb with flowers sweet,
Meet emblem of a maid;
Like her, they bloom at sunny morn,
Night follows, and they fade."

Three years later he issued his "Lays of a Lazy Lawyer," from which I take the following:—

"ON COMMENCING PRACTICE."

"In a dark and dismal office at the top of sixty stairs,
The furniture a table and two auction-purchased
chairs,
I sit waiting for the clients, and I'm growing pale and
thin,
For ev'ry thing is going out and nothing coming in.
I nearly have exhausted all my little worldly store,
The only brass I now possess—the plate upon the
door.
On the table lie some papers which are very neatly
tied,
So that callers may imagine I am fully occupied.
On the wall there hangs a calendar in gold and red
and blue:

"Star Life Assurance Company—Head Office, Timbuctoo."

It states I am the agent; but I very greatly fear
If all the agents are like me, it cannot live a year.
On arriving in the morning, first the letter-box I scan,
Like Hamlet, then, I strut away, a melancholy man;
For circulars in wrappers are things that meet my
view,

I must confess I read them, for I've nothing else to do.
Thus, I'm sitting at my table, in my wooden office
chair,

When I hear the distant creaking of a foot upon the
stair;

The owner of the foot, I know, is making for my door,
Because I am the only one upon the highest floor.

Very soon the stranger enters, and he stands upon the
mat,

In a very seedy frock-coat, and a rather battered hat;
And my heart is wildly beating, expectation's running
high:

He's a client, for a parcel underneath his arm I spy,
They are deeds or legal documents—'tis some import-
ant case—

I am sure he's come on business, I can see it by his
face.

He then unties the parcel on the table, whilst I watch,
When finished, he addresses me, in accents very
Scotch:

"We are publishing a life, sir, of the Devil—splendid
work—

His ancestors and pedigree, prepared by Bernard
Burke."

I nearly lose my temper, and I feel inclined to shout,
"Go to the mansion of the man whose life you're
bringing out."

One of the wittiest and most striking passages in
the "Lays" occurs in a dispute between a lawyer and
a doctor as to which of them did the most good in the
world, and they agreed to take the opinion of the first
countryman they met, upon the point:—

"Good morrow, Hodge!" the lawyer said, "just
listen now to me,

My friend's a doctor—clever man—whilst I a lawyer be.
Now answer this, but ere you do, pray turn it in your
mind,

Which of the two professions does most benefit
mankind?"

Thereupon Hodge opened wide his mouth, and
slowly scratched his head,

He gave a look at each, and then in language broad
he said:

"The doctor robs you of your life, the lawyer of your purse,
I'd hang you both as highwaymen, you're each of you a curse!"

I could easily have extended the catalogue, but I think I have said quite enough to show that Galford can boast amongst her sons not a few who have possessed literary abilities, if not of the highest, yet of a very high order.

Salford's Almost Forgotten
Worthies.

The Salford Cross and Court House, which stood on the open space of ground at the top of Greengate, nearly opposite the end of Gravel Lane, were taken down in the summer of 1824. At Stanyhurst the land is no longer vacant, many years having elapsed since it was used for the purposes of a folly fair.

The earliest historical notice we meet touching Salford Cross takes date from the origin of Methodism in this town. John Wesley, preaching on the steps of the cross, received no kindly welcome from the bystanders. In language quaintly descriptive we are informed that one of the "unbroken spirits" around him, more unruly than the rest, threatened to bring out the engine and play it upon the zealous itinerant preacher. "I walked," observes Mr. Wesley in his "Journal," dated May, 1747, "straight to Salford Cross. A numberless crowd of people partly ran before, partly followed after me. I thought it best not to sing, but, looking round, asked abruptly, 'Why do you look as if you had never seen me before? Many of you have seen me in the neighbouring church both preaching and administering the sacrament.' I then began As I was drawing to a conclusion, a big man thrust in with three or four more, and bade them bring out the engine. Our friends desired me to remove into a yard just by, which I did, and concluded in peace."

IN MEMORIAM.

PHILIP BENTLEY, A PENDLETON COLLIER.

Born 1840. Drowned in rescuing a boy from drowning, 1885.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd."—W. COLLINS.

How shall a valiant heart be proved
If he is not accounted brave,
Who, by appealing pity moved,
Gave up his life a life to save?

A boy was drowning in the stream,
When Bentley saw, and plunged therein;
He saw the danger was extreme,
But fearless fought and meant to win.

With his last strength, upon the shore
He pushed the youth with outstretched hand;
Then sank, to live on earth no more
Till death submits to God's command.

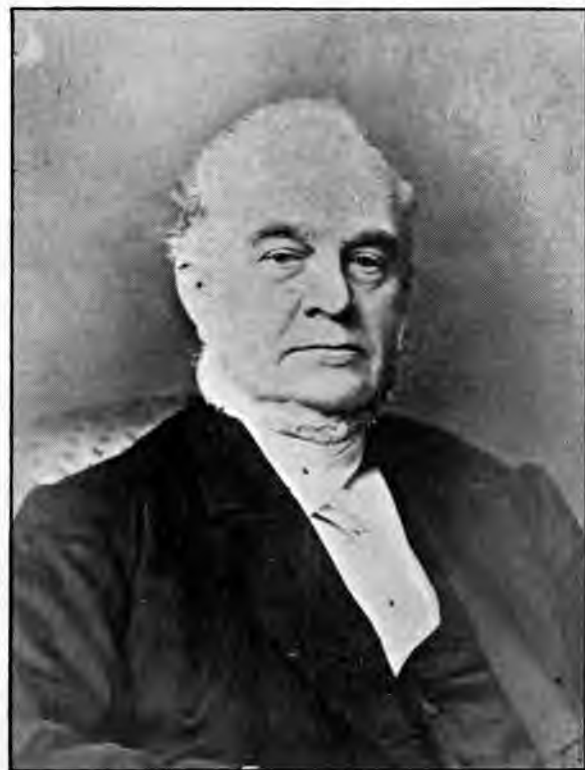
The boy, whose wont it was to rove
All summer through the sunny fields,
Beguiled by nature with the love
That never to misfortune yields,
Beheld, among the treacherous reeds,
A radiant flower of rarest hue;
And youth no warning legend heeds
When matchless beauty meets his view.

Along the water's bank he sped,
Then stopped to clutch the glittering prize;
Nor saw the stream beneath him spread,
That dashed the image from his eyes.

But Bentley saw—whose noble soul
Disdained the counsels of the weak,
And fears that craven men control,
Who will not act and dare not speak.

Give him all honour, ye who love
Whate'er is noble, true, or brave;
Glory is his in realms above,
But here an undistinguished grave!

And ye who read these humble rhymes,
 Repeat the story as you may,
 Nor fear to tell it in all climes;
 And, ere you make an ending, say,
 That heroes live in England yet,
 Who, fighting not for glory's sake,
 Or to increase the nation's debt,
 Would bravely kiss the burning stake;
 Who count false honour a disgrace,
 Though ready with their latest breath
 To do what duty bids, and face
 Sublimely all the powers of death.
 And further say, that he who gave
 His life a ransom for the youth,
 Was plebeian born, but, being brave,
 Had the nobility of truth.
 And thou, O slowly gliding stream,
 Rehearse thy melancholy hymn
 O'er Kersal's vale at day's extreme,
 The while we sadly sigh for him !



"SOME OF SALFORD'S ALMOST FORGOTTEN WORTHIES."

Mr. Thomas Costley gave the third of a series of lectures in the Pendleton Town Hall on Thursday evening, December 19, his subject being "Salford's Almost Forgotten Worthies."

Mr. LEES KNOWLES, M.P., who presided, said the object of the lectures, which were being given in aid of the funds of the Salford Royal Hospital, an unique institution, appealed to everyone. It was a matter for regret that there was a deficiency in the funds, and that that deficiency was being made up by disposing of some of the capital of the hospital. They all knew how much local need there was for a hospital, hence it was a pity that the funds were decreasing. It was not because people were not charitable, for within the last few days there had been a bazaar held in Manchester in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and upwards of £10,000 had been raised. That was a large sum, and he hoped it would be expended for the benefit of the district, and not be taken elsewhere, for they must remember that "charity begins at home." (Hear, hear.) He felt it would be a good thing if a similar bazaar could be held in aid of their local charity. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Costley informed him that he had been successful in obtaining support from a considerable number of friends who had not been able to avail themselves of the opportunity of attending the lectures. The sale of tickets would cover the expenses and leave a balance in hand. (Cheers.)

Mr. COSTLEY, who met with a hearty reception, said : Mr. Lees Knowles, Ladies and Gentlemen, — Before I proceed to the immediate subject matter of my lecture, I should like to explain that I do not wish to imply in the term "almost forgotten," the idea that the worthies of whom I am about to speak, have passed entirely out of the public memory. With regard to many of them, such no doubt is the case, but there are others whose monuments in the shape of institutions for the benefit of their fellow citizens, are continually before our eyes, and thus serve to keep their memories green. In my lecture on "Salford Authors," I was enabled to bring before you a goodly array of men whose productions entitled each of them to a place, whether high or low, in that portion of the temple of fame which is devoted to the heroes of literature. This evening, our gallery, while containing worthies belonging to a different order, will be quite as full, and, I trust, will prove equally as

interesting to my hearers. I have only one other preliminary observation to make, which is that I have not in this lecture followed chronological order in dealing with the various names. Although, therefore, there were worthies born of Salford before Joseph Brotherton came into the world, I shall make no apology for beginning with the first Member of Parliament who sat for the Borough.

JOSEPH BROTHERTON, VEGETARIAN.

"No flocks that range the valleys free, to slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that power that pities me, I learn to pity them;
But from the mountain's grassy side, a guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip, with herbs and fruit supplied, and water from the spring."

GOLDSMITH.

It is not exactly true to speak of Brotherton as a "Salford worthy" by birth, for, as a matter of fact, he was born at Whittington, a small village near Chesterfield, in May, 1783, being the second child and eldest son of his parents. Soon after his birth, however, his father, who, in addition to keeping a boarding school, was connected with the Excise, removed to Manchester and settled down in this neighbourhood. Mr. Brotherton, senior, subsequently began business as a cotton spinner in partnership with Alderman Harvey, their mill being situate in Oldfield Road. Our subject for some few years took an active part in the concern, but he retired in 1819. He afterwards served the town in a variety of offices; he was an active magistrate, overseer, and member of the Volunteer Corps. He also took a very prominent part in the movement for the reduction and regulation of the hours of work of children and young persons. For two or three years, at the earnest request of the congregation of the Bible Christians in Cross Lane, Salford, he acted as pastor, and his ministrations seem to have been acceptable in the highest degree. He also greatly assisted in obtaining the Charter of Incorporation for Salford. In 1832 he was elected, by a considerable majority, the first member of Parliament for the borough, and, in spite of being opposed on four successive occasions by highly respected and influential local gentlemen, he retained the seat until his death. A gentleman who knew him well, writing at the time of his death, said: "His high character and strict probity, readiness to serve others, and great business

capacity, imposed upon him, more frequently and often more onerously than desirable, the duties of executor for some deceased friend—duties which, like all others, public and private, he discharged under a solemn sense of responsibility." Of his kindness to all who sought his aid, his ever warm and deep sympathies for the poorer classes of the community, his sincere and steadfast friendships, and his affectionate intercourse with his family, relatives, and intimate friends, the record of his life was full. It must suffice to say that in all the relations of his private life he was exemplary. For nearly a quarter of a century he was known to the community as a philanthropist in the true sense of the word, and as an unrelenting enemy to all monopolies and public abuses, the steady and consistent advocate and supporter of retrenchment, economy, and reform, the opponent of the Corn Laws when to be so involved considerable obloquy, and the friend of popular education through evil not less than through good report. These are his claims to public gratitude and respect. The remembrance of his long and faithful services—not in any mere narrow party contest or struggle of faction, but in the great social cause of human improvement and progress—is sullied by no breath of suspicion, tainted by no desertion of principle, but will long continue to be a theme for the panegyrist of honesty in a public man, and a model for the tyro in public life to place before himself for an example. Entering Parliament under considerable disadvantages, with no education that could specially fit him for public life, with few of those external graces and accomplishments which by their sympathetic attraction of others smooth the path and pave the way of the aspiring senator, with no oratorical pretensions, no approach to eloquence, with no brilliant talents to dazzle and fascinate a popular assembly, and no wealth to give him that social influence which opulence so often secures, Mr. Brotherton slowly, by the force of genuine integrity of character, good business abilities, and an amount of industry, application, and perseverance rarely surpassed, slowly, it may have been, but steadily and surely, won his way to the esteem and respect of the best men of all sections and parties in the State. If slow to make friends, he never lost them once his own. Mr. Brotherton's death took place under circumstances of a tragic nature. Leaving home early in the forenoon of the 7th January, 1857, he walked from his house, Rose Hill, Bolton Road, to the omnibus office, not very many yards from the spot where we are now assembled. On entering the omnibus, he was joined by Sir John Potter and Sir Elkanah Armitage, and they all three engaged in

conversation until they reached the Crescent, Salford; Sir John Potter then called Sir Elkanah Armitage's attention to the change which had suddenly come over Mr. Brotherton. They both spoke to him, but receiving no reply, they stopped the conveyance, and had Mr. Brotherton carried into the house of Mr. George Southam, the eminent surgeon. Here, life was found to be extinct. There is something pathetic in the thought that the last few minutes of Mr. Brotherton's life should have been passed in conversation with two of his oldest and most familiar friends. After all, perhaps, the words of his monument in Peel Park are the best indication of his character: "My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants."

JOHN HEWITT.

The name of John Hewitt, the father of Congregationalism in Charlestown, and the High Priest, as he has been called, of Evangelical religion in this neighbourhood, is one which calls up feelings of reverent love in the minds of all those who knew him. Born in December, 1802, in Spring Gardens, Manchester, he was by profession a solicitor, but for more than fifty years, his chief energies were devoted to doing good. He was intimately connected, throughout the whole of that period, with the Independent chapel in Charlestown, and whether in the pulpit, in the Sunday school, or in the many philanthropic movements in which he took an active part, his presence and support were always heartily welcomed and highly appreciated. Mr. John Hewitt, in a diary which he kept at the time (he opened the mission on September 24, 1826, which was the foundation of Charlestown Independent Chapel), gives us a glowing description of the people at Charlestown, Pendleton, on the evening when he preached his first sermon. The following is the quotation referred to in his diary, taken from the "Charlestown Congregational Church Manual" for 1896:—"Last Wednesday I preached for the first time at Charlestown. On reaching the village my attention was arrested by an immense number of people collected together, some shouting, some screaming, and others swearing. This was the 'Wakes,' and was to be the scene of my future labours. They told me when I arrived at the school-room that there was opposition against me that night, and so I found from the small number of my hearers." He had a considerable fund of humour, and a large stock of anecdotes which he could introduce into his speeches with telling effect. One of the great features of his character was punctuality. Indeed, I do not think he was ever known to be late for an appoint-

ment. Doubtless, there have been many men of far greater eloquence in the pulpit, but there could have been none more earnest in delivering the message which he felt called upon to declare. Nor was he less liberal in giving assistance from his purse when he knew that it was needed, than in giving his time to those in trouble and distress.

“Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The Reverend Champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.”

I will venture to quote a little poem of my own, revised since it appeared in the papers just before his death:—

“When Charlestown's honour'd patriarch
By sickness was laid low,
We felt a truer christian,
The township ne'er could know;
For fifty years he laboured hard
Among the sorrowing poor,
Diffusing gospel truths, and joy,
At every cottage door.

Though in God's house, with eyes of sense,
No more we see his face,
His venerable form is yet
In its accustomed place;
And there, attentive to the words
That fall upon his ear,
I see him still, and still believe
His spirit hovers near.

To me the seat seems occupied,
Where sunbeams, as of old,
Stream through the sacred pane, and mix
His silvery locks with gold—
A symbol of that heavenly light
Wherein his spirit dwelt,
And saw the sinless Paradise,
Where sorrow is not felt.

But in the merry Whitsuntide,
When fields and woods were gay,
He ceased to be a serious man,
And joined the young in play;
No flower so bright, no child so blithe
As he upon the scene—
And many a loving heart he left
To keep his memory green.

He lived the time allotted man,
 A useful time of love;
 He cheered the sad, relieved the poor,
 And led their thoughts above;
 And when his sight grew dim with age,
 And sleep forebode at night,
 His self-forgetting prayer was this—
 'Give Charlestown still more light.'

Love prompted those to pray for him
 Who never prayed before,
 Except in words but little felt,
 That God would him restore.
 But He who gave must take away,
 In His good time, the best,
 To teach us gratitude, and give
 The good their well-earned rest.

May God sustain the mourning ones
 Who suffer greatest loss,
 And give to them the needful strength
 To bear their heavy cross!
 His name will live in local lore
 As worthy of his sire,
 For names less worth than Hewitt's name
 Have poets tuned the lyre.

And if, united with his name,
 My verses win regard,
 Shall I not count it well for me
 To be his humble bard?
 The goodly acts of goodly men
 Need not the poet's lay,
 For noble deeds of well-spent lives
 Live on through endless day."

I received the following letter from Mr. John Hewitt when my little poem appeared in the papers before his death, which I highly prize:—

"My dear sir,—I believe I am indebted to you for the kind expressions made use of in the paper of Saturday. Accept my thanks for your generosity. I shall be very glad if it should be the means of encouraging more to devote themselves to the good work in which the Lord has enabled me to be successful. The health and strength I now at this advanced age am permitted to enjoy (above 77) I impute, under God, to my labours in this cause. Nearly all my brothers and sisters are gone, but I am permitted to remain, I hope, to continue a little longer in the good work to which I have been so long accustomed, and in which God has so graciously blessed me.—I am, yours with gratitude, JOHN HEWITT.
 'Mr. Costley, Seedley.'

Mr. Hewitt died in July, 1880, and left behind him the memory of a true Christian gentleman.

JOHN KELLY BEARD, D.D.

"The old grey minsters ! how they rear their heads
Amid the green vales of our fertile land,
Telling of bygone years and things that were ;
Those glorious piles, that seem to mock at time,
To God's most holy service dedicate,
Enriched with sculptures rare, and effigies,
That with clasped hands seem ever mutely praying,
Dumb intercessors for us sinful men ;
And with their solemn bells, that send afar
The tidings of great joy, and bid us leave
The turmoil and the strife of busy life
And worship, as we should, the living God."

—OLD PLAY.

Unitarian minister, born at Southsea, Hants, in 1800 was sent at the age of 20 to the Unitarian College of York, where he was fellow-student with Dr. Martineau. In 1825 he took charge of a Unitarian Church at Salford. By his writings he contributed to the cause of popular education; he wrote papers on Latin, Greek, and English literature for Cassell's "Popular Educator," and, with Charles Beard, compiled the "Latin Dictionary" for the same publishers. His topographical description of Lancashire in Knight's "Illustrated England," and a "Life of Toussaint, L'ouverture" (1853), complete the list of his writings on general subjects. His theological fervour, inherited from his ancestor, Kelly Beard, a Universalist preacher of the 18th century, was shown in his various religious writings.

MR. WARWICK BROOKES,

whose fame has latterly extended beyond the provinces, first saw the light of the world near to that favoured region styled Paradise, being born in Birtle's Square, Greengate, A.D. 1806. At an early age he entered the printworks of Mr. John Barge, near Broughton Bridge. Fortunately for young Warwick, his precocious talent for drawing was observed by the original proprietor of that establishment, who at once caused him to be removed to the designers' department, thus placing him on the right path—a judicious act, which is still gratefully remembered. One other local artist,

MR. WILLIAM MORTON,

painter and engraver, was born in that celestial-terrestrial portion of Salford in the year of grace 1825. Mr. Morton's views and portraits, interspersed through many published volumes, or displayed at

sundry exhibitions, bear witness to the poetic feeling, and the conscientious refinement, which have guided his pencil and graver.

"He that serves the altar should live by the altar."—*Pr.*

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL,

whose fine form and stately measured step must be within the recollection of many middle-aged people in Salford, was for a considerable period one of the leaders of the Evangelical Church party in Manchester. Born in December, 1799, at the Parsonage House, Douglas, Isle of Man, he took his B.A. degree at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, in 1822. Twelve months later he was ordained by Dr. Ryder, then Bishop of Gloucester. After officiating as curate at a village near Painswick, in that county, for some three months, he accepted the curacy of Trinity Church, Huddersfield. His next appointment, in 1825, was to the rectory of St. Stephen's Church, Salford. Here he became so popular as a preacher, and so esteemed as a devoted and laborious pastor, that, in the fear of losing him among the many pressing invitations which he received to undertake other and more valuable appointments, a number of his parishioners and friends subscribed a handsome sum of money, and built for him Christ Church, in Acton Square, Salford, of which he became the first incumbent. Neither time nor space will allow me to dwell on his parochial work. At the close of the Art Treasures Exhibition, in 1857, Mr. Stowell preached a special sermon on the lessons to be gathered from that remarkable collection of works of art, and when the British Association visited this city, he addressed crowded congregations, which included the most distinguished members of the Association, on the relationship of science to religion. During the latter portion of his ministerial career, Mr. Stowell did not appear so prominently before the public as a controversialist as he did during the lively discussions on what was termed "the Papal aggression," and the warm debates in this locality on the "education question." In his latter days, his efforts were devoted to ministerial work, the advocacy of social ameliorations, and the promotion of religious movements, with which he sympathised. The only occasion on which there was any approach to the exciting scenes of his earlier days, was when the Church Congress was held in Manchester, in October, 1863. During the sittings of the Congress, a "scene" was brought about by some pointed personal remarks, addressed by Archdeacon Denison to Mr. Stowell, but

the misunderstanding was speedily rectified, and was promptly followed by a public apology from the Archdeacon. Amongst the activities of a busy life—Mr. Stowell had but little leisure for authorship, yet he found time to contribute works to valuable contemporary literature, amongst which may be mentioned: "Tractarianism Tested," 2 vols. "Lectures on the Character of Nehemiah"—a model for men of business. "Self Culture." The "Moderation of the Church of England." "Worldly Anxiety." "The Bible Self-Evidential." "The Pleasure of Religion" and other poems. "The Age we Live in." "The Day of Rest," and several other theological works, sermons, lectures, speeches, and letters. The following is a specimen of the hymns written by him:—

"Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd,
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone,
None but He shall guide us,
We are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep He bled,
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,
"They that have my spirit,
These," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil;
Victors o'er the tomb."

I might here observe that two of our most popular hymns were written by local men, namely: "Christians Awake," by John Byrom, and "Jesus is our Shepherd,"

by Canon Stowell, both of which, I am informed have been translated into several languages. He died in October, 1865, and was accorded a public funeral.

ERNEST CHARLES JONES'

was better known in his day and generation as a Chartist lecturer and zealous supporter and advocate of advanced Liberal opinions, than as a poet of exceptional merit. Politicians in this respect labour under great disadvantages as literary men, for while their friends expect from them extreme partizan speeches, their enemies, whatever they may pretend, cannot separate in their minds talent from the uses to which it is put. Here, however, on this occasion we have nothing to do with politics. Ernest Charles Jones was the son of an officer in the service of the Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover, and was born at Berlin in the year 1820, and educated in Germany. He removed to England in 1838, and passed the greater part of his life in Broughton, and, having studied law, was soon afterwards called to the Bar. He joined the Chartist movement in 1845, and became its recognised leader till its extinction in 1858. His political speeches during this agitation cost him a heavy fine and two years' imprisonment. He died on the 26th day of January, 1869, in the fiftieth year of his age, and his remains, which were interred in Ardwick Cemetery, were followed to their last resting place by thousands of his political friends and admirers. His poetical works were "The Wood Spirit's Son" (two volumes, published in 1841), "My Life: A Rhapsody," "Chartist Lyrics," "The Battle Day," and other poems, in 1855; "The Emperor's Virgil" and "The Waves of War" the same year, and an epic poem, said to be written in prison with the author's blood on the leaves of a gaol Prayer Book, entitled, "The Revolt of Hindostan." During 1859 he also published a series of "Tales in London," and, in 1860, "Conayda: A Tale of Faith and Chivalry," and other poems. Of these poems the *London Spectator* said: "Those who happen to be acquainted with the poetical productions of Ernest Jones must allow that they possess a clearness and force, a genial perception of nature, a vigorous imagination, and a vivid poetical spirit. Persons who expect the great Chartist leader will infuse low Radical ideas in low Radical fashion into his verses will find themselves mistaken." This praise is as just as it is generous, and ought to go a long way with those who at this distance of time must have got rid of old political prejudices. Three days before his death he was elected member of Parliament for Manchester, and

that fact alone should entitle him to more than partisan appreciation. His last volume was favourably criticised, the reviewer writing of it: "Healthy in feeling, correct in composition, and not deficient in those touches of fancy which find their natural expression in verse." I quote at length one poem only, in the hope that some of my hearers may be induced to look further into the poems of this undoubted man of genius:—

"MOONRISE.

"What stands upon the highland?
What walks across the rise
As though a starry island
Were sinking down the skies?

What makes the trees so golden?
What decks the mountain side
Like a veil of silver, folden
Round the white brow of a bride?

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror from the east;
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.

She works with touch ethereal,
By changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal,
To a lightsome fairy tree;

Black rocks to marble turning,
Like palaces of kings;
On ruined windows burning,
A festal glow she flings!

The desert-halls uplighting,
While falling shadows glance
Like courtly crowds, uniting
For the banquet or the dance;

With ivory hand she numbers
The stars along the sky;
And breaks the billows' slumbers
With love-glance of her eye.

Among the corn she dances,
Brings bloom upon the sheaf;
From tree to tree she glances,
And touches every leaf;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows,
Through half-closed eyelids gleams;
Lights with her torch, through meadows,
The shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror from the east ;
And the joyous world partaking
Of her golden fairy feast."

I have heard Ernest Jones lecture again and again, and on each separate occasion I never ceased in my admiration for him and his manly eloquence. His demeanour and attitude, when addressing a vast audience, was magnificent. It is a great pity that the people of Salford have not erected a monument to his memory. It is sad to think there is no monument, no stone—his name, his form almost unknown. The poet Moillé, in the following beautiful lines, well describes an orator, that might well be applied to him.

"Elate he stood, with frank and earnest mien,
No measured cadence heard, or motion seen ;
No art scholastic, no theatric grace,
Unmeaning gesture, passion out of place,
Mouthing false emphasis, or laboured leer,
Nothing superfluous, nothing insincere,
But man-like moved, and bore him in discourse
Ardent and grave, and tempering still his force,
With arms stretched forth, or folded, or at rest,
As willed the power by whom he seemed possess'd,
While features augured all his tongue alleged,
And tones winged home each barbed shaft they edged,
And with spontaneous sallies, bright and bold,
Resistless streams of oratory rolled."

JOHN GREENWOOD,

"To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good, no matter what be done."

POLLOCK.

The energetic commercial family of Greenwood have been in the borough of Salford for three generations. The founder of the family was John Greenwood, who was born at Heptonstall, in the year 1788, a quaint, old, and picturesque village, situated on the summit of a mountain in Yorkshire, near the ruins of an ancient church. Mr. J. T. Slugg says he well remembers Mr. John Greenwood, the father of Mr. John Greenwood of the Carriage Company, who was the originator of omnibuses here a very short time before I came to Manchester. He kept the tollbar at Pendleton originally, and at the time he remembered him, he used to be busy looking after his one or two very small omnibuses, which ran to Pendleton at certain periods of the day from the left-hand side of the lower end of Market-street. They ran in the early part of the morning, at noon,

and in the evening, and for some years started from the place mentioned. Mr. Greenwood was a rather big man, wore knee-breeches and coloured stockings, and had one of his hands mutilated by a gun accident. At this time, the present Mr. John Greenwood, whom I well remember as a young man, was a clerk in Freeman's cotton warehouse, Ducie Place, near the old Post Office, behind the Exchange. A little stout man named Penketh then drove his own small solitary 'bus to Cheetham Hill. He afterwards sold it to John Ramsbottom, and continued to drive for him. Afterwards, the Cheetham Hill omnibuses, which had increased in number, were sold to Greenwood, Clough & Turner. After a while the partnership was dissolved, and Turner retained the Cheetham Hill concern, and Greenwood the Pendleton one.

SIR ELKANAH ARMITAGE.

"Men don't, and can't, live by exchanging articles, but by producing them; they don't live by trade, but by work."—RUSKIN.

"Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher,
True industry doth kindle honour's fire."

SHAKESPEARE.

There is no family in Salford better known, and, I might add, more highly respected, than that of Armitage. It would be easy to take several examples of Salford worthies from its members, but I must confine myself this evening to telling you something of the history of the founder. Sir Elkanah Armitage was born at Newton Heath on the 6th of September, 1794. His forefathers for several generations past had been amongst the leaders of Nonconformity in their native part of Yorkshire. I have but little to say of the early life and education of our subject. Suffice it to say he began business in a small way in a shop in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars-street, Salford, and about ten years afterwards set up as a manufacturer of bedticks and nankeens. By plodding industry, directed and guided by shrewdness, forethought, and indomitable will, the business grew larger and larger, until it became, as it now is, one of the greatest concerns of its kind in the county. He took an active part in municipal matters. In 1838 he was borough reeve or chief officer in Salford, and in that capacity he laid the corner-stone of the Victoria Bridge. He was also an active member of the Manchester City Council, and his name is to be found on the records of many committees. He took a warm interest in the half-holiday movement, and was, indeed, a zealous friend of every cause which had for its object the welfare of the people. He was Mayor of Manchester for

two years from November, 1846, and after resigning office he received the honour of knighthood. "But," remarks the writer of an obituary notice at the time, "the events at once most remarkable and unfortunate which marked the latter portion of Mr. Armitage's term of office as Mayor, were the serious riots which took place in the early part of the month of March, 1848. In the February preceding had occurred the Revolution in France, which closed the reign of Louis Philippe. It was, perhaps, inevitable that this startling event should produce more or less effect on the tranquillity of other countries. At this juncture there was a large amount of distress in several of the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland. Riots occurred to some extent in London, but of graver moment in Glasgow and in Manchester. The first disorderly assemblage collected in Manchester on Wednesday, the 8th of March, and throughout that day, and the Thursday and Friday following, a succession of riots, consisting chiefly of lads and young men, excited no little alarm. They made furious attacks on several of the mills with a view of turning out the hands and getting them to join their processions. Windows were broken in various houses in Oldham Road and the neighbourhood, bakers' and provision shops were forcibly entered, and one or two of the local workhouses also were threatened with assault. The authorities had early made judicious preparations for the preservation of the peace. The well-disciplined and thoroughly efficient police force promptly met every attempt to violate the law, the officers being generally kept together in strong bodies in their respective station houses, and wherever the rioters appeared, they speedily found that the police were close upon them. The Mayor and other municipal authorities were on the alert, and in the course of one day, not less than a thousand summonses were sent out, calling on the parties named to attend at the Town Hall, and be sworn in as special constables. The respectable portion of the working classes showed a disposition to remain quietly at their work, and generally a great willingness to defend their own labour and the property of their employers against the attacks which were made upon both. Considering the great privations they had recently endured, and which indeed were still but partially removed, their patience and good conduct were highly creditable to them. The promptitude with which Mr. Armitage, as chief magistrate, met the unexpected calls on his time and exertions, and the unremitting and devoted attention he gave during the whole of these lamentable proceedings to the graver duties of his office, the maintenance of the peace, and the safety of the

persons and the property of more than a quarter of a million of people, called forth warm praises on every hand. Of Sir Elkanah's private excellencies much could be said, but his own unflinching modesty would have counselled on such a point the most absolute reserve. He was always gentle, considerate and courteous. His interpretation of the motives of even his strongest opponents was invariably liberal and kindly. His friendships were numerous and tenaciously maintained. With the many hundreds of his workpeople his intercourse was always pleasant and mutually satisfactory; his regard for their welfare being evinced on several occasions of an interesting character. It may be doubtful, remarked a gentleman speaking soon after his death, whether he, at any time, had an enemy? It is certain he leaves a crowd of witnesses to his sterling worth and exemplary demeanour, alike in the relations of private life and the sphere of public duty. Sir Elkanah died at Hope Hall on the 26th of November, 1876, full of years and honours.

Perhaps, at this point, it may not be inappropriate if I mention that the first cotton factory in England was established by Arkwright at Cromford, Derbyshire, in the year 1751, and it was worked by the waters of the river Derwent. The operations of its machinery inspired Erasmus Darwin, the author of the "Botanical Garden," with the following lines concerning the "Nymph Gossipia," under which title he personified the cotton plant.

"Where Derwent guides his dusky flood
Through vaulted mountains, and a night of wood,
The nymph Gossipia, treads the velvet sod,
And warms, with rosy smiles, the wat'ry god;
His pond'rous oars to slender spindles turns,
And pours o'er mossy wheels his foaming urns.
With playful charms, her hoary lover wins
And wields his trident, while the monarch spins:
First, with nice eye, emerging naiads cull
From leathery pods the vegetable wool;
With wiry teeth revolving cards release
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravell'd fleece;
Next, moves the iron hand, with fingers fine,
Combs the wide card, and forms th' eternal line:
Slow, with soft lips, the whirling can acquires
The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires;
With quickened pace, successive rollers move,
And these retain, and those extend, the rove;
Then fly the spokes, the rapid axles glow,
While slowly circumsolves the lab'ring wheel below."

OLIVER HEYWOOD.

"And now, Philanthropy! thy rays divine
 Dart round the globe, from Zembla to the line;
 From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crowned,
 Where'er mankind and misery are found,
 O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
 Thy Howard, journeying, seeks the house of woe."

DR. DARWIN.

"Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home."

—CHARLES LAMB.

Among those who for more than a generation have figured prominently in the social life of Manchester and Salford, it would not be easy to name one who was held in more general respect for his public and private worth than the late Mr. Oliver Heywood. A long career of untiring and unostentatious activity in works of benevolence and usefulness has made his name a household word and endeared him to every section of the great community among whom his life was spent. Mr. Heywood was born on the 9th of September, 1825, at Acrefield, Pendleton, close to Claremont, which became the family residence a little later, and where he constantly resided until his death. He was the son of Mr. Benjamin Heywood, banker, of Manchester, who represented Lancashire in the last Parliament before the passing of the Reform Bill, and was created a baronet in 1838. Sir Benjamin Heywood is well known by the traditions of his public spirit which still remain. He was the founder of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, in the earliest days of Mechanics' Institutions, when they furnished the only means by which young men could hope to better the scanty instruction they had received at school. For many years he was the president of the institution, and his portrait may still be seen at the Technical School in Princess-street. Sir Benjamin had two brothers, of whom something should be said. Mr. Thomas Heywood was the author of various works relating to the history of the district, and edited several volumes of the publications of the Chetham Society. He was Borough Reeve of Salford in 1826, and High Sheriff of the county of Hereford in 1840. A still more distinguished place is due to the other brother, Mr. James Heywood, F.R.S., who was widely known for his services to literature and science, and to whose unwearied efforts in Parliament it was chiefly due that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were thrown open to Nonconformists. In this enlightened labour of love, Mr. James Heywood was true to the historical associations of his family, who came of a fine old Puritan stock. Two distinguished

ancestors, Nathaniel and Oliver Heywood, were among the rejected ministers in 1662. From Nathaniel the family of to-day is descended, and it cannot have been by mere accident that Mr. Heywood received the name of the pious and learned divine whose devoted labours, and, it may be added, whose sufferings in the cause of Nonconformity, are among the most interesting memories of the County Palatine. Mr. Oliver Heywood was sent to Eton, and on leaving school entered upon business life at the well-known bank which bore the family name. In this capacity he remained until 1874, when its business was taken over by the Manchester and Salford Bank, of which he became a director. Liberated from the calls of a daily occupation, he devoted himself with renewed ardour to the public service, the claims of which he had never overlooked in his busiest days. His chief interests, as was the case with his father, lay in the direction of education and philanthropy. Political life, with its struggles, had few attractions for him. Once or twice only was he induced to appear on party platforms, but he shrank from participation in active contests. On several occasions efforts were made to induce him to accept the position of candidate for parliamentary honours, but he dreaded the ordeal of an electioneering campaign. His attachment, on the other hand, to the interests of learning, culture, social elevation, and refinement was invincible, and to them he gave a loyal and lifelong support. Such, indeed, was the family tradition. The quiet, constant labours of philanthropy—the management of the hospital, the regulation of provident effort, the promotion of sanitary reforms, the extension of knowledge and intellectual resources among the poor, and the salutary influences of healthful and innocent recreation—these were, for more than a generation, the noble aim, the worthy ambition of the Heywood family. It would be impossible to mention a tenth of the institutions and movements in which Mr. Heywood took an active part: Owen's College, Manchester Grammar School, the Technical School, and Chetham's Hospital, were amongst those which had in him a wise and sagacious supporter. He was also an active parish warden for many years, and a church restorer on a large and liberal scale, whilst those who had the pleasure of listening to him as a lecturer, could bear testimony to the refined and cultured style, in which with continual outbursts of humour, he could relate his experiences of foreign travel. In 1888, he was made High Sheriff of the county, and upon that occasion the whole neighbourhood joined in manifesting their warm and hearty approval of the appointment of so distinguished a citizen to that high

post. The Corporation of Manchester, to mark its sense of his sterling worth, and his life-long devotion to philanthropic works, conferred upon him the freedom of the city. Mr. Heywood died on March 17th, 1892, and his funeral will not soon be forgotten by those who were present at it. I ought to mention that for the greater part of the above sketches I am indebted to the notices which appeared in one of our Manchester newspapers. Time will not allow me to do more now than take a rapid glance at the few remaining names on my list.

JOHN PURCELL FITZGERALD,

the last member of the family who resided in Castle Irwell, spent a lifetime in doing good in a quiet way, amongst his poorer neighbours. He was a man of considerable attainments as well as of sterling moral worth, the latter being shown by his sacrificing some thousands a year rather than renew the lease of the racecourse, which was on his land.

JOHN PLANT,

for many years the vigilant and courteous curator of the Museum in Peel Park, ought not to be omitted from the Bede roll of Salford Worthies. In the year 1831, the late Mr. John Plant, at that time curator at Peel Park, gave us the following glowing account in the *Pendleton Reporter*, of one portion of Salford as it appeared fifty years ago:—"The prevailing taste and hobby of the working classes in Salford, during the first half of the century, particularly the mill-hands, weavers and operatives of similar employment, was for the cultivation of old-fashioned English flowers in their plots of garden ground, or in their cottage windows, and of show vegetable produce, all of which were possible when the town atmosphere was clean and sweet.

Up to the year 1849, or thereabouts, the fruit trees belonging to the fair mansions forming the Crescent were famous for the abundance and excellence of their fruits; the orchards were crowded with peaches, nectarines, magnum bonum plums, cherries, apples, pears, &c. Even now (1881) several of the jargonelle pear trees, &c., are struggling to make believe they are not dead; they show a sprinkling of green leaves in the spring, but neither blossom nor, of course, bear fruit. The few pear trees lingering in Peel Park have not blossomed for several years. In the long garden at the back of No. 24, there was a grand jargonelle pear tree, the sight of which, in the spring time, was a treat to behold, and drew crowds of people to back Hulme-street to look at it. An old resident says there were very good vines, which bore very fair grapes.

covering the sunny side of the garden walls, whilst the gooseberries, raspberries, and such like fruit were as excellent for quality and quantity as were ever grown; in fact, each mansion was like a luxuriant farm in the country, with its independent home supplies of fruit and vegetation."

MR. BENJAMIN ST. JOHN BAPTIST JOULE

was born in the borough, and worthily sustained the high reputation of his talented family. He was a passionate lover of music, and for a long period used to travel every Sunday from Southport, where he lived, to conduct the services as organist at St. Peter's Church, Manchester.

REV. THOMAS G. LEE.

"The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared;
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
A living sermon of the truths he taught."—DRYDEN.

A noted figure of his day was the Rev. Thomas G. Lee, minister of the Independent Chapel, New Windsor. He took a warm interest in the temperance movement, and was never so happy as when advocating its claims from the platform or the pulpit. The latter years of his life were to some extent overclouded in consequence of a dispute which arose between himself and some members of his church. There was no loss of respect on either side, and eventually the misunderstanding was cleared up. He published a number of lectures and sermons, together with a little work entitled, "A Plea for the English Operatives."

MR. JOSEPH KAYE,

who was born at Ordsall Cottage, was also a prominent personage in the borough in his day and generation. He occupied the position of Judge of the Salford Court of Record, and was generally esteemed a fair-minded and upright administrator of the law. He wrote several works, including one, in two volumes, on "The Social Condition of the People in England and Europe." Then there was the

REV. JOHN ADDISON COOMBS,

who was the first minister of the Chapel-street Independent Church, a position which he retained for half a century. He was a man of strong character, and many traditions still remain concerning the events of his lengthened pastorate. I have only one more name to bring before you, and in consequence of the recent date of his decease I have been unable to gather any further particulars concerning

MR. JOHN WILLIAM BONE,

than appeared in the newspapers since his death. Mr. Bone was born in Salford, in 1828, and came, both on the father and the mother's side, of an old Roman Catholic stock. He had a sister who is "in religion" at Newcastle, and his brother the Rev. Richard Bone, a Catholic priest, was with him in his last illness. A portion of Mr. Bone's education was received at the hands of the Rev. J. R. Beard, the well-known Unitarian minister. He then studied at Ushaw, and took his B.A. degree at London University, in 1851. After some years of business life, in which his knowledge of Spanish was of great service, he acted for a time as an Assistant Examiner both for the Civil Service Commission, and for the University of London. Afterwards he became the Secretary of the Consolidated Bank. This position he retained until his retirement, a few years ago, in order to have more leisure for his favourite studies. These were, however, interfered with by a tedious illness, and, on his recovery, he left London and settled at Birkdale. Mr. Bone was an active member of the Paleographical Society, the Library Association and other learned bodies, and was elected a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries in 1871. He was a frequent contributor to "Notes and Queries" and maintained an extensive correspondence with his brother antiquaries, especially on matters relating to the Mediæval Church and to Lancashire archæology. He collected a large and excellent library, and was through life an industrious note-taker. His fastidious taste and retiring disposition led him to shrink from publicity, and the few scattered essays in verse and prose that found their way into print very inadequately represent his native talent and his very considerable knowledge of ancient and modern literature. He was a familiar figure alike in the British Museum and in the Manchester Libraries, and the news of his death was received with genuine regret by many lovers of literature and learning. He died at Southport on Sunday night, December 8th, 1895.

The past and present appearance of the rapidly flowing, at full flood, of the river Irwell has been well contrasted by Joseph Anthony, one of our many local poets :—

“ Whoe’er hath seen dark Irwell’s tide.
 Its sombre look and sullen glide,
 Would never deem that it, I ween,
 Had ever brighter, gayer been.
 When Irwell rolled by feudal tower,
 By shady grove and fairy bower,
 When on her banks so oft was borne
 Sweet music of the hunter’s horn.
 Forests are here, but not of trees ;
 Forests are here, the homes of men ;
 Salford’s fair sons are as the leaves
 Which bloomed upon the forest then

PENDLETON BOULEVARDS.

The golden sun of summer was sinking in the west,
 And gentle birds were flying to gain each one her nest,
 When spake a feeble mortal, who sat near Seedley Lane,
 "Thank God for our good townsmen: this seat relieves my pain."

The boulevards of Pendleton add beauty to our home,
 Nor oft shall we have reason in other lands to roam;
 When death o'ertakes the youngest, these paths will be the same,
 To give new life and vigour to man's too fragile frame.

I'm proud of all the ladies who planted here the trees,
 Though they were clad in costumes too rich for some to please;
 I would that Flora gave them the wealth of her domain,
 For fair to fair belongeth, and must with fair remain.

I'm proud of him who nobly bestowed on us the beech,
 To shelter ardent lovers when love dictates the speech;
 Here perhaps the tuneful throstle may sing his grateful songs
 In honour of the givers, to whom the praise belongs.

I'm thankful to the donors of seats near Noyes' flowers,
 Where age can rest in quiet, when over are the showers
 That burst the buds as gently as early morning dew
 Besprent on buds in Eden, when all the world was new.

I'm proud of Mr. Langworthy, whose name can here be seen
 Inscribed, to name the highway and keep his memory green;
 His portrait is at Peel Park, the glory of the town,
 His name, with that of Brotherton, will ever have renown.

Of those who gave the pictures of pretty trees and flowers
 I'm proud; they give us pleasure in all our leisure hours,
 And draw the mind immortal to Nature's sweetest charms,
 As artists threw the Graces into each others arms.

And let us hope that others may follow in the way
 That they have trod so nobly, till all our town be gay,
 And unborn poets over their honoured graves may sing
 Of what they did to give us a never-ending spring.

What the Poets have said about
Flowers.

THE ROSE.

The rose is queen of Flora's flowery home,
Beloved in every land where'er we roam ;
Blooming as maidens fair, this heaven-born gem,
Companion meet, and blessing unto them.

In olden days the King of Israel said,
" Crown us with rosebuds ere their beauty's fled ;
Come, bring the choicest of the roses hither,
And crown us with them ere they droop and wither ! "

The wise man's temple was with riches filled,
Yet such an odour one fair rose distilled,
That balms nor gold, however rich and rare,
Could with its sweetness or its worth compare.

The wondrous minds of men of ancient days
Did round the rose entwine their purest praise :
A thousand gems upon this orient flower,
Will live in poesy till time's last hour.

In Flora's bowers, oh ! may it e'er be seen,
Full ruby red, mid leafage emerald green !
True emblem of the passions mortals move,
Its bosom blushing with the fire of love.

T. C.



For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come

“WHAT THE POETS HAVE SAID ABOUT FLOWERS.”

“Flowers are the beautiful hieroglyphics of Nature, by which she indicates how much she loves us.”—
GOETHE.

“Flowers and fruit are always fit presents—flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utility of man.”

The following introductory remarks were made by Mrs. Leo. H. Grindon to the fourth of a series of lectures bearing the above title, delivered by Mr. T. Costley in the Pendleton Town Hall, on Thursday, January 9th, 1896.

Mrs. LEO. H. GRINDON said:—I do not think it is necessary for me, or anyone else, to introduce to you so well-known a man as Mr. Costley. We are all acquainted with his laudable efforts to increase the funds of the Salford Hospital, and thus to help forward the work of those who are taking charge of the sick and suffering in the Borough of Salford. I should like to say a word or two introductory to the lecture. Mr. Costley deals with something that is rather out of the track of our every-day lives. Our bread and cheese are familiar to us, but our poets, and what our poets have said about flowers, are not always so familiar. Indeed, I have met some people who have considered that we can do very well without either poets or flowers. They say: “What good are the flowers to us? We cannot eat flowers; they are very pretty, but they are not good for us to eat.” And there are people who ask: “What use are the poets to us? They are not all even pretty; they have not so far the advantage of the flowers in being beautiful, neither have they an advantage, any more than the flowers have, in providing anything to eat for us.” There are many people in the world who consider that what we eat and drink are the primary facts of the universe. I contend that we should be poverty-stricken indeed, as a world, if we lost either the poets or the flowers. We cannot do without one or the other. We cannot possibly dispense with the poets, for it is the poets who deal with all the highest facts—the highest truths of life. It is the poets who tell us all the valuable things by which our spirits and the higher parts of our beings exist. It is the poets who open out to us the grand vistas, not only that we find in this world, but vistas we shall find in the world to come. None of you will think I intend

to say a word in disparagement of scientific men. I have a husband who dabbles a little bit in science, as I do myself occasionally, and I should be the last person in the world to say anything against or depreciate science. At the same time, a man of science deals with facts only, whereas the poets deal with truths,—a much higher kind of knowledge. Generally speaking, a fact is a temporary thing; a truth is a divine thing—it lives for ever. My body is a great fact to me to-day; but in one hundred years' time where will my body be—the fact as it is to-day, the reality as it is to-day? My body will be gone. Hence, you see, facts—bodies—are temporary things; but my spirit is a truth; my spirit is divine; my spirit is eternal, and in one hundred years' time will be alive—as potent, as strong, and as divine a truth as it is to-day. Therefore, you see, scientists deal with facts, temporary things—visionary things, that pass away. Poets deal with all the highest truths of divine, eternal things, which will live for ever. When these poets, or “seers,” as we ought to call them, see things in flowers that we don't see, it is that they perceive truths that we are blinded to; that we cannot perceive by reason of our densities. But every man, I hope, is a poet for a few minutes in his life. When a man reaches his sublimest thoughts, his most exalted moments; when he temporarily perceives something that his every-day life has ignored, then he has surely risen to the level of the poets for the time being. He has risen and seen what, to the poets, is every-day food. It is well for us sometimes—dense as we are at others—to come across these flowers and see what the poets say about them, and ask the poets to illumine our lives to enable us to see things which they see and understand. If we ask a scientific man: “What is a flower? what is a lily?” he will say, in very learned style: “A lily is a flower with six petals and six stamens.” Ask a poet what a lily is, and he will say: “It is the emblem of purity, of grace, and of sweetness; it is sent into this world to be an example to me how I am to live. To me the lily raises itself out of the mud, simple, graceful, and erect, and tells me that I should strive to live my life after the pattern of the lilies. You ask a scientific man where the lily comes from, and he will say: “All flowers come from one single primary cell.” Very good; perhaps they do? Ask a poet where they come from, and he will say: “Flowers are like the children—they come with their trailing clouds of glory from God, their home. They come to make this world richer, purer, and more beautiful for you and for me.” Flowers we may speak of as the children of the vegetable kingdom. I hope you will all think of

that fact. For flowers are indeed the children of the vegetable kingdom; the bright spots of what would otherwise be a perfectly green world. Just so is it with the children—the children are the bright flowers of the human kingdom; the bright spots of what would otherwise frequently be dull, cheerless lives. We can neither do without the flowers, the poets, nor the children; we are better for all three of them, and the more we can take this wonderful triplet into our lives, the happier, brighter, and better we shall be, both in this world and the next. But if we are to understand what the poets say to us about the flowers, we must try to approach the subject from the poets' standpoint. Chaucer said: "I listen with my heart as well as with my ears." That is just the attitude we must adopt when we approach the study of the flowers, then we shall be certainly able, at the same time, to catch some of their wonderful, bright, and illumining rays, by which they send out delightful streaks of morning light, and scatter and filter them throughout the air of the world, illumining, brightening, and cheering everybody whose track they cross.

Mr. COSTLEY, on rising to deliver his lecture, said: Mrs. Leo. Grindon, ladies, and gentlemen,—When it entered into my mind to study and report the sayings of the poets about flowers, I remembered the reply of Ruskin to a botanical lecturer who began his discourse by saying that "there was no such thing as a flower." "I met," said the most eloquent art critic of modern times, "an old lady friend who had been hearing some lectures on botany at Kensington Museum, and who had been delighted by them. Among other things, she told me that the lecturer had declared that his object would be attained if he could convince his hearers that 'there was no such thing as a flower.' Now," continued Mr. Ruskin, "in that sentence you have the most perfect and admirable summary given you of the general temper and purposes of modern science. It gives lectures on botany, of which the object is to show that there is no such thing as a flower; on humanity, to show there is no such thing as a man; and on theology, to show there is no such being as a God—no such thing as a man, but only a mechanism—and no such being as a God, but only a series of forces." Now, in the following pages I shall assume that flowers do exist as the poets and all the lovers of nature have described them, and that they were not only created for use but also for pleasure, and not only for the curious, but for those who have the capacity of appreciating beauty in its purest forms. And although in this lecture the sayings of many poets that—

"Shew nature's form in smiling beauty drest,
And call mankind to view her and be bless'd."

will be quoted, most attention will be paid to the sayings of Chaucer and Spenser, who were the most strikingly original bards of all that were before Shakespeare. There can, indeed, be no period in the history of literature, which deserves the name of epoch, in which its men of genius—and especially its poets—were not only lovers, but devoted worshippers of trees, shrubs, and flowers. Although the science of botany was not their favourite study, their eyes were ever open to floral beauty wherever it presented itself; in fact, no great poet has lived, from the time of Homer till now (and not many minor poets), who did not make a choice of some flower which he glorified by affectionate praise. And who can doubt that our own Spenser was intoxicated with the loveliness of nature, as demonstrated in the gardens and hedgerows, when he said—

"What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the works of nature,
To reign in air from earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature."

It has been said Chaucer stands alone as the poet of manners, Spenser as the poet of romance, Milton as the poet of morality, and Shakespeare as the poet of universal nature, yet one and all of them were lovers of flowers. And not less true is it of other poets. Wordsworth, for example, excels in pointing out that the meanest products of nature are intimately and inseparably connected with the infinite; and "the bare trees, the mountains bare, the grass in the green fields, imparted to him a sense of great joy." Burns excels in exposing shams and appealing to the brotherhood of humanity. Tennyson, it has been said, has idealised the thoughts of his contemporaries, and woven into his poems many of the discoveries of modern science. Byron has idealised passion. Keats has constructed a new religion out of his passion for the beautiful; and yet all these great writers, in spite of their special affections and characteristics, possessed an intense love for plants and flowers, which often-times betrayed itself in their verses. And surely Horace Smith was a passionate admirer of the furze-bush when he exclaimed—

"Let Burns and old Chaucer unite
The praise of the daisy to sing;
Let Wordsworth of celandine write,
And crown her the queen of the spring;
The hyacinth's classical fame,

Let Milton embalm in his verse,
 Be mine the glad task to proclaim
 The charms of untrumpeted furze;
 See nature, with Midas-like touch,
 Here turns a whole common to gold!"

Nor was the Dutch poet wanting in love for the yellow goat's-beard and other flowers, when he said—

"Oh, surely 'tis a bliss to lay me down
 Upon a shady bank where violet flowers
 Smell sweetly, and the meadows blooming in prime,
 Till Flora's clock—the goat's beard—marks the hours,
 And closing, says: 'Arise, 'tis dinner time';
 Then dine on pies and cauliflower's choice heads,
 And roam away the afternoon in tulip beds."

There must be a mysterious influence in beautiful flowers which we have never yet been able to analyse, or estimate; an influence both potent and subtle, which made sensitive Keats exclaim, when on his deathbed, "I feel the flowers grow from out my wasted body, even now!" Nor is the love of plants and flowers confined to our own country, or to modern ages. Not a few wrote in praise of trees, plants, and flowers before the voice of the nightingale was heard in the woods and groves of southern Britain. Homer, the greatest poet that ever lived, born more than nine hundred and fifty years before Christ, has, in "The Abode of Calypso," brought together as agreeable an assemblage of trees, of flowers, and of fruit, of birds and bees as can anywhere be found. The following extract is taken from a translation of the "Iliad," by Pope, published in six volume form. Most imperfectly representative, as might be expected, of its great original, it is, nevertheless, so remarkable for force and elegance, that I can read it to-day with no inconsiderable portion of the pleasure which it gave to the contemporaries of the poet:—

"Then, swift ascending from the azure wave,
 He took the path that winded to the cave;
 Large was the grot in which the nymph he found,
 The fair-haired nymph, with every beauty crowned.
 She sate and sung; the rocks resound the lays;
 The cave was brightened with the rising blaze;
 Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
 Flamed on the hearth, and wide perfumed the isle
 While she, with work and song, the time divides,
 And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
 Without the grot a various sylvan scene
 Appeared around, and groves of living green;

Poplars and alders, ever quivering, played,
 And nodding cyprus formed a grateful shade,
 On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
 The birds of broadest wing their mansion form
 The chough, the seamew, and loquacious crow
 And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
 Depending vines the delving caverns screen
 With purple clusters, blushing through the green.
 Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil;
 And every fountain forms a separate rill,
 In many, winding wanderings down the hill;
 Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crowned,
 And glowing violets threw odours round—
 A scene, where, if a god should cast his sight,
 A god-might gaze and wonder with delight!
 Joy touched the messenger of heaven; he stayed
 Entranced, and all the blissful haunt surveyed."

I shall now draw your attention for a short time to another Greek poet, called Theocritus, the greatest pastoral poet that ever lived, with the exception of Virgil, and who was born three hundred years before Christ, in Syracuse. He wrote beautifully and truthfully of the country and country life, because he loved it with all the ardour of a lover. I am sure you will agree with me in the selection I am going to read from a translation, by Francis Fawkes, of a piece entitled: "Summer Woodlands," that all the ideas of the piece breathe the rich scent of summer, and mellowness of the time of ripe fruit:—

"He, courteous, bade us on soft beds recline,
 Of lentisk and young branches of the vine;
 Poplars and elms above their foliage spread,
 Lent a cool shade, and waved each breezy head.
 Below, a stream from the nymph's sacred cave,
 In free meanders, led its murmuring wave;
 In the warm sunbeams, verdant shrubs among,
 Shrill grasshoppers renewed their plaintive song;
 At distance far, concealed in shades alone,
 The nightingale poured forth her tuneful moan;
 The lark, the goldfinch, warbled lays of love,
 And sweetly pensive cooed the turtle dove;
 While honey bees, for ever on the wing,
 Hummed round the flowers and sipped the silver
 spring:

The rich ripe season gratified the sense
 With summer sweets and autumn's redolence.
 Apples and pears lay strewn in heaps around,
 And the plum-loaded branches kissed the ground."

It has been asserted, again and again, that the poets of the past three or four generations were the only real worshippers of the floral kingdom. That

assertion is very wide of the truth, as can be proved demonstratively, for some of our early English poets were second to none in their pronounced appreciation of the beauties of nature as manifested in shrubs, trees, and flowers. Nor was the love of these objects confined to the great poets only, for we find many of the minor poets yearning after the daffodil, the primrose, and the sweet-briar, as if they could never love and praise them enough. Giles Fletcher, who has given to English literature some beautiful ideas, was one of these, and Michael Drayton, author of the "Polyolbion," another, the latter not being content to confine his worship to words. He could not even tune his lyre in the praise of a lovely woman without the aid of the daffodil :—

"She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
The colour maide's delight;
And never hath her beauty seene
But through a veil of white."

CHAUCER.

The first great English poet who has given us many descriptions of trees and flowers was born two hundred and thirty-six years before "the sweet swan of Avon," William Shakespeare. He was not only the first in time, but the first in the quality and originality of his genius. Spenser feelingly and truthfully said of his work, that it was a well of English undefiled :—

"On fame's eternal bead-roll, worthy to be fyled."

It is not easy to collect and report all the beautiful things that the father of English poetry has said about flowers in his many poems, as may be easily imagined, if we bear in mind the fact that the "Canterbury Tales," alone, contain 17,383 lines. Indeed, it is the longest great poem in any language except Edmund Spenser's "Fairy Queen." It is generally thought that Burns was the first poet to celebrate the merits and beauties of the daisy in English verse; but the opinion is one of those popular errors that arise out of imperfect knowledge. Four hundred and fifty years before Burns carolled his lays of love, Chaucer had conceived and expressed a passionate love for the flower that wakes with the rising of the sun, and sleeps through the night after the sun goes down. Indeed, it is said of Chaucer, that the daisy, alone, could allure him from his study and his books. At evening he knelt down beside the "peerless" flower, to watch the closing of its starry-

rim, with all the enthusiasms and ardour of a boy. Listen to these lines on the daisy, by the "morning star" of English poetry:—

"Of all the flowers in the mede,
Then love I most those flowers white and red,
Such that men call e'en daisies in our town;
To them I have so great affection,
As I saidest, when comen is the May,
That in my bed there dawneth me no day,
That I am up and walking in the mede
To see this flow'r against the sunne spread,
When it upriseth early by the morrow;
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow,
So glad am I when I have presence
Of it, to deem it all reverence,
That well by reason men it call may,
The daisy, or else the eye of day,
The empress and flower of flowers all."

Let us now for a little space compare these richly poetical lines of Chaucer with the utterances of other poets on the same subject. I think you will agree with me, when this is done, that Chaucer does not suffer by the comparison. Addressing the daisy, Wordsworth says—

"Whole summer fields are thine by right,
And autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee."

Nature has, perhaps, been too lavish of her favours to secure the affection and gratitude of mankind, who seldom know the value of her gifts until they are withdrawn. What myriads of these bright children of the sun have spread their crimson-tipped petals to catch the warmth and light of that great luminary in the early morning, when the dew was scarcely dried from the meadow grass, unappreciated, and oftentimes unobserved. Wordsworth not only called the daisy "The poet's darling," but "The unassuming commonplace of nature." Matthew Arnold has said many pleasant things about natural objects, but none more delightful than in his lines on the daisy—

"Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless active life is here,
What blooming daisies, fragrant grass,
An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear!"

Nor must we omit Burns's reference to this favourite flower, common and well-known though it be, for nothing—not even repetition—can diminish its loveliness:—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem.
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Cauld blew the bitter bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form."

This is truly the verse of a tender and powerful mind, and of an exquisite inspiration that could find no adequate expression but in the musical language of the incomparable Scottish poet. It throws all other poems on flowers of that and the preceding century into the shade. It is ever fresh, ever true, and ever enjoyable. Chaucer's poem, of course, is entitled to and must occupy the first place, for in it he has glorified his favourite flower so richly that it will continue to shine brightly through all ages, as stars grow brighter in the deeper darkness. Already it has occupied the chief place in collections of floral poetry for four hundred years, and will probably continue to do so to the end of time. The works of art, however splendid, pass away—populous towns and countries become deserted, and even the glories of empires have their day ; but nature continues, and will continue, to assert her supremacy, and whatever is imbued with her virtues, her attributes, her purity, and her simplicity will endure for all ages. Does anybody doubt it? Let him read the following immortal lines from Dryden's modernised version of Chaucer:—

"Emily ere day
 Arose and dress'd herself in rich array ;
 Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
 Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair!
 A riband did the braided tresses bind,
 The rest was loose and wantoned in the wind.
 Aurora had but newly chased the night,
 And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
 When to the garden walk she took her way,
 To sport and trip along in cool of day.
 And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
 At every turn she made a little stand,
 And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
 To draw the rose, and every rose she drew,
 She shook its stalk and brushed away the dew ;
 Then party-colour flowers of white and red
 She wove, to make a garland for her head."

Geoffrey Chaucer was born in the year 1340, in Thames-street, at the foot of Dowgate Hill, London. His father, John Chaucer, was a vintner and a tavern keeper. Chaucer is, in order of time, the first great poet of the English race, and in order of merit he is the first amongst the earliest of all our poets.

SPENSER.

Eleven years before the birth of Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser was born in London, near the Tower, 1552. He is universally known as the author of the "Faery Queen." It contains 41,000 lines, irrespective of a number of prose passages which are scattered through the work. The poems of Spenser are passing rich in descriptions of trees and wild flowers, and if they were estimated according to their truthfulness and beauty, they would simply be found to be invaluable. Here, so to speak, is a bunch of his mingled sweets and bitters, in which the former unquestionably predominate:—

"Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a briar;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough,
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the fairbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moley, but his root is ill;
So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more,
For easy things that may be got at will,
Most sort of men do set but little store.
Why then, should I so count the little pain
That endless pleasure unto me shall gain?"

The only other bunch of sweets comparable to that of Spenser, is supplied by Byron, in "Don Juan," a few lines from which I will read:—

"'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen to the night winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky;
Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In bacchanaul profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth."

We are often charmed and astonished at the gentleness of Spenser's allusions to the wild flowers, as well as with his delicate, but almost voluptuous, references to trees and fruits. And those of his readers who do not live among and inhale the perfumes of the flowers he describes, and taste the ambrosial fruits, may be very

sure that their powers of imagination are feeble or defective :—

" So forth issued the seasons of the year,
First lusty spring, all dight in leaves and flowers,
That, freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their nests.
Then came the jolly summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, coloured green ;
Then came the autumn, all in yellow clad,
Laden with fruits that made him laughful glad."

A fine avenue of trees is one of the most picturesque scenes in nature, which conveys to the mind impressions of strength and beauty that have a living force. Many of the earlier poets coveted the solitudes of old woods and dark forests, and delighted in the hot days of summer to sit under the shade of deep hawthorn hedges and more ambitious bowers. Evidence of this love for natural solitude and shade abound both in Spenser and his forerunner, Chaucer. The former especially excelled in realistic power, because he brought to his aid a bold and brilliant fancy, and a vivid imagination that gave interest and force to true description. On one occasion, when passing through a dense forest, he came across a decayed oak, of which he has preserved the following description :—

" Dry and dead,
Still clad with relics of its trophies old,
Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head,
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold."

Here Spenser's admiration of noble trees takes the form of lamentation, but it is none the less sincere and emotional. To such an oak Lucan compared Pompey in his declining state. Botany and natural history owe much to Edmund Spenser, notwithstanding the fact that some of his poetical allusions are incorrect, and might be challenged by a hypercritical expert. But the departures from accuracy are exceptional and unimportant, and will be accepted by honest judges as the universal liability of the greatest and wisest men to err. It would be possible for an unsympathetic critic to find in Spenser's productions proof that occasionally his imagination, like a mighty river, carries him beyond the sublime and very nearly into the region of the ridiculous. But, as I said, the occasions are not frequent and not important. Spenser's knowledge of English forest trees must have been extensive as well as accurate, for his works contain references to a large number of them, and the references are specific and not general—graphic, and not indefinite. And when the woodland scenes which he describes are animated by human interest, the charm of his

description becomes dangerously fascinating. Take the following as an example :—

"And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high.
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oak, sole king of forest all;
 The aspen, good for staves—the cypress, funeral.
 The laurel, mead of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
 The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the plantain round,
 The carver holm, the maple, seldom inward sound."

Many of our poets make frequent allusions to the poppy, and to its somniferous qualities, among them Spenser is sure to have something to say :—

"There mournful cypress grew in greatest store,
 The trees of bitter gall and heben seed,
 Dead-sleeping poppy, and black hellebore."

The apathy or indifference of mankind towards the beauties and grandeurs of the visible creation made Spenser sigh, as it did Wordsworth hundreds of years after in his poem, entitled: "Peter Bell." The following quotation will show that there were rather too many Peter Bells even in the Elizabethan age of English literature. Nor is the complaint out of season or without point, even in our own days :—

"Behold, O man, that toilsome pains dost take,
 The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,
 How they, themselves, do thine ensample make;
 While, nothing envious, nature them forth-throws
 Out of her fruitful lap; how, no man knows,
 They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous shows:
 Yet, no man can to them his painful cares compare
 The lily lady of the flowering field,
 The fleur-de-luce, her lovely paramour—
 Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
 And soon leave off the toilsome weary stour.
 Lo! lo! how brave she decks her bounteous bower
 With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
 Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamour;
 Yet, neither spins, nor cords, nor cares, nor frets,
 But to her mother, nature, all her cares she lets."

We shall not be astonished at Spenser's knowledge of plants when we are aware of the fact that he saw more rare specimens in his lifetime than either Shakespeare or Milton. It is true that he was born in London, but he is often found living in lonely and lovely parts of the country, where nature was at its best. In those days large manufacturing towns were almost unknown, and agriculture was the mainstay of the people. In the neighbourhood of Kilcolman, in Ireland, where Spenser for some time lived, many plants which he describes in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and in his other works, grew in great luxury and abundance. He speaks of the rose growing upon a briar: as this method of cultivating roses is, perhaps, commoner in the county of Lancaster than in most other counties, and as Spenser lived in the county for some time, it is very probable that he saw the rose growing upon the briar in the Burnley valley. There the following lines may have been penned, far away from the busy haunts of men, for in the Burnley valley in those days there were no tall chimneys:—

“ Ah ! see the virgin rose how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her way.
Lo ! see soon after how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away.”

Let me again commend the study of Spenser and Chaucer. My object has been to introduce and not exhaust, to interest only so far as to stimulate curiosity and tempt inquiry. This is, perhaps, the more necessary, because the language used by Chaucer especially, and by Spenser before the written speech of the people had been fixed and regulated by generally accepted rules, require special knowledge and careful study before it can be sufficiently understood to be appreciated. But the task is a comparatively easy one, and the reward for performing it will be greatly in excess of the trouble taken. Without doubt to Chaucer belongs the credit of having laid the foundation of a language which has done more than any other European language to influence the spread of literature and the study of trees, shrubs, and flowers all over the known world. And that same language Edmund Spenser has adorned so suitably and so splendidly, that even, at the present day, no more delightful or alluring books than his can be found in any library. Not only do his writings abound with metaphors and similes that are the sure evidences of a strong and healthy imagination, but Spenser's vocabulary is immensely extensive. His special qualities have, in fact, procured for him the

fitting title of "the poets' poet." Chaucer lived to a venerable old age, and was the first poet whose remains were laid in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Spenser died at the comparatively early age of forty-six, in obscurity and poverty, his last touching request being that his bones might be laid beside those of Chaucer, a request which was granted. Who does not echo in his heart the noble praise bestowed upon this gentlest of all poets?

"Divinest Spenser! heaven born happy muse,
Would any power into my brain infuse
Thy worth, or all the poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserved'st no more!"

Among the Turks, Greeks, Chinese, Japanese, and others, garlic is employed for the purpose of warding off the evil-eye and other misfortunes. Readers of the "Faerie Queen" will know that Spenser makes frequent reference to the magical employment of herbs and flowers. We read:—

"The hatefull hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceived my thought, and, drown'd in sleepeie night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight."

From the same writer we learn that the magician was quite as necessary a person in cases of extreme illness as the doctor himself—a state of things exactly like what is found in China and the East to-day. Where medicine fails the aid of magic has often to be called in. Thus Spenser once more:—

"Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
If either salves or oyles, or herbs, or charmes,
A for donne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephew's daies."

Herbs, too, were employed in the preparation of the bath in which every spring or prime, as Spenser has it, witches were supposed to bathe themselves:—

"Till on a day (that day is very prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing herself in origane and thyme."

Brand says:—"It appears to have been formerly a custom also for those who were betrothed to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. The conceit of choosing such short-lived emblems of their plighted loves cannot be thought a very happy one. That such a custom, however, did certainly prevail, we have the testimony of Spenser in his "Shepherd's Calendar" for April, as follows:—

"Bring coronations and sops-in-wine
Worn of paramours."

Sops-in-wine were a species of flowers among the smaller kind of single gilliflowers or pinks. The name seems to have been given to the clove-pink or clove-gilliflower (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*), on account of the flowers having been used in flavouring wine, as we learn from the following lines of Chaucer:—

"There springen herbs grete and small,
The licoris and the setewall,
And many a clove gilofre,
And notemuge to put in ale,
Whether it be moist or stale."

The following quaint lines from Quarles' "Shepherd's Oracles" (1646) have an interesting bearing on the early use of flowers in connection with love matters, and have been taken from Brand's "Popular Antiquities," with the italics as there found:—

The musick of the *oaten reedes* perswades
Their hearts to mirth—

And whilst they sport and dance, the love-sick swains,
Compose *rush-rings* and *myrtle-berry* chains,
And stuck with glorious *king-cups*, and their bonnets
Adorned with *laurell-slips*, chaunt their love-sonnets,
To stir the fires and to increase the flames,
In the cold hearts of their beloved *dames*."

From a little work, entitled: "Flowers and Festivals,"
I select the following lines:—

"A lesson in each flower;
A story in each tree and bower.
In every herb on which we tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness to God."

There used to be a tradition to this effect that Adam and Eve made themselves clothes from the leaves of the banyan tree. This tree is known by various names: as the Indian god tree, or the arched fig tree. The Hindoos plant it near their temples, and in some places the tree itself serves for a temple, and receives the worship of the people. Milton speaks of this tree as the Indian fig tree—not the kind renowned for fruit, but—

"Such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

Milton writes as though it was Eve who received the pleasant task of giving names to flowers, and arranging them in orders or tribes. When Eve was about to leave the Garden of Eden, she is made by Milton to express her regret thus:—

Must I leave thee, paradise?
Oh, flowers! which I breed up with tender,
From first opening bud, and gave thee names!
Who now shall rear ye to the—or rank
Your tribes?

Who does not love the exquisite appeal of Milton for man's homage to his lost Lycidas. I never shall be able to repeat, with or without emphasis, too often these lines, which make a floral stream of sweet melody. Is there any poet, either ancient or modern, who has gathered such a floral wreath and laid it on the memory of a beloved friend, as Milton has done in the case of Lycidas? I answer, no!—

“Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is pass'd
That shrunk thy streams—return, Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose, that, forsaken, dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears.”

GEORGE HERBERT

was the author of the following stanzas on “Spring Flowers,” and of whom it has been said that he was the model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman:—

“How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in Spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late frost's tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
 Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
 Quite underground, as flowers depart
 To see their mother root, when they have blown;
 Where they, together, all the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

Oh, that I once past changing, were
 Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither.
 Many a spring I shoot up fair
 Off'ring at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
 Nor doth my flow'r want a spring shower;
 My sins and I joining together.

And now in age I bud again—
 After so many deaths I live and write:
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing. Oh, my only light,
 It cannot be that I am he
 On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of Love;
 To make us see that we're but flow'rs that glide,
 Which when we once can find and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us where to bide;
 Who would be more, swelling through store,
 Forfeit their paradise by their pride."

ROBERT HERRICK

is a name that will ever be associated with the flowers that profusely bloom in the fields, the woodlands, and the way-sides of rural England. Other minor poets have lavished their praises on "trees, plants, and flowers," but none have so well described and pressed them into the service of the muses as Herrick. Like Chaucer and Spenser, Herrick was born in London, and like them he found most delight, not in pacing to and fro in the noisy streets where human excitement is never wanting, but in escaping from the bustle and noise of the busy city to look upon lovely nature as she was to be found in the deep lanes and hedgerows of the not-very-distant suburbs in the days of his youth. There was the source of his inspiration, of his health of body and mind, and of his most satisfying and abiding pleasure. He was no indifferent spectator of sky and stream, of wood and pasture, and of hills and hedgerows, but a passionate worshipper of all that was fresh from nature's own hand. Spring was especially a season of delight to him.

" Spring clothes the fields and decks with flowers
 the grove,
 And all creation glows with light and love ! "

We shall never be able to estimate the wealth that Chaucer, Spenser, Herrick, and others have contributed to English literature as a consequence of their passionate admiration for all the beautiful forms of nature. To them we are indebted for the result that English literature is as profusely strewn with wayside flowers as if it were a second Eden. And tens of thousands of their readers have been taught by their words to admire and love the too often neglected children of the sun, whose glories, as the Creator of them has declared, exceed those of the wise King of Israel. The daisy of Chaucer might have been slighted by this generation but for the praise of the father of English poetry. The forest trees of Spenser might have flourished in vain if he had not pointed out their separate qualities and their special majestic beauties. And if Shakespeare had not honoured the marigolds and violets, even their charms might have been lightly esteemed. So also might have been the beauties of Herrick's primroses and daffodils. Note how Shakespeare, in one short sentence, describes the nature and habits of marigolds. He says :—

" They sheathed their light, and, canopied in
 darkness, sweetly lay
 Till they might open to adorn the day."

The minor poets, like Herrick, deserve the greater credit for taking under their loving patronage the frail children of the dells and groves, and that may, perhaps, account for the fact that the works of the minor poets are more read by the masses than their greater rivals. Although Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton are the greatest names in English poetical literature, they were not the only enthusiastic lovers of nature, for who can doubt that Herrick, Drayton, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Tennyson devoted more time to the study of that great book of nature, which was written by the finger of God, than their great predecessors. Nearly every poet since the Augustan age, and even before that, has seized upon the first opportunity that has occurred to describe in glowing colours every flower and plant that has adorned the landscape, no matter whether it has located itself on the plains, where storms are powerless to do more than mimic a troubled sea, or on the Alps, where they spend their utmost vengeance. Take, for instance, the family of the hawk-weed, which have puzzled botanists, in consequence of the minute differences which dis-

tinguish one species from another. These differences the poets have not overlooked. One large flower, with a golden star as large as that of the dandelion, on a stem three feet high, called the goat's beard, which has a singular and most punctual habit of closing its flowers at noonday, has thus been described by one of the older poets:—

“ The goat's beard which each morn abroad does peep,
Which shuts its flower at noon and goes to sleep.”

A hundred years ago one of the most delightful flowers that adorned the hedgerows, banks, and hill-sides was the germander speedwell, which appeared conspicuously in the months of April and May. It was sometimes called the cat's-eye and eye-bright, and is spoken of by Tennyson as “the speedwell's darling blue.” This beautiful flower is thus described by one of the minor poets:—

“ Blue eye-bright, loveliest of the flowers that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower whose hedge-side
gaze
Is like an infant's, what heart does not know ? ”

For hours and hours Herrick delighted to wander over the fields and in the lanes, to listen to the birds as they poured forth their

“ Profuse strains of unpremeditated art,”

and to give expression to his overflowing gladness:—

“ Hark! how they warble in the brambly bush,
The gaudy goldfinch and the speckly thrush.”

I can imagine no more delightful occupation of the leisure hours of a busy man than that of accompanying Herrick in his rambles through country lanes, and peeping into hedges and common cottage gardens for a sight of one or more of the delightful wild flowers he so well loved. Although usually as gay as a butterfly, Herrick at times was sad and melancholy. Here is an example, in which he presents a melancholy picture of virgins running wild in the country:—

“ Frolic virgins once there were,
Ever loving, living here;
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heartsease, turned to flowers.”

Herrick was not only a great admirer of nature in its wilder condition, but equally fervid in his admiration of the English shrubbery, which has been ever since its introduction into landscape gardening a source of great pleasure to poets and men of taste. It is an institution peculiar to English landscape gardening, which probably owes its origin to Milton's conception of Eden. At any rate it seems not to have been borrowed from foreigners, but is a product of our own native soil. Few poets, except Shelley, had a greater poetic sensitiveness than Herrick; but they differed in choice of objects of study, and in their manner of treatment. Shelley would have risked his life at any time to witness nature under a new aspect. To him majestic waves, loud-pealing thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning had a wonderful attractiveness, for they seemed in some measure to answer to the poet's emotions, which almost mastered his will. To say that Shelley admired and loved these sublime manifestations of nature would be to speak too feebly of the passion that moved him to worship and adoration. Something of this passion is expressed in the following words:—

"I love that thou lovest, spirit of delight—
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed, and the starry
night.

I love snow, and all the forms of the radiant forest;
I love winds and waves, and storms, and everything
Which is nature's, and untainted by man's misery."

Poets of every age have delighted to refer to and describe the wall-flower; nor does Herrick overlook it, for he gives us a legend which is designed to account for its name in the following happily expressed words:—

"Why this flower is now called so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know:
Understand, this firstling was
Once a brisk and bonny lass,
Kept as close as Danæ was;
Who a sprightly springall loved,
And to have it fully proved,
Up she got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withal;
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell, and bruised—she died.
Love, in pity of the deed,
And her loving luckless speed,
Turned her to this plant we call,
Now, the flower of the wall."

These sweet-smelling flowers are a part of many pleasant personal reminiscences and associations.

Not far from a group of flourishing wallflowers, is a lane where the first snowdrops come up at the foot of a chestnut tree. When I next saw a cluster of the brown-eyed beauties, they were in a prosperous condition in a sheltered garden on the sea coast, some Christmas roses lingering among them. The snowdrops grew also on the graves of a churchyard that lies behind the sandy downs that form a barrier between it and the sea. The lark I heard was soaring above these sandhills, and blending his notes with the breaking waves that fell with a monotonous sound upon the shore. And now, when I come across a group of wallflowers, these scenes are revived in memory with all their freshness and beauty. Leigh Hunt well says that: "The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colours in the world are set off by the mighty background of eternity." And how perfect and well-fitting are the harmonies of nature. Nature's boundless cage is the place where the lark sings his best, and where the heart of man best appreciates his song, saying with the poet, who has given words to his thoughts:—

"Oh! crystal music of the air-borne lark,
So falling nearer, nearer, from the sky,
Are you a messenger to me of dearest hopes?
Oh! thrilling gladness, flying down to earth,
Have you brought answer to my prophecy?"

It is a long time since, on a May morning, Mrs. Pepys, the wife of that quaint diarist who has left behind him some of the most interesting bits of domestic history, went into the fields to gather the May dew, in conformity with an old superstitious custom; but we never grow weary of the story as Pepys tells it in the following words:—"My wife, away down, with Jane and Mrs. Hewer, to Woolwich, in order to get a little ayre, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner has taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with, and I am contented with it." The superstitious wife of Pepys, who wished to preserve her beauty from the attacks of temper and time, would have found in abundance what she sought, had she accompanied me on the May morning of my ramble in the country, for the grass that bordered the field paths was suffused with moisture; and there was a nipping eagerness in the air which might have excused Herrick's "Corrina," whom he reproaches for her tardiness in rising "to see the dew-bespangled herb and tree, and to go a-Maying." And yet the poet offers the moisture of the meads, and a shower bath from the trees as an inducement for the fair one to rise:—

"Take no care
 For your gown or hair ;
 Fear not, their leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you ;
 Beside the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you came, some Orient pearls unwept—
 Come and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dewlocks of the night ;
 Wash, dress, be brief in praying,
 For beads are best when once we go a-Maying."

The Corrina, or young lady of our day, is not to be tempted out of bed by such inducements as these. The only fair wonder of the fields with whom I exchanged salutations in my rambles on May-day morning, was an aged dame who carried two milking pails. But he who has ever appropriated or made the songs of the poets a part of himself will never be absolutely solitary. Each flower has its special poet, and he who gazes upon the one and remembers the words of the other will never lack society of the most-desirable kind. It has frequently and very truly been observed that the glory of a country is its literature. If I might dare to introduce a qualification, I should put the word poetical before the last word in the sentence. And for the last five hundred years, at least, the English poets have persistently and successfully striven to present

"Nature's form in smiling beauty dressed,
 And called on all mankind to view her and be
 blessed."

And this praise is especially due to the minor poets, who have done their best to describe and consecrate the beautiful things of nature. Take the following often quoted lines from Robert Herrick as an example of this desire of English singers to commingle beautiful pictures and beautiful thoughts:—

"TO BLOSSOMS."

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do you fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What ! were you born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Tis pity Nature brought you forth,
 Merely to show your worth.
 And lose you quite.

But yours are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like von, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave!"

DRAYTON.

"Thee, clustered smiler of the bank where plays
 The sunbeam on emerald, where in splendour strays
 The dazzling rill, companion of the road."

One of the minor poets whose works are not now generally read, was Michael Drayton, who, it is supposed, was born in Warwickshire about the year 1563. He was the son of a butcher, and gave such proofs of a superior mind, when he was 10 years of age, that he was made page to a gentleman of quality, a situation in that age which was not thought too humble for the sons of gentlemen. His great work, "The Polyolbion," is unlike any other in English poetry, both in its subjects and in their treatment. It is full of topographical and antiquarian details, and of references to remarkable events and persons of local celebrity; yet such is the poetical genius of the author, and so happily does he idealise almost everything he touches, and so easy is the flow of his verse, that the reader does not soon tire of his descriptions. He seems to have followed Spenser in his personification of natural objects, such as hills, rivers, and woods. I quote the following as a fair specimen of his descriptive poetry:—

"Clear had the day been from the dawn,
 All chequered was the sky,
 Then clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn
 Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.
 The wind had no more strength than this,
 That leisurely it blew,
 To make one leaf the next to kiss
 That closely by it grew.
 The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
 Looked as they most desired,
 To see whose head with orient pearls
 Most curiously was tired.
 The rills that on the pebbles played
 Might now be heard at will:
 This world the only music made,
 Else everything else was still.
 And to itself the subtle air
 Such sovereignty assumes,
 That it receives too large a share
 From nature's rich perfumes."

It would, after all, be a great mistake to assume that those who committed their thoughts to lyrical forms of expression and to blank verse were the only lovers and describers of beautiful natural objects and the manifestations of nature in its activity. We have only to turn to the pages of Ruskin to be convinced of the fact that prose writers have here and there excelled the poets in their passionate and truthful descriptions of natural scenery and its effects on the human mind. How beautifully, for example, he describes the circumstances that attended him when he took his Virgil into a seclusion in the little Monmartal, where he was saluted by the music of innumerable song birds, the sound of the cascade in the deep forest, and where he could view the vines on the steep bank that sloped down to the shore, and where, in the words of Tennyson, he could hear "the murmuring of innumerable bees." Some flowers have been the favourites of all poets, such as violets, pansies, cowslips, daisies, and primroses. Milton speaks of—

"Flowery May,
That from her green lap throws,
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose."

And how beautifully Herrick refers to the latter flower in his well-known lines:—

"Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known the shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind!
Nor are ye worn with years,
Nor warped as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep:
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?

No, no ; 'tis sorrow shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read—
 'That things of greatest, so of meanest, worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
 forth.'"

We do not undervalue the knowledge that modern science has accumulated and popularised respecting the constituent properties and habits of plants and flowers in saying that the observations of Herrick and other of the minor poets preceded this knowledge, and were confined to what they saw. As a rule, poets love the objects of beauty too well to be fond of their dissection and analysis; and truly scientific men not only allow their descriptions to be, generally speaking, accurate, but are the foremost to appreciate them as delightful poetic utterances. The daffodil two hundred years ago was as common a flower as it is now, and many poets have referred to it with feeling, but none more excellently than Robert Herrick in the following lines:—

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon ;
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run but to the evening song ;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along !
 We have short time to stay as you ;
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or any thing ;
 We die, as your hours do, and dry away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again."

Every spot in the suburbs of London, or in the distant country where wild flowers grew in abundance, was sacred to Herrick, who found, what tens of thousands have found in every age, an unalloyed pleasure which tranquillises the agitated and over-wrought mind, and gives strength to great purposes and good intentions; and it may have been that two hundred years ago, when the great manufacturing towns had not so extensively invaded the country, or so completely polluted the atmosphere, the fields of old England were "redolent with wild flowers, and freshly flowing streams, and honeysuckle bowers." Robert Herrick was born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. He studied at Cambridge, and, having entered into holy orders,

was presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. After about twenty years' residence in this rural parish, he was ejected from his benefice by Cromwell, when the latter had made an end of the Civil War, which, as Jeremy Taylor says, dashed the vessel of the Church and State to pieces. He had the good fortune, however, to survive the Commonwealth, and to be replaced in his own position at the Restoration. His preference for life in the country is manifested in a very pronounced manner in all his poetical works, and especially in his references to old English festivals and rural customs. His muse, too, never seemed to be so much at home as when she accompanied the poet into the meadows, which in one of his poems he thus describes:—

“Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been,
Where maids have spent their hours;
Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arts did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home!”

Herrick, it is true, was not a great poet in any sense of the term, but his very simplicity and transparency are excellences which are sometimes beyond the skill of those who have greater gifts than he possessed, and his verse is so interwoven with natural objects of acknowledged beauty, and so fittingly matched, as it were, with complimentary sentiments, in which there are no jarring discords, that we almost love him for his want of greater. Whatever rank it may please the critics to assign to him, certain it is that any worthy textbook of English literature must possess a notice, however brief, of Herrick's delightful productions. It has been said that his poems resemble a luxuriant meadow, full of king-cups and all manner of wild flowers; or the firmament, in the clearest and darkest night in July, which sparkles with myriads of nebulous and distinctly-shining stars. I offer another example of the care which Herrick exercised in describing the objects of his affection. What a beautiful, though common plant, is the pansy, which we know belongs to the violet order. The following lines are an example of the way Herrick accomplishes his object:—

“Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer: these discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.”

Before taking leave of Herrick, and introducing the names of one or two obscure authors that well deserve notice in connection with the subject under consideration, permit me to say that I have but indicated the extent of the poet's wealth in references to wild flowers, for his poems contain matter enough to fill hundreds of pages with notes that might be made interesting. My object, as I have before explained, is not to exhaust any subject, but to induce others to study the works of such poets as are comparatively neglected without a cause. I commend, as a beautiful specimen of Herrick's writing, his piece descriptive of the rose, which has been the favourite of poets of all ages, as well as the favourite of men and women of taste in all countries. Before Flora, the goddess of flowers, sat among the sacred nine, the rose was the object of their warmest affections, and ever since language was written, the pens of men of genius have been employed in setting forth its charms and its virtues. Yet, what author has done justice to this queen of all flowers with richer eloquence than Herrick? who thus advises the maidens whom he addresses to make good use of their time:—

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow may be dying.
 Of it the poet sings:
 'I used to love thee, simple flower—
 To love thee, dearly, when a boy;
 For thou didst seem in childhood's hour,
 The smiling type of childhood's joy.
 But now thou only mock'st my grief,
 By waking thoughts of pleasures fled;
 Give me—give me the withered leaf
 That falls in Autumn's bosom dead.
 I love thee not, thou simple flower,
 For thou art gay, and I am lone;
 Thy beauty died with childhood's hour;
 The heartsease from my path has gone!'"

Although Herrick had not the scientific knowledge of Tennyson, nor the clear vision of Shelley, which enabled them to comprehend the hidden mysteries of nature, still he was the forerunner of them, and to some extent they were indebted to him for pointing out a source of inexhaustible pleasure which could be appreciated universally. It has been said of Herrick, that his supreme delight was to live in imagination, if not in reality, among flowers, and bees, and nymphs, and cupids; and certainly these graceful subjects were never handled more tenderly. Campbell says:

"While admitting, as every one must, the sad licentiousness of some of Herrick's pieces, where the ore is pure it is of high value." Yet, underneath all that can be taken exception to in these poems, there can be discerned a more exalted nature, which, had it fallen on different times, might have gained the respect of all good men. Gillfillan calls him a bird with tropical plumage, and Northland sweetness of song. Most of his critics and admirers have agreed on the uncommon aptness of his metaphors and similes, and on the skill with which he drew morals from the tiniest and frailest of flowers.

"The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy but use your time,
And whilst ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry."

John Ruskin, in his lectures on the "Pleasures of England," refers to it as a place of many roses, and goes on to say that the wild rose is indigenous. "There is no nook nor cranny, no bank nor brae, which is not, in the time of roses, ablaze with their luxuriant loveliness. In gardens the rose is so prolific that it spreads literally like a weed." Herrick died in the year 1634, at the Vicarage of Dean Prior, at the age of 83. His poetical works were neglected for many years after his death, but since then some of his lyrical pieces have been set to music, including the one last quoted, and "Cherry Ripe," which are still sung in places where beautiful music derives no small part of its charm from the beautiful words which convey equally beautiful sentiments. Herrick was also the author of some hymns.

And I now trust the reader will permit me to introduce an obscure, but not the less deserving poet on that account, who has written a description of the daisy which is worthy to stand beside the poems of Chaucer, Burns, and Wordsworth on the same subject. I refer to Henry Septimus Sutton, a native of Nottingham, but a Manchester man by long residence. Mr. George Milner thus refers to his book of poems in the "Manchester Quarterly" of January, 1887:—"It was not sent forth to the multitude. It was only a still small voice, intended for the ears of poets and

dreamers, and religious mystics. The world let it pass, but chosen souls slowly and only here and there caught it up, silently received its message, and placed it among their choicest treasures." And now let us turn to Mr. Henry Septimus Sutton's poem on the "The Daisy," which is as rich in every good quality as it is rare:—

"THE DAISY.

A gold and silver cup
 Upon a pillar green,
 Earth holds her daisy up
 To catch the sunshine in;
 A dial-plant set there
 To show each radiant hour,
 A field-astronomer,
 A sun-observing flower.

A little rounded croft
 Where winged kine may graze;
 A golden meadow soft,
 Quadrille-ground for young fays:
 A fenced-in yellow plot
 With pales, milk-white and clean,
 Each tipped with crimson spot
 And set in ground of green.

The children with delight
 To meet the daisy run,
 They love to see how bright
 She shines upon the sun,
 Like lowly white-crowned queen
 She graciously doth bend,
 And stands with quiet mien
 The little children's friend.

Sometimes the daisy's seen,
 A simple rustic maid,
 In comely gown of green,
 And pure white frill arrayed,
 Dreaming, like one in mood
 Of hope by fancy spun,
 Awaiting to be wooed,
 And willing to be won.

The dandy butterfly,
 All exquisitely dressed,
 Before the daisy's eye
 Displays his velvet vest;
 In vain is he arrayed
 In all that gaudy show,
 What need hath a rustic maid
 Of such a foppish beau?

The fragrant bee but sings
 For what he gets thereby,
 Nor comes, except he brings
 His pocket on his thigh;
 Then let him start aside
 And woo some wealthier flower,
 The daisy's not his bride,
 She hath no honey-dower.
 The gnat, old back-bent fellow,
 In frugal frieze coat dressed,
 Seeks on her carpet yellow
 His tottering limbs to rest;
 He woos her with eyes dim,
 Voice thin, and aspect sage,
 What careth she for him?
 What mate is youth for age?
 Upon her head she lifts,
 Where they can best be seen,
 Her little golden gifts
 In white-fringed basket green;
 Still ready to be met
 In every passing hour,
 The little children's pet,
 The ever-faithful flower."

Every reader who will carefully examine the poem quoted, stanza by stanza, will not only confess that the description of the daisy is wonderfully truthful and complete, but will experience that enthusiastic admiration for the poet. I now call your attention to the cowslip, which has, perhaps, oftener been spoken of in prose than poetry, but always with loving appreciation. I would, however, remind the reader of the fact that nearly every flower that blooms, not less than that of the forget-me-not, has a legend of its own, and that some of the legends are of great antiquity. They abound in Greek mythology and in the folk-lore of almost every country, their very names in some instances being derived from these legends, as in the case of the foxglove, which carries in its name the fabulous stories of those who in times remote believed implicitly in "folks or fairies, who sported in the dells, and slept among flowers without so much as bruising or soiling a single petal." The legends and historical associations connected with the cowslip are these: They are seen clambering up the stalks, rushing each one into the nearest bell; and then a symphony of soft sweet voices is heard proceeding from that same tuft of cowslip; and he who listens may hear, perchance a melody of fairy-land, now praising the friendly flower—and now somewhat boastful concerning the small kind offices that fairies love to render.

"Now peep'd forth one, right beauteous to behold,
Whose coat was like a brooklet that the sun
Had all embroider'd with its crooket gold,
It was so quaintly wrought and overrun
With spangled tracteries—most meet for one
That was a warden for the pearly streams;
And as he stept out of the cowslip dun
His jewels sparkled in the pale moon gleams,
And shot into the air their pointed beams.
Quoth he—We bear the gold and silver keys
Of bubbling streams and fountains, that below
Course through the veiny earth—which when they
freeze

Into hard chrysolites, we bid to flow,
Creeping with easy course, when, as they go,
We guide their windings to melodious falls,
At whose soft murmurings—so sweet and low—
Poets have tun'd their smoothest madrigals,
To sing to ladies in their banquet halls."

There are few subjects in the world of Nature more endearing to the admirer of the floral kingdom than the rose; it is one of the most beautiful flowers in fair flora's train. It is nearly 3,000 years since Solomon said, "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered." William Shorrock, one of our local poets, is the author of the following sweet lines on the rose-bud:—

"Against a little rustic cot,
A moss rose tree was towering;
And clustering round its antique porch,
A few full buds were flowering."

Sir Walter Scott also composed the following beautiful lines on the rose:—

"The rose is fairest when it is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from tears.
The rose is sweetest washed in morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O, wilding rose whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years."

The following couplet of the poem shows a poet's sympathy for the flowers and the gentle hand tending on the broken stems—this is the poetry of the piece; that hand unknown to us, but it is to the flower what the good Samaritan was to the man that fell among thieves:—

"Yet one within that perfum'd space,
Its fading head was bending,
Some wanton hand had broke the stem,
Some gentler one was tending."

While we admire the man with fine feelings for the beautiful and tender in Nature, at the same time we detest that ruthless, base, and ignoble wretch who would wantonly destroy the fern in all its variety of shape, the rose in all its variety of perfume, the geranium in all its variety of colour:—

“Pause stranger in thy worldly course,
Around thee flowers are blooming,
Sent by a gracious hand from heaven,
To cheer when clouds are glooming.”

These are lovely words, and they ought to send infinite hope into the soul of man, supposing he will ponder them well over. They are not to be compared with the glowing fire of a Burns, nor with the creative genius of Shelly, nor with the heavenly flights of a Milton, nor with the poetical flights of some of the lesser English poets on the same subject. I will conclude the present sketchy paper on what some of the early poets have said about flowers with a few lines from one of the Lake poets. I have often, like Wordsworth, danced with the ragwort and the daffodil in the country “when viewing many a landscape o’er.” Yes, I can say with him—

“I wandered, lonely as a cloud
That floats on high, o’er vales and hills,
When, all at once, I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils;

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.”

At the close of the lecture, Mrs. LEO H. GRINDON said:—I am sure we have all been much interested in Mr. Costley’s lecture. It has taken us into the fields, amongst flowers, and into woods. We can surely all see these wonderful, beautiful truths that the poets have described to him. It seems as though the poets had specially written for Mr. Costley. We should take up a book as though the poet, or writer, were speaking to us directly, and not to the multitude. I

cannot tell you the delight with which I have listened to Mr. Costley's remarks upon Chaucer. That is a favourite subject with me. I have often lectured on Chaucer, and I have often taken Chaucer as a field naturalist. Part of Mr. Costley's recitations really occur in my own lecture. But there is a very pretty line of Chaucer that Mr. Costley did not give you. That is, when Chaucer goes into the green fields, he speaks of them as—

“The fields powdered with daisies.”

To me that is a beautiful expression. At another time Chaucer goes into the fields, and he says:—
 “The ground is beautiful with tapestry that nature has made herself.” That is an expression we cannot match anywhere in literature. To think of the ground as a piece of beautiful tapestry spread out by nature herself! Poets, by reason of the divinity of their minds, say that happiness does not consist in riches, or anything that is beyond the reach of the most ordinary mind to catch hold of; and, therefore, if we would be happy, let us be wise as the poets, and look for happiness in the simple by-ways of nature, and not spend our time grubbing away in the counting-house. The coin will never bring us a shred of happiness. No matter whether we are ill or well, we can find something in nature which will be sure to gladden our eyes, cheer our hearts, and make our lives bright and cheerful, instead of sordid and dirty, as so many of the lives around us are. In conclusion, I feel intensely what the poet has so well expressed in one line—

“These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good!”

UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREES.

Yonder, the most conspicuous of all sights,
And soul and centre of our chief delights,
A splendid grove of sycamores is seen,
Composed so well, and with such space between;
The trees are grand as well as fair to see,
And very marvels of prosperity—
Broad leaves of mingled green and gold,
And fashioned fair, their well-posed branches hold.
The sycamore in June, or hot July,
Bears flowers that always please the cultured eye,
And in their mass, and combination make
A picture such as science cannot take;
And such as art could never reproduce,
Though genius made of all resources use.
Four hundred years have passed, and fifty more,
Since to these isles was brought the sycamore
From Europe, where it long before was known,
And in the continental groves and forests grown.
Unknown is he, who, thinking of a time
He ne'er could know, brought beauty to our clime,
And made us richer for his fameless deed,
For our's the harvest is, though his the seed.

How fair the goodly trees, and yet how grand,
In their domain, nigh Irwell's stream they stand!
A shelter or a shade from storm or sun,
A picture for the mind to dwell upon,
A proof that He who made and governs all
Cares for His sons not less since Adam's Fall.
Can we forget the story in the "Book
Of Books," how one the coming crowd forsook,
And climbed (to see his Lord) a sycamore—
Zaccheus, he who entertained a guest
That made the world, and all his household bless'd?
Then was proclaimed, what needs proclaiming still,
That they are Abraham's sons who do His will.
O, goodly sycamores, how soon ye fade,
As if of winter's frosts and snows afraid!
Could you but stay with us, in fullest bloom,
Till all the woods had lost their summer gloom,
Till every feathered minstrel ceased to sing,
And only swollen brooks were murmuring!
Alas! the best go first; but being best
Deserve more love and honour than the rest.
Regrets are vain, we only know "to-day,"
And love is hardly love that seeks delay.

The Poor and Poor Laws.

"This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd."—

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Poverty persuades a man to do and suffer everything that he may
escape from it."—LUCIAN.

THE POOR AND POOR LAWS.

"Poor folk hae neither ony kindred nor ony friends."

"Poor folk seek meat for their stomachs, and rich folk stomachs for their meat."

SCOTCH PROVERBS.

Mr. Thomas Costley, on Thursday evening, January 16th, 1896, delivered the fifth of a series of lectures in the Pendleton Town Hall, the subject being "The Poor and Poor Laws."

SPEECH BY MR. J. J. GREGSON SLATER, AND OBSERVATIONS UPON THE LECTURE.

Mr. J. J. GREGSON SLATER, the chairman, said he did not think, if they looked through the syllabus of lectures, that they could accuse Mr. Costley of being devoid of a taste for variety. Mr. Costley was undoubtedly of the "busy bee" order, for he had sucked the honey out of many subjects. Not only did he gather knowledge, but he disseminated it, sometimes in the shape of a poetical effusion, and at other times, when he was helping a good cause—as he thought Mr. Costley was doing that night—in the form of a lecture. That night they were to hear Mr. Costley discourse on those very important statutory enactments known as "The Poor Laws." By way of opening and leading up to Mr. Costley's lecture, he (the chairman) should endeavour to show them, shortly, the condition of the poorer classes of this country from the time when William the Conqueror gained possession of it by the sword, to the time when it was absolutely necessary that there should be some legislation in the interests of the poorer classes. While he was doing this he should attempt to show what circumstances were at work to create a large surplus population of unemployed, and also what events happened to cause a decrease at different times, and, as it were, to delay the necessity of legislation to assist the poor, by means of famine and war, and, to a certain extent, of charity.

When William the Conqueror took this country he found the Anglo-Saxon population, roughly speaking, composed of thanes, churls, and serfs. They would consider, for the purpose of the introduction (1), the agricultural body of this population; then (2) they would look for a little time at the townspeople, and see what they were doing. During the three centuries which followed the Norman conquest the forms of public wealth were very different to those with which

we were acquainted at the present time. There was then no capital in the shape of wages, except, perhaps, in a few of the trade towns, to be expended in wages and in materials for work. Agriculture was the principal industry. In the country the poorer classes lived around the manor houses of their lords; the common field system of employment then maintained, under which each serf or villen had a share in the common fields of the village, but he was obliged to work on the manor farm. During the same period, in many trading towns, money payments had come into operation, and the townspeople were forming themselves into guilds, and practically purchasing their freedom. We had all purchased our freedom. One of those guilds was what was known as "The Thrift Guild," the members of which were mutually responsible one for another. They appeared to have met periodically at feasts, and to have supported each others' poor. He would now briefly explain the circumstances that brought into existence the large amount of surplus labour. Previous to the reign of Henry II.—about the year 1154, 88 years after the Conquest—the lords of the manors, who were large landowners, were obliged to provide so many men for the wars. The value of the villen for that purpose was very clear. It happened, however, in Henry's time, that a system of escuage, or scutage, came into operation, by which, by paying a certain sum of money, a lord could dispense with the providing of fighting men. Some important landowner, or landowners, used to contract to find men to fight, and many of the serfs used to keep in the fighting ranks. When the battle was over they used to return to the country, and swelled the population of the unemployed. They did not care to return to serfdom, so they were badly provided for. As time went on numerous bondsmen flocked into the towns, and became free after a year and a day's residence in a town. In the year 1381—the year of Wat Tyler's rebellion—numbers of this class of unemployed clouded the horizon, and things were beginning to look very black indeed, and an Act was passed to prevent them wandering up and down the country. This, practically, was the old Anglo-Saxon class which marched among the ranks of the rebels under Wat Tyler. The rebels got to London, and committed all sorts of depredations upon the Normans. This was not class against class, but was a fight of the old blood against the new blood. Not very long after Wat Tyler's rebellion two-thirds of the population were taken off by a very terrible plague known as the "black death." There was not very much labour going about the country then; it was easy to get employment, and

there was a sort of strike, of those days, but a statute on labour was then enacted, and practically those poor people were unable to make anything out of it. Any one who employed them, and gave them more than they received before the "Black Death," was heavily fined. It was very hard. This class was, owing to sheep-farming, gradually growing, but, fortunately, large numbers of it obtained employment under powerful lords who then had commenced a practice known as livery and maintenance. Large numbers, again, were killed in the "Wars of the Roses." When Henry VII. became king, he abolished the system of "livery and maintenance." It was probable that some legislation about this time would have had to have taken place in the interest of the poor, but for the existence of the monastic houses, which were very kind and charitable to poor people. As they all knew, when Henry VIII. came to the throne he grew tired of the system that prevailed, and wanted to get rid of these houses, and, we understand, get hold of the revenues too; at any rate he did away with those houses. Then up came this population again, and the question of the time was what was to be done with them. Perhaps the lecturer would tell them, as he (the chairman) had told them all he knew, and had much pleasure now in calling upon Mr. Costley to deliver his lecture.

Mr. COSTLEY said: The chairman has almost said what I intend to say; but our chairman has simply confined himself to England with regard to the Poor Laws. I will carry you about one thousand years earlier than he has done. It is a fact that the Greeks and Romans foreshadowed the Poor Laws that we have in England to-day. They were foreshadowed in Greece at the time of Solon—one of the greatest law-givers that ever lived.

Several of the noteworthy Greeks, in their writings and speeches, also urged their ideas of laws to assist the poor. The first time an enactment of this kind was made, was after a number of men—fathers—had been slain in battle. War first brought the Poor Laws forward. The Grecians passed a law that the children of the men who had been killed should be kept at school until they were eighteen years of age. That was a very noble thing to do. I think if we want to find things of noble character we have to turn to ancient as well as modern times. The Greeks not only looked after the children, but they provided for the mothers very liberally if they were not able to support themselves. But a proviso in the rules was to the effect that when the people assisted got into employment, and into a comfortable position, they were to repay what had been expended on them.

Among the Romans, the Agrarian and Licinian laws were framed in order to prevent the extremes of riches and poverty in the State. They limited the extent of property in public land to be held by each citizen, and the latter directed that all such land above the allotted portion should be taken away from the holders and given to those who had none. The distribution of grain at reduced prices, which at length became gratuitous, was introduced by Caius Gracchus, and lasted till the fall of the Roman Empire.

As a rule, the poets of all ages have been on the side of the poor. The immortal Shakspeare in the following lines shows a great sympathy for the poor and the miseries of the poor, and asks those who are well-to-do to place themselves in a like position for a short time :—

“ Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these ? O ! I have ta’en
Too little care of this. Take physic prompt :
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may’st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.”

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest modern English poetess, who was born at Carlton Hall, Durham, March 6th, 1806, has given us a beautiful lyrical poem entitled “The Cry of the Children.” She has been described as “a soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl.” “The Cry of the Children” is a stirring lyric. Mrs. Browning’s genius is incontestable. Her view of life is lofty and serene, and she has enshrined in immortal verse the highest and most sacred aspirations of the human heart. Not this only, but she has the closest sympathy with suffering humanity at every stage, and the following lines of her’s apply with great force and power to the cry of the children of the poor, and more especially of vagrants, of whom thousands are wandering through the country :—

“ Do ye hear the children weeping, O, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years ?
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west ;
But the young, young children, O, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly !
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
In the country of the free.
Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so ?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow,
 Which are lost in long ago.
 The old tree is leafless in the forest—
 The old year is ending in the frost—
 The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
 The old hope is hardest to be lost;
 But the young, young children, O, my brothers,
 Do you ask them why they stand
 Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
 In our happy Fatherland?
 They look up with their pale and anxious faces,
 And their looks are sad to see,
 For the man's grief abhorren, draws and presses
 Down the cheeks of infancy.
 'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary;'
 'Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak!
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
 Our grave rest is very far to seek!
 Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
 For the outside earth is cold,
 And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
 And the graves are for the old!
 'For, oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
 And we cannot run or leap.
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
 To drop down in them and sleep.
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
 We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
 And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.'

I may say, without fear of contradiction, that a great majority of men of letters have always been on the side of the poor. If there is any genius here to-night I feel sure that he will also show himself on the side of the poor. (Applause.)

Traces of Poor Laws, however far from a system, are found in all civilized states.

Before the Norman conquest, the laws of Athelstane, establishing a responsibility over householders and landowners, although intended for good order, and calculated to prevent the growth of vagabondage and violence, had also the effect of establishing reciprocal relations between the landless man and the landowner, between property and poverty, between the householder and the houseless, casting upon one the duty of supervising the conduct and providing for the wants of the other; in some respects similar to the poor law of the present day. Again, so long as serfdom and villenage prevailed, whether to be traced to the Norman conquest or not, there could be no call for any special provision for the destitute. The persons who might, if free agents and in a destitute state, have

been properly relieved out of the common stock, would, as serfs or villens have a claim on their masters, to whom they belonged, and who were bound to provide for them. As those old ties became more relaxed the change to freedom was accompanied by some evils, and led to a great increase of vagrancy; and from a period commencing before the close of the 14th century, there was a stream of legislation on the subject. An Act of 12th, Richard II., after providing for labour to persons able to work, enacts: "That beggars impotent to serve, shall abide in the cities and towns where they may be dwelling at the time of the proclamation of this statute, and if the people of the cities and towns will not or may not, suffice to find them, that these, the said beggars, shall draw them to other towns within the hundred, rape, or wapentake, or to the towns where they were born, within forty days after the proclamation made, and there shall continually abide during their lives."

A number of statutes were passed after the dissolution of the monasteries for further providing for the poor and impotent, who had increased in great numbers. Many of these statutes were specially directed against vagrancy.

In the reign of Edward VI. further legislation took place, having for its main object the restraint of vagrancy, providing that every vagabond and beggar, being born in any other nation or country, should be conveyed from place to place, or to the place or borders next adjoining to his native country, or to the nearest port if there was a sea between, there to be kept of the inhabitants, until they could be conveyed over, and then at the cost of the inhabitants of the port, if the vagrants had not themselves wherewith to defray the cost.

Dean Swift, in 1729, made a very modest, but rather satirical, proposal for preventing the children of beggars and poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the public. "It is a melancholy object," he observed, "to those who walk through the great town of Dublin, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants, who, as they grow up, either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes. I think it is agreed by all parties that this

prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation." The great satirist then goes on—in what some would regard as the language of a savage—to propose that of the 120,000 tender infants in Ireland, 100,000 may, at a year old, be offered in sale as articles of food to persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom, always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. I have reckoned," he says, "upon a medium that a child just born will weigh twelve pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to 28 pounds. I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children!"

The word pauperism, though almost unknown to the law, is used generally to indicate the settled condition of large masses of the people who are not only poor but who are more or less dependent on the alms of the state. The kindly spirit of Old Testament injunction, viz:—"Thou shalt not harden thine heart nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother" lost its force in later times of widespread mendicancy. Athens, which at one time could boast of having no beggars, made provision for those maimed in battle, and later for the soldiers' orphans. A policy of pitiless repression towards vagrants, begun in the statute of Winchester in 1285, was continued till the enactment of 12th Richard II. (1388), which was the first statute for the relief of destitution. All vagrants, for a first offence, were to be whipped and branded on the right ear with a hot iron, for a second offence, to be made a felon, and for a third offence, suffer death as a felon without benefit of clergy. Every English county had from 300 to 400 vagrants living by theft and rapine. It was on these men that every rebellion counted for support. In Henry VIII.'s reign, according to Harrison, "three score and twelve thousand thieves and rogues were hanged," and in the earlier years of Elizabeth, there were some 400 annual executions. Houses of Correction were ordered for the punishment and amendment of vagabonds by means of compulsory labour, and the churchwardens were empowered to levy a general poor rate in each parish. The Greek Republics had many clubs or

societies for mutual friendly relief. During the Middle Ages the labourers in feudal countries were *villains* and *serfs*.

Even the serf, though bound to the soil, and in the strictest sense his lord's property, had acquired definite rights, and on the performance of service, duly limited by custom, his holding was quite secure. Under the Edwards money payments took the place of personal service, and thus was created a new class of free labourers. The scarcity of labour after the "Black Death" led to the enactment of the Statutes of Labourers (1349), intended to re-attach the serfs to the soil and to control their wages. The statutes, even after the suppression of the peasant revolt, were utterly ineffectual, and only intensified the hatred between rich and poor, and created a mass of pauperism to be dealt with in later times. In a century and a half after the peasant revolt, villenage had become obsolete, and the market was still in the labourers' hands. The great proprietors rapidly turned from tillage to sheep farming, which required fewer hands, and the course of eviction to which this led greatly increased the free-labour class and augmented the social danger of vagabondage.

Though, as I have pointed out, measures were passed in early times, dealing with the poor in our country, so far as vagrancy was concerned, it was not until the time of Henry VIII. (27 H. VIII. c. 25) that any Act for the relief of the impotent poor was passed. By the above-mentioned statute collections were ordered to be made in parishes for the support of the impotent, but able-bodied vagrants on a third conviction were punishable as felons, and were liable to be put to death, as I have said before. As most of us know the Act of '43 Eliz. c. 2, is generally considered (so far as this country is concerned) the foundation of our modern Poor Laws. By this Act overseers of the poor were appointed in every parish, and the churchwardens of every parish were to be overseers of the poor, and besides these were to be appointed as many as four, but not more, of the inhabitants of a parish being substantial householders, by two neighbouring notices on March 25th of the year or within fourteen days' after. Their duty—and it was a difficult and important one—was:—

1. To provide work for all who had no means to maintain themselves, and used no trade.

2. To raise money for the relief of the lame, impotent, old, blind and other poor people; for which purpose they were empowered to levy rates.

At the same time the justices had power to send those who could and would not work to prison.

Workhouses were not established until 9 Geo. I., and were erected with a view to derive a profit from the labour of the poor.

The amount of money to be collected for the poor very rapidly grew, and in 1818 it reached the enormous sum of £8,000,000. In 1832 a Commission was appointed to enquire into the practical operation of the Poor Laws, and on their report the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 was founded and shortly afterwards came into operation. By this Act all bodies relieving the poor were placed under the control of a Central Board, and power given to unite parishes, and the system of paying wages out of the poor rate was abolished. The Poor Law Commissioners have been superseded by the Local Government Board, and Overseers are now elected by the District Councils out of their own body generally. As the subject of settlement has always been a vexed one, I ought to point out how a settlement is acquired.

1. By birth, whenever a child is first brought to be, that is always *prima facie* until some other place can be shown, the place of settlement.

2. By demonstrative settlement if its parents can prove they have acquired a settlement either by birth or otherwise in another parish.

3. By parentage, all legitimate children taking the last settlement of the father. A bastard now follows the settlement of the mother.

4. By marriage, a woman can claim the settlement of her husband; if he has none she retains the one she had before marriage. She cannot acquire any in her own right during marriage.

5. By renting a tenement and stopping therein forty days.

6. By being bound 'prentice.

7. By having an estate, whether legal or equitable, in any parish.

There are other titles, but these are the principal. I might say that my own native land was without a Poor Law until the reign of Victoria.

The late Mr. Moses Berry, a dear friend of mine, delivered a lecture to the members of the "Endeavour Society, on "The cry of the outcast poor," or, "Poverty: Its cause and cure." The following extract from the above contains, in my opinion, several valuable suggestions, which, if carried out, would diminish the great masses of the poor:—

"What are the remedies proposed? While I would retain individual proprietorship in land, there should certainly be a radical reform in the law relating to the acquiring and holding of land. The tendency of all

legislation in this respect should, in the first place, be to destroy those laws which bring about the accumulation of land in a few families. Abolish the law of entail and primogeniture, simplify and cheapen the sale and transfer of land, or reform the House of Lords. Abolish its hereditary character, which does a deal in binding up estates in families. Give the franchise to women, if they will more quickly see the necessity of such reforms, so plain and simple and yet so very important. It takes the Englishman, with his obtuse intellect, a lifetime to see the need of a single reform. Destroy all the vast hunting grounds and game preserves in the country. God intended that the earth should be used for the sustenance of His creatures—not that vast tracts of land should be reserved and enclosed, and used for the common pleasure and gratification of a few individuals. In a former part of the essay, I mentioned the schemes of the moral and religious reformer. Let us have no half religion, but religion in its true, deep, and Christ-like aspects, applied to this immensely important matter. Let us as a people realise clearly and strongly the "brotherhood of humanity," let the teaching therefrom reform and mould the conduct of our national life. Land-ownership should be taught its solemn duties and responsibilities. The ancient Jew was warned, "Woe unto them that join field to field, till there be no plan, that they may be alone in the midst of the earth." The owner of the land should not be allowed to sell or manipulate his land to the injury and injustice of the masses of the people, who have been the creators of its value and importance. To prevent the creation of those dens of habitation in our large towns, and the awful overcrowding, let there be a central authority in London for the whole of the kingdom, that shall regulate the number of houses to be built in a certain amount of land, and that there be reserved here and there open breathing spaces for the people. Matters that have been left in the past to London vestries and local corporations, who have wofully misused their powers, should be relegated to this strong central authority. A landowner in selling his land, if he knows that 500 houses can be built upon that plot, will get more, than if he is aware that only 250 can be rightfully built there. The land will have to be sold under such conditions, no extra expense will then be thrown upon the people; only the cruel exactions of the landowner will be prevented who would thrive at the expense of the rights and comforts of the people. During the last 50 years six million acres in different parts of the country, that were the common property of all, have been taken and enclosed by the neighbouring landowners. All this,

of course, should be prevented at once. Not only should open spaces be reserved in our large towns, but all over the country tracts of land should be kept in possession by the State, to be used in various ways for the benefit of the whole of the people. Christian England might take a lesson from Pagan Rome in this respect—

“They gave him of the cornland
That was of public right;
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night.”

The taxes upon land should be re-arranged upon a different basis. The owners of land pay a ridiculously small amount to the expenses of government. Suppose for the last 50 years the taxes upon land had been placed upon a juster basis, and taking into account the enormous increase of the value of land, what a large addition would have been added to the revenue of the country. This would have relieved the burdens upon trade and commerce, and the toil and industry of the millions would have been more adequately rewarded. The taxes upon land should be divested mainly to imperial, military, and defensive purposes.

That would only be reverting to the original responsibilities of the proprietors of land. A few hundred years ago the owners of land, in proportion to the income from their estates, had to bear the cost of a certain number of soldiers. The poor upon the estate were also largely supported by the landowners. These common facts in our national history reveal to us something radically wrong in the duties and responsibilities of landowners of the present day. Thomas Carlyle, the “Chelsea sage,” as he has been called, in his “Past and Present,” gives one of the most vivid pictures that there is in English literature, of a workhouse 50 years ago. At Lady Day, 1842, there were paupers in England and Wales; indoor, 221,687; outdoor, 1,207,402; total, 1,429,089, according to the official report of that time. “Of these successful skilful workers,” says Carlisle, “some two millions, it is now counted, sit in workhouses, poor law prisons; or have outdoor relief flung over the wall to them—the workhouse bastille being filled to bursting, and the strong Poor Law broken asunder by a stronger. They sit there, these many months now; their hope of deliverance as yet small. Workhouses, pleasantly so-named, because work cannot be done in them. Twelve hundred thousand workers in England alone, their cunning right hand maimed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosom; their hopes, outlooks, share of this fair world, shut in by narrow walls. They sit there,

pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment, glad to be imprisoned and enchanted that they may not perish starved. The "Picturesque Tourist," in a sunny autumn day, through this bounteous realm of England, decries the Union Workhouse in his path. "Passing by the Workhouse of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, on a bright day last autumn," says the 'Picturesque Tourist,' "I saw sitting on wooden benches, in front of their bastille and within their ringwall and its railings, some 50 or more of these men. Tall, robust figures, young mostly or of middle age; of honest countenance, many of them thoughtful and even intelligent-looking men. They sat there, near by one another, but in a kind of torpor, especially in a silence, which was very striking. In silence: for, alas, what word was to be said? An earth all lying round, crying, 'Come and till me, come and reap me; yet we here sit enchanted!' In the eyes and brows of these men hung the gloomiest expression, not of anger, but of grief and shame, and manifold inarticulate distress and weariness; they returned my glance with a glance that seemed to say, 'Do not look at us. We sit enchanted here, we know not why. The sun shines, and the earth calls, and, by the governing powers and impotences of this England, we are forbidden to obey.' It is impossible, they tell us! There was something that reminded me of 'Dante's Hell' in the look of all this, and I rode swiftly away."

There are only Britain and Denmark in which the poor are relieved solely by a special rate; and only three—Germany, Denmark and Sweden—in which there is a legislative declaration of the right of every destitute person to State support. Except in Britain and Denmark, the rates are supplemented by voluntary subscriptions and endowments. The Danish system, based on the *Danske Lov*, 1683, differs from most European countries, in having been always entirely secular, but closely resembles the English system prior to 1834. In Sweden, since 1871, the system has been based on the English law of 1834, and is more stringent than that of any other European country: it prohibits relief to the able-bodied, and makes masters liable for the relief of servants and labourers.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a law was passed about 1601, which contained the germ of the present Poor Laws; it directed parishes to relieve the blind, the lame, and the impotent, and appointed overseers of the poor. It was modified in 1662. In 1722, the workhouse system began. Between 1812 and 1832, the pauperism of England was in a frightful state, threatening ruin to the country, which was prevented

by the Poor Law Amendment Act, passed in 1834. It appointed a Central Board, divided the country into Unions, requiring workhouses to be built in each, and the paupers to reside in them and submit to a labour test, in place of obtaining outdoor relief, carrying with it no inconveniences. Prior to 1812, one person in every 12 was a pauper, and in 1849 the rate was six in every hundred, and by 1867 it had fallen to 4. Outdoor relief is still being granted, though on a more limited scale than prior to 1834, and some modifications of the Act have taken place, but its essential features still remain. In 1838 a Poor Law was passed for Ireland. To a less extent than in England has it tolerated outdoor relief. Prior to 1845, the care of the poor in Scotland was undertaken mainly by the Established Church of that country. It was essentially the same as that in England, but pauper children are not kept in the workhouse or educated in workhouse schools, but are boarded out—that is to say, the children are sent to be boarded in the houses of poor people, to whom the sum paid for their maintenance is an object.

The Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttleton, and some other Poor-law reformers, recommend the boarding-out system for England in preference to the children being educated in the workhouse. "There was not the same trouble about health, it was less difficult to prevent monotony, and it was easier to treat the children as individuals, and the advantages of discipline and public spirit were manifest. If public school life was essential for rich boys, it could not, if there were no holidays, be bad for poor boys. The advantages were, no doubt, not so great for girls, but even for them the life would be good if the homes were really small; 16 should be the maximum. Personally, she (the Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttleton) had been convinced that if it were only possible to have one system, that system should be cottage homes. Its capabilities seemed to be greater and its risks less than in any other system. But the ideal was to have these schools coupled with boarding-out, and especially when it was possible to board out the girls. It would be well, too, if boarding-out could be considerably extended, but to its indefinite extension there were two objections, one that they could not board out all or nearly all the children, the other that the number of homes was limited. Experience had shown, however, that it was better not to board out a child in a home where really efficient supervision could not be provided. It was a matter of common knowledge that lack of discipline was one of the great difficulties they had to contend with, more especially as regarded girls, at the present day. It was what constantly made them fail in service; it was one

of the chief causes which led to their joining the ranks of the fallen women. In that way the education at the district schools seemed to her good. She then described the various efforts that had been made to overcome this difficulty of supervision, and recommended as the most satisfactory way the formation of ladies' committees, to visit regularly the boarded-out children. What she regarded as the best mode of dealing with the children was that by which unions employed not one system, but several, because in that way the particular needs of each class of children could be met."

I will now give you a few hints as to how the poor are cared for in other countries of Europe. In Belgium, a classic land of pauperism, there is, properly speaking, no poor rate, the burden being thrown upon private charity, stimulated, husbanded, and regulated by the State.

In Italy, communes are bound to maintain pauper lunatics and foundlings. Hospitals, almshouses, and asylums are very numerous, and are supported by foundations and subscriptions, and managed by religious and other bodies.

In Russia, since 1864, the zemstvos, or representative assemblies, are entrusted with all funds and establishments for the relief of the poor, and can levy various taxes.

In Austria, each commune is charged with the relief of the poor. All who have a legal domicile, or being unable to prove their domicile or residence in the commune, are entitled to relief out of the general assessment. There is no special rate, and the administration is strictly municipal.

The system in Norway, like that which prevailed formerly in Hamburg, and which still prevails in Eberfeld, is distinguished by minute sub-divisions of administrative authority for supervision and inquiry. As in Sweden out-quarterming is common, and pauperism seems to be exceptionally low. Although vagrancy was prohibited in Germany as far back as 1497, none of the States forming the Empire had any definite poor-laws till the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Law of Relief Domicile of 1870, granted to every German the right to settle where he pleases, and allows a settlement for two years' residence.

France it is said has the most perfect charity organization in the world, there being no compulsory relief, except in cases of lunatics and deserted children. From the communal customs the municipal council vote subsidies; but the Octroi, which is applied to many other objects, never comes to be regarded as a poor rate. Out-door relief is given through Bureaux de Bienfaisance, indoor through the hôpitaux and hospices. All these establishments,

no matter from whence they derive their funds, are under State supervision, and are purely secular.

In Geneva the municipality does not concern itself directly with poor relief, organised effort being exerted through an institution known as the Hospice Général, whose funds come from private sources. The "commission of the Hospice Général is composed of 17 members, elected for four years, and it in turn elects yearly an executive board, consisting of a president, vice-president, and two secretaries.

There are three modes of dealing with destitute children. For orphans of both sexes there are two establishments (*Maisons les Orphelins*), one for each sex, in which the little ones receive a thorough education until they are able to go out into the world and earn their own livelihood. Children of three kinds are also placed in large numbers with foster parents in the country—orphans, deserted children, and children whose parents are not able to keep them. Here, again the administration of the Hospice Général makes itself responsible for their maintenance until they are of working age. There is also in Geneva an institution for abandoned children, which is carried on distinct from the Hospice, and is subsidised by the State. The definition of "orphan" is neither wider nor narrower than in Zurich. "These children can alone be admitted to assistance by virtue of being orphans who fall into the following categories and are destitute of the resources necessary for their maintenance and education:—Children without father and mother; children without father or mother, in the event of the surviving parent's proved inability to provide for their education: children morally neglected by their parents, when such neglect is officially established." When the children are placed with foster parents, the latter may be paid either in money or in kind, though it is almost generally the former. In 1895 the Hospice had no fewer than 209 children boarded out in private homes in the country or otherwise, more than half being located in the canton of Geneva; and it was also maintaining 37 apprentices in four different cantons, apart from 25 boys who are in training at the agricultural colony at Serix.

The orphanages, however, play a most important part in the poor relief system of Geneva. Of a total expenditure of £23,807 on the poor in 1895, £3,775, or 16 per cent., went to the relief of orphans. Children are admitted to the orphanages from the age of seven years, and they remain until the end of their apprenticeship, or about the age of 18. Up to the age of 14 years attendance at the primary schools of the city is required, though if children show exceptional bright

ness, they may be sent to a secondary school. For here, as at Zurich, the education is liberal, and from the same motive. "The administration seeks by all possible means to inculcate in the hearts of the children committed to its care the sentiment of duty and the qualities which make the honest and industrious citizen. Religious instruction is given to all, Protestants or Catholics, and on Sunday all the children are required to take part in religious service."

The food is wholesome, abundant, and varied, and the meals are taken in common. Breakfast, consists of coffee and bread; dinner, at noon, of meat, vegetables, and bread daily; seven, supper of soup and bread. The clothing is also excellent, and there is nothing to distinguish either boy or girl from the other children of the community, for the administration "carefully avoids everything which might have the character of a uniform."

When the time comes for sending the boys out into the world—about the age of 14—care is taken that no round pegs fall into square holes. A trade having been provisionally selected, the boy is allowed a month in which to try his hand at it. Then he may ratify the choice, or, if dissatisfied, choose another trade. The term of apprenticeship is three or four years, according to the technical skill to be acquired. At its close the boy is examined, and, if proficient, he obtains a journeyman's diploma. As a rule, it is arranged that the master shall pay a small gratuity weekly, part being given to the boy as pocket money, and the rest accumulating in the savings bank for the purchase of tools or other labour requisites when he completes his service. To this the institution adds a generous outfit. It should be stated, however, that when apprenticed in the city the boys continue to be fed and lodged at the orphanage until they have served their indentures. Not only so, but they are subject to the guardianship of the Hospice until they come of age.

In 1895 100 boys and 49 girls were in these excellent institutions. Of the former, 44 were still attending elementary schools, and 36 were apprenticed to various trades and other occupations. Of the latter, 32 were attending elementary schools and 14 were in service. The Commissaires state that reports are continually received from employers of both boys and girls attesting the regular habits in which they have been trained while in the orphanages.

Apart from these official agencies, there are many private organisations in Geneva engaged in the care of the neglected young.

At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. COSTLEY made on or two local references. He said:—I believe, myself,

that the Law of Settlement should be repealed. I don't think that a person who was born in Scotland and who comes to England and seeks union relief, should be sent back to Scotland. I look upon that as an injustice. If a man who was born in Lancashire happens to be in Essex in a state of poverty, I don't think he ought to be sent back to Lancashire. They should give and take in such cases. This system of sending men from the town in which they find themselves to the Unions in the places of their birth, results, so far as I can see, in incurring a great deal of expense. Sometimes it leads to expense in litigation. To give an illustration: Suppose a man is sent from Lancashire to some other part of England, he would be sent back to Lancashire, and the Lancashire Guardians concerned and magistrates refuse to take him, and between them they can raise a law-suit. Therefore the lawyers benefit, and they should not benefit by the money that is raised from the rates for the benefit of the poor. (Applause.) The money which accrues from the poor rate should not be spent in litigation, or on men travelling up and down the country to parishes where they were respectively born. The removal from one place to another is no benefit to the poor people, but a loss to them. It gives them a great deal of annoyance, and, in some cases, a great deal of suffering. The sooner the Law of Settlement is done away with the better. In Manchester, Chorlton and Salford we have taken a step in the right direction. I had the pleasure and honour of moving a resolution at the Salford Board of Guardians in the matter which was carried, the purport of which was that if a person belonging to Manchester or Chorlton, or other place, comes to Salford, he should be relieved here, no matter in which parish he was born in. We should adopt a give and take principle.

I believe that the people who are so unfortunate as to find themselves in the workhouse ought to have decent food and decent clothing. In many cases they have. And I think they should have as much food as they can eat, in reason. I do not think it is any benefit to the ratepayers to starve the paupers. There would not be so many tramps on the road as there are at present, if these people could be comfortable in the district in which they were born. I must say that in Salford it has been proved to demonstration that we are very magnanimous, for the tramps prefer being in the Salford Casual Ward to most other wards, and some of them will travel ten miles, passing other tramp wards, to get to the one in Salford.

The question of the supply of bread to paupers has lately been raised, and I think it is a very important question. To the inmates of the workhouse, accor-

ding to regulations, we at present give a certain amount of bread. In some instances the quantity is more than sufficient, but in others it is not enough. We should give everyone enough bread. It had been suggested by one board that the bread be cut up and laid on the table, and that the inmates eat as much as they liked. Under such a system he believed that the consumption of bread would be about the same, but there would be no waste.

Another thing: in Salford we are clothing the children well. We are clothing them with decent apparel, and when the children go out we are trying to make it appear, as far as we can, that they are not workhouse children. We want to stamp the idea of the workhouse out of them.

The following is the sort of outfit that the girls in the Salford Workhouse receive when going into service, and I am sure you will agree with me that the children are not badly cared for:—

- 2 Print dresses, blue and white.
- 1 Navy blue serge dress.
- 1 Brown hat.
- 1 Brown coat, trimmed with brown velvet.
- 2 Chemises.
- 2 Pair of drawers.
- 2 Pair of stockings.
- 2 Blue flannel petticoats.
- 1 Pair of boots.
- 1 Pair of shoes.
- 1 Dozen pocket handkerchiefs.
- 1 Comb and 1 brush.
- 4 New aprons, all good.
- 1 Tooth brush, and
- 2 Pairs of gloves.

A countess or a duchess in the reign of Edward III. or Henry V. could not have had a much better outfit than this. I find that a large number of the public when they take the children into their service, sneer at them because they have come from the workhouse. This is wrong. They ought not to sneer at them; but rather encourage them to work, and to conduct themselves properly. This would be a blessing to the children, and a benefit to the community at large. Mr. Costley concluded his lecture by quoting the lines of Samuel Bamford:—

God help the poor, who in lone valleys dwell,
Or by the hills where whin and heather grow!
Their's is a story sad indeed to tell;
Yet little cares the world, and less to know,
About the toil and want they undergo.
The wearing loom must have them up at morn;
They wake till worn-out nature will have sleep;

They taste, but are not fed. The snow drifts deep
 Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door;
 The night-storm howls a dirge across the moor—
 And shall they perish thus, oppressed and alone?
 And toil and famine hopeless thus be borne.
 No! God will yet arise and help the poor! (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN said that after listening to the lecture he felt how little he knew before about the subject. It appeared that a large amount of money had been spent by officers in removing paupers to the place of their birth, and in law-suits, to decide which Union should maintain them.

He thought Mr. Costley was quite right in his views as to the Law of Settlement. Tramps would go where it was likely they could obtain work. He thought the community that is prospering should be the community to maintain the unfortunate people who entered it with the idea of making something. As to food and clothing he thought that everybody who goes to the workhouse ought to be plainly and warmly clothed, and, according to Mr. Costley, they are now getting those necessities. He did not know what to say about their food.

The Rev. J. M. CARRACK said it afforded him great pleasure to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. Costley. It was very good and very praiseworthy of Mr. Costley, it seemed to him, to have prepared for them a lecture on a subject in itself so dry and uninviting. It was one of those things out of many that went to prove the multitude of his interests, and the enthusiasm he threw into any work he undertook. (Cheers.) The course of lectures would have been anything but complete if Mr. Costley had not included the subject upon which he had treated that evening. In the days of his (Mr. Carrack's) youth he used to imagine the day would not be long distant when there would be no reason for people to speak about Poor Laws. They thought that the words in the old book, "The poor ye always have with you," were in the present tense, and were not always going to abide. But we began to believe in the present order of things that it seemed to be a permanent order. That being so, it appeared to him they should give a portion of their time and thought upon, and to the study of, the question of the Poor Laws. Mr. Costley desired to treat these poor people most generously; he would have them not regarded as belonging to the category in which, unfortunately, they did belong to. But one's generous ambition might, on occasion, run away with one's better judgment. They had it on inspired authority that "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," and it seemed to him that what we wanted

was elevation of character—such elevation of character as would uproot, in the case of those whom it touched, that state of mind which tended to result in poverty and in utter destitution. (Applause.)

Mr. J. A. SLATER (barrister) seconded the motion. He remarked that all present must look upon Mr. Costley as a friend. We all know his good feelings towards the poorer class of people, and we should be very pleased if his ideas for their amelioration could be carried out.

Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD, of Kersal, in proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman, observed that he had been not a little interested by the lecture they had just heard from Mr. Costley, as he had also been interested by the lengthy preliminary discourse of the chairman, Mr. J. G. Slater. The lecturer had, at the outset, claimed for himself a modicum of genius, and certainly, if not genius, he had shown a most remarkable judgment and sagacity in the choice of those he had called to the chair, for it appeared to him that each of Mr. Costley's chairmen, including notably the chairman of that evening, had shown a capacity and competency only less than that of the lecturer himself for dealing with the subjects in hand; and it went without saying that, in the matter of talking, the ladies who had occupied the chair had not been much behind the gentlemen. He had peculiar pleasure in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Slater, in the first place for his lengthy but interesting introductory discourse, and, in the next, for his services in the chair generally. As regarded Mr. Costley, that gentleman had, in his capacity of guardian of the Salford poor, shown a most uncommon energy and zeal—an energy and a zeal that had astonished outsiders, but which his own friends were quite prepared for, knowing, as they did, that whenever he *did* put his hand to the plough he kept it well on, and ploughed deep.

Mr. IRLAM seconded the motion, and in the course of his remarks said he believed the time would come when we should have neither workhouses nor poor in the sense that we have them to-day. The workhouse was a clumsy, unwieldy piece of machinery, which the best heads of the country said ought no longer to exist.

Both resolutions were carried with acclamation.

Our Laws in Relation to Tramps.

" Beggars ! the only free men of our commonwealth :
Free above scot-free ; that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion,
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves ; yet are no rebels."—

BROWNE.

" The Beggar is the only free man in the universe."—

LAMB.

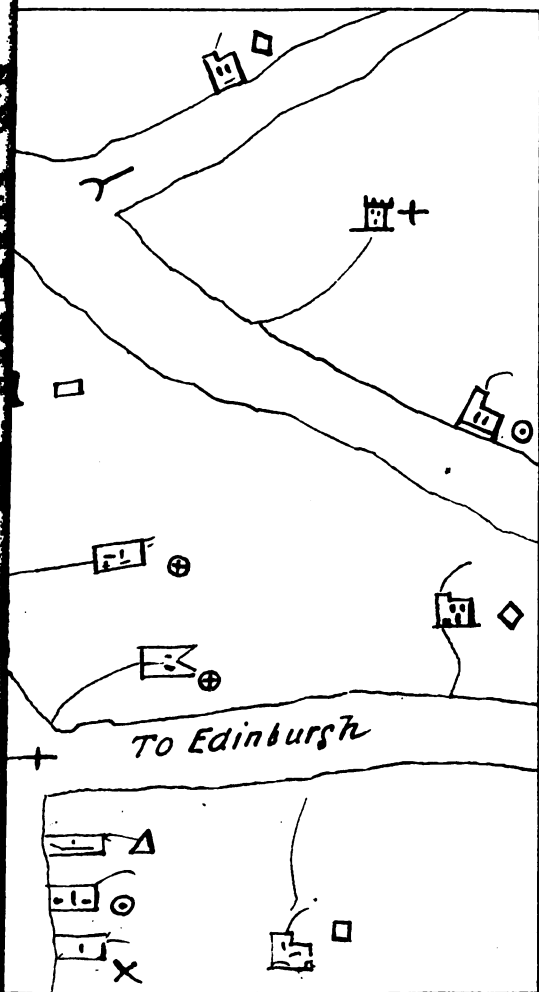
pon a Tramp.

⊕ = Religious
but kind

⊕ = Stop, if
you are seen
what they hope
to win, they'll buy

□ = Mind the
dog, may
give you a
charge.

⊕ = Cross
sticks put by
Gypsies and
tramps at
junction of
roads to show
in which di-
rection the
friends have
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OUR LAWS IN RELATION TO BEGGARS AND TRAMPS.

"Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail, and say, there is no sin but to be rich; and being rich, my virtue then shall be, to say, there is no vice but beggary."—Shakespeare.

"Naething else to do than to speak wi' ilka idle tramp that comes about the town."—Scott.

Mr. Thomas Costley, on Thursday evening, January 23rd, 1896, delivered the sixth of a series of lectures at the Pendleton Town Hall, the subject being "Our Laws in Relation to Tramps." Mr. A. SOMERS presided, and in opening the proceedings said although he had the pleasure of being associated with Mr. Costley for a period of one year on the Salford Board of Guardians, yet he was afraid he did not know the attitude of the lecturer upon the subject of that evening's lecture. Since the coronation of Queen Victoria there had been, perhaps, a greater formation of the new, and, what he might call, the true Christianity, than there had ever been at any previous period in the history of this country—a Christianity which is not, perhaps, that defined, or which is to be found in mere narrow doctrines or sectarian differences. There had been a great growth of a broader Christianity—the true Christianity, as he maintained it was of true humanity. Lately there had sprung up an earnest desire amongst the guardians of all the unions of the country to mete out proper and fitting treatment to those poor and unfortunate persons who, through no fault of their own, were compelled to find shelter in the poor-law unions. But there was still one set of individuals to whom as yet, he was afraid, little sympathy had gone out. These were the vagrants who crowded into our casual wards all over the country. The very vital question was: How those people were to be justly dealt with? He had had opportunities of extensively studying this question, and amongst the 3,000 tramps whom he had personally interviewed he found a very large number of downright honest working men, who were the victims of the overcrowding of the labour market, and the consequent lack of employment. He hoped the wisdom of the accumulated boards of guardians might be brought to bear upon the subject, and that they might arrive at a system to deal justly and leniently with those unfortunate people who had to find shelter in the casual wards. (Applause.)

Mr. COSTLEY spoke as follows:—The subject of tramps is a very large one, one of the largest that a board of guardians have to deal with. It is also one of the largest that the Legislature of England has to deal with. It had indeed been a subject for legislation ever since England became England. It was a question which received consideration in the time of the ancient Britons. It had to be considered also in the time of the early Romans, the Greeks, and the Egyptians.

N one can tell when tramps first "took to the road." We cannot tell exactly who were the first rascals. We cannot tell exactly who were the first law-makers, nor who were the first law-breakers; neither can we tell who were the first tramps. But we *do* know that there are to-day, approximately, in England and Wales between 60,000 and 70,000 tramps—men, women, and children, Jews and Gentiles, bond and free; a regular mixture, a regular motley crowd, of many countries and of many kindreds. We have the German tramp, the Indian tramp, and, I dare say, the Chinese tramp. All these go begging from door to door, or selling from door to door. Some do this in a more respectable way than others, by selling tape or booklets. The only thing I am indebted to this class for is that when I was a boy of about nine years of age a pedlar called at our house, and with the penny which I had given me I bought from him a little book entitled "Jack the Giant Killer." I read the book through and through. The pedlar came round every fortnight, and when I had another penny given me I bought from him a story called "Will o' the Wisp Beat the Devil Three Times." I took an interest in that book and committed its contents to memory. The Poor Laws were introduced into England, Scotland, and Wales long before they operated in Ireland. In those days pedlars acted as newspapers, giving information of what had come under their notice in one village to the inhabitants in the next. In the district in which I lived when a boy, vagrants were called "real Irish gentlemen," the beggars who went from door to door because they were independent; they didn't depend on one master, because they had many masters and mistresses. The Chairman is my guide, philosopher, and friend in the study of tramps. I don't suppose there is a man in Manchester and Salford who has spent as much time in studying the subject as he has done. He has carefully studied their manners and ways, and I expect that some day he will publish his experiences of the fraternity. The fact that there were so many tramps in England was a subject of much importance to a *member of a board of guardians.*

When I paid my first visit as a Guardian, to the

Hope Hospital, an inmate of the Lunatic Department, recognised me as "an old pal." (Laughter.) He said, "old pal, how are you?" I said "very well, thank you, how did you get here?" He told me he could not say. I asked, "have you been trying to knock someone down, or kicking your wife?" He answered that he had done nothing wrong. I have never been recognised by the poor people in the workhouse; only by the lunatics. The lunatic in question said to me, "I (meaning himself) should not be kept here, for I am as right as you are." (Laughter.) The lunatic continued: "I have as much sense, and, I may say, more, than most people inside of this place, (Renewed laughter.)"

Many laws have been made with regard to beggars, whom you may call tramps; and vagrants is a better title still. The laws that have been made have been many, almost in the reign of every sovereign of England, and the more people tried to suppress beggars the more in evidence did they appear. Begging was made an indictable offence; yet beggars begged. But no law has ever been made to prevent people giving to tramps. The genius of the professional beggar is wonderful. His appearance is wonderful. When you see him at a distance you know what he is going to say when he approaches you. He has a manner of speech of his own. He will say, "I have four little ones, and not a bit of bread in the house." Wherever you meet him you know he is going to say he has four little ones. You never see one of these beggars in a passion. They take everything in good part, and if you speak to them on religious matters, you generally find they know more of religion than you or your forefathers ever did. (Laughter.) Never yet did I—and I don't know anyone else whoever did—see one of them eat too much. They don't err on the side of eating too much, but they will drink too much if they can get the drink. Gipsies belong to a class of tramps, and they are very ingenious. They have a language of their own, and very few outside the fraternity can understand it. Their language is carried on by pictures, and also by certain signs. If they come across a tramp who does not understand their language they teach it to him. The old man takes the young one like the mouse and the young mice, saying:—

"Let the young people mind what the old people say, When danger is near keep out of the way."

Then there is a class of persons called "mouchers." They have a chart which gives a description of certain neighbourhoods, such as, "Don't go in that direction

very poor; give little." When going in another direction the tramps are advised by the chart not to talk. "Silence is best with these people; say as little as you possibly can." Other information is, "You may get some thing here if you have not been before; but be careful of the dog." As regards another neighbourhood they were told to "Mind this way; be careful in going in this direction; you may get into prison if you don't mind."

TRAMP CHART.

They are very old-fashioned folk who go on the road, and are very careful. It is some time before a young inexperienced traveller gets into the commercial habits, language, and abilities of these men. Really, they are a class of commercial men, are they not? Gipsies, we are told, came into England in the 15th century. It was thought they came from Egypt, but that is not so; they came from India. They first located themselves in Paris, and then crossed the Channel and came to England; and a very interesting lot of people they are. I have had my fortune told twice; they always told me the truth. I should no more think of going to Blackpool without having my fortune told than I should think of living in Manchester a day without food. The gipsies do not associate with the ordinary tramp or traveller on the road; they keep themselves very distinct. Of what religion they are no one knows; their love affairs, how they live, court, and how they promenade about in evening dress, and so on. In those respects their language is quite unknown to the outside world, and is likely to remain so. They are quite a mystery. These people are tramps to all intents and purposes; but they are sly, cunning, and wicked—in many respects worse than the ordinary tramp. An ordinary tramp will be satisfied if you give him a penny, but the gipsy wants more—she wants to grasp silver. (Laughter.) The only way in which we feel harm is done is when people go to the gipsies to have their fortune told, fully believing in what is said to them. If they did not believe it, it would be all right. I should think there are about 10,000 of these gipsies going about the country. The law cannot reach them except when they are "telling fortunes"—or telling lies. (Laughter.) People are not to be locked up for telling lies exactly; if they were, the prisons would have to be considerably extended—in fact, nearly the whole area of Yorkshire would be required for the construction of a prison. These people, as I have said, are very curious and very funny. I like the gipsies because they have an interesting history, more so than other classes of vagrants. Swift tells us that in Ireland at the beginning of the 18th century, in

his day, beggars were so numerous that he recommended shambles to be made in Dublin. In Scotland, in Burns's time, beggars were not, perhaps, so numerous as they are to-day, for Scotland was not then so thickly populated as it is now. In one of his poems Burns has given such a description of these men and women that, had he written nothing else, his name would be immortal. Gipsies are a wandering, begging race, dispersed the wide world over, and differing from the nomads in physique and mode of life. Their number in Europe is estimated at 700,000. They may be called a nomadic race, the members of which came to Europe by way of the Isthmus of Suez and Egypt. They were, therefore, assumed to be Egyptians, and are so called in the Elizabethan legislation against them, and in other places. The real meaning of the word gipsy is a cunning or crafty person—a person of bad character, a sly person. They call themselves Sind, the name of the country through which the river Indus flows in the lower part of its course. They are believed to have quitted their native country in dread of Tamerlane, and first appeared in Paris at the end of August, 1427. I may say that it is now proved that they are from India, and apparently from that part of it adjacent to the river Indus. With the languages of some of the tribes inhabiting its banks their tongue best agrees. Though the law against begging—that is to say, English statutes for the repression of mendicancy, date from the 14th century—there is no law against giving to beggars. It has been said that indiscriminate charity only feeds the evil it seeks to remove, and the weak-willed, shiftless population continue to be a problem to the benevolent. The beggar class is largely recruited by the lazy, idle, drunken, and vicious, though there is always a certain percentage of those who are really the victims of misfortune. General Booth estimated that there were 3,000,000 persons in England who could not live for a week on their own resources, including 100,000 homeless waifs, sleeping on, in, or under hedges, carts, barns, lofts, and so forth. There are no fewer than 83 societies in Great Britain for improving the condition of the poor. Let me here give you the "Bard" from the "Jolly Beggars." I believe his name was Jock Sandy:—

"I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle-folks an' a' that;
 But Homer-like the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.
 Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave an' a' that
 But lordly will I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
 But for how lang the fie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in an' a' that;
 But clear your decks and 'here's the sex!
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 My dearest bluid to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that."

Very severe laws have been passed against the beggar in the Saxon and Norman periods of English history. At a later date, say the 16th century, the determined beggar was to be whipped when first caught, next to have his ears cropped, and for a third offence to suffer death as a felon and an enemy to the commonwealth. In the year 1547, the following penalties were substituted, and were in force for some considerable time: Branding on first conviction with a V on the shoulder and made a slave for two years, and claimed by anyone and fed, not on beefsteaks, but on bread and water, and caused to work by beating. Running away from this cruel treatment (or as it was then considered tender treatment) was punishable with 8 branded on the face and slavery for life to the town or parish, on the roads of which the incorrigible vagrant was to work in chains. The following is how a tinker tells his story in Burns's "Jolly Beggars":—

" My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
 A tinker is my station,
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground,
 In this my occupation;
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enrolled
 In many a noble squadron,
 But vain they searched when off I march'd
 To go and clout the cauldron.

Despise that shrimp, that withered imp
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin',
 And tak' a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron;

And by that stowp, my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Kilbagie,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie."

Burns's poem entitled "Jolly Beggars" gives, in my opinion, the best insight that is to be found in history or literature of the different classes of mendicants in the 17th and 18th centuries. The scene of the poem is laid at the house of Pousie Nansie. It stood in Mauchline, and was the favourite resort of lame sailors, maimed soldiers, wandering tinkers, travelling ballad-singers, and vagabonds of every description. Burns sometimes called there, and had a glass of "guid auld Scotch drink," as it has been called. The beggars are supposed to have been there in the year 1785. The "Soldier" of this piece enthusiastically sings:—

"I am a son of Mars, who has been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French, at the sound of the drum.

My 'prenticeship I passed where my leader breath'd
 his last,

When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was
 play'd,

And the Morro' low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witnesses an arm and a limb;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliott to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.

And now, tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and
 leg,

And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet
 As when I used in scarlet to follow the drum.

What though with hoary locks I must stand the
 winter shocks,

Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home;
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell, at the sound of the drum."

For picturesque painting, for vivid description, for graphically depicting character, for pathos, for wit and humour, the "Jolly Beggars" of Burns, I think, has never been surpassed. You must not be astonished at the language used by Burns, for it is supposed to be the language of the beggars of that time, and I have no doubt it is the language of the beggars of to-day. But the language Burns represents them using contains wit and humour and genius. Education has not

made everybody brilliant. I have known people who have been well educated, but who have not become clever. You can educate people in a certain direction, but it does not develop thought. The education a man gets from nature, that is from personal observation, from being on the road, makes him wonderfully clever; but the mere school education is very often no education at all; it does not make him think. The professional tramp is one of those parasites of our social life whose existence it is impossible to ignore, since it is forced upon us at every turn and corner. One of the most remarkable features about him is the strong family likeness which prevails throughout the tribe. He appears to be a very harmless individual, who wants but little to make him happy, and has no animosity against a single creature; and yet no section of the pauper class has given the legislature greater trouble than this apparently somewhat dilapidated specimen of humanity. He is the despair of our boards of guardians, and a thorn in the flesh to all philanthropists, whether amateur or professional. To do him justice, he bears no ill-will to his would-be benefactor. It is, in his view, a fair bargain between them; he listens and agrees to whatever is proposed, and, having received his pay, he goes off. As for troubling himself further in the matter, thinking over what has been said to him, or making up his mind to try and act upon the advice given, he would as soon think of trying to learn Greek or Hebrew. One of the most interesting records to be found on vagrancy is the "Book of Vagabonds and Beggars," edited by Martin Luther, and published in 1529:—"Beggars, or those who plainly and simply went about asking alms. Bread-gatherers, who went about with their wives and children with them, dressed in ragged garments, collecting food, &c.; these carried cooking utensils, &c., as a part of their equipment, and neither they nor their children ever left off begging from their infancy to the day of their death. Liberated prisoners, who excused themselves for begging by saying they had been unjustly deprived of their liberty and character, and thus prevented from earning a different livelihood. Cripples, many of whom shammed lameness or deformity. Church mendicants, producing false credentials to show that they were collecting alms for religious purposes. Learned beggars, young scholars or students, who said they had naught on earth but the alms wherewith people helped them, and which they would use in furthering their studies for the Church or some of the professions. Pretended murderers, who asserted that they had taken a man's life away, and had afterwards been seized by remorse, though it was in self-defence, and

that this had driven them to a wandering life. Wives of the above. Lepers, or those suffering from loathsome diseases. Spurious beggars, who pretended that, like the Capuchin friars, they were voluntarily poor. Pretended noblemen and knights, who travelled about well-dressed, saying that they had suffered by war, fire, or captivity, or had been driven away and lost all they had. Pretended merchants, who produced documents to show that they had been possessed of merchandise which they had lost. Baptised Jewesses, who had turned Christians. Pretended pilgrims. Beggars, suffering with sores. Strollers, professing to country people that they were possessed of magic power, and could prevent murrain, &c. Knaves, with falling sickness, who took fits and assumed sudden illness. Invalids, alleging that they had suffered for years with incurable ailments, or whose wives or families were alleged to be so afflicted. False begging priests. Blind beggars. Naked beggars, whose apparel was so very scanty as to arouse universal pity. Silly or half-witted beggars, who, while apparently bereft of some of their mental faculties, were generally "more knave than fool." Hangmen, who had given over their hateful avocation. Women, so clothed as to lead to the belief that they were pregnant. Mendicants, who besmeared themselves with a yellow fluid to simulate jaundice. Vagrants, professing to be doing penance. Blind harpers. Goose shearers, or those who put on good clothes and begged, saying that they had lain ill a long time, and were mechanics who had expended all their goods and were ashamed to beg, but asked that they might be helped to proceed on their journey.

"Patterers," or street-singers, or speech-makers, are found in almost every country. The following is a fine specimen of tramp theosophy:—"Work?" said the burly, bushy-faced tramp. "Not this time. This is my existence off. I am taking a rest after the work done in my previous incarnations, and trying to collect the pay that is due me. This is my seventh incarnation, and as I worked hard in the other six I am taking a rest now. A rest of one out of seven. See! My theosophical philosophy is sound, and I am acting on it. The first time I was born I worked without pay on the Tower of Babel. The next time I was an Egyptian, and did star-labour on the pyramids. During my third incarnation I worked eighteen hours a day in a Greek galley, and got little food and less clothes. Then I was a Roman soldier, fighting for glory, and was killed in battle. The fifth time I was a Peruvian, worked in a mine, and didn't see pay or sunshine for years. The last time I was a Russian serf, and had the hardest existence of all. Now

I am taking it easy, and gathering in what I can. I tell you, this theosophy is a grand truth." Dean Swift, in 1729, made a modest satirical proposal for preventing the children of beggars or poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making them beneficial to the public: "It is a melancholy object to those who walk through the great town of Dublin, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants, who, as they grow up, either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes. I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is, in the present deplorable state of the kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation." The Rev. Downes Shaw, who has given us the following inimitable picture of the life and earnings of a tramp, says:—"A regular freemasonry exists among the class, and 'professionals' not only pass on information to each other about the best houses for begging, but also as to any details which would aid them, such as warning about dangerous localities, useless roads, or advice as to convenient 'doss' places. Their clothes and food they beg, the money given is spent in beer, tobacco, luxuries, or lodgings. Some earn enormous amounts. At the Birmingham Church Congress one speaker told of a family who earned £7 a week, the father by writing begging letters, the mother by standing at street corners with a dummy baby, and their children of all ages by street begging. The writer knows of a respectable girl who married a beggar, and when asked why she thus descended, she explained that her husband, whom she termed 'an asker,' found it pay well. 'He could visit sixty streets a day, and it was a very bad street where he did not get a penny.' On his earnings one tramp reports: 'We as 'as no young 'uns can allus get enough to 'ave two or three pints of 'fourpenny' at night afore we goes to doss in the tramp ward.' Many do so well in their calling that they can afford to enjoy the chief luxuries of the season, such as game, fish, and fruit,

and also employ a cook to prepare the food. These are the most successful, but let it not be forgotten that they are prosperous because of their power in telling a sad story, and in looking abjectly poor and feeble. And the public should never forget that the story which appeals to them strongly does the same to others, and thus the saddest or cleverest beggar is perhaps the wealthiest man." Many of these degenerate from the "tramp" into the habitual vagrant, whose habits they become daily familiar with. The habitual vagrant is known to the tramp as a "moucher," while the tramp is known as a "traveller." The "common lodging-houses" to be found in all large cities are the meeting places where the "traveller" and the "moucher" foregather, and there is too much reason for believing that the constant recital of experiences in begging, &c., to irresolute and unsteady tradesmen is gradually increasing the enormous army of vagrants by which the country is overrun. These "common lodging-houses" are known to their frequenters as "doss-kens," and those of them resorted to by juveniles as "padding-kens."

I may here quote the "Fiddler," from the "Jolly Beggars"—

"Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And, oh! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about till Daddy Care
Sings, whistle owre the lave o't.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms.
May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't."

The following extract from the Local Government Boards Report will give you an idea of a casual ward poet:—

"September 12, 1896.

"'A CASUAL POET.'—The professional vagrant is not usually regarded as a romantic being, though it is known that he entertains a strong attachment to his particular way of life. A poetical genius of the kind has come to light in the casual wards of the Ashford

Union Workhouse, one of the tramps having left the following lines on the whitewashed wall above his crib as a legacy to those who might come after him:—

'The sailor loves his ship,
The soldier loves his camp;
But give to me the turnpike road,
To live and die a tramp.'

'Farewell ye "mouchers," my time is past,
I've stuck to mouching to the last;
Weep not for me, or pity take,
But stick to mouching for my sake.'

There is a fine sense of independence in this which more than counterbalances any irregularities in metre."

The Watford Board of Guardians have decided on the following method of coping with the idle pauper question:—"At a meeting the able-bodied paupers in the house were brought before the Board, and were subjected to a stern examination, with the result that five were threatened with prosecution, but before active measures were resorted to they had sought pastures new. Subsequently the Board again had the able-bodied men brought in procession before them. The bulk of them came from the neighbourhood of Rickmansworth, and the first, who was only twenty-two years of age, had never done three weeks' work in his life. So long ago, in fact, was it since he worked that he could not remember who he last worked for, his reason for coming into the house being that he had no parents to give him food. Four other 'able-bodied' gave similar excuses, and the Board decided to institute prosecutions against the five inmates for obtaining relief by false pretences."

Mr. Owen, tramp master of the Salford Union Workhouse, has furnished me with the particulars of the increase of male vagrants in Salford, and the decrease of female vagrants during the last 18 years:—

Year.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
1878 ..	8251 ..	2434 ..	848 ..	11533
1879 ..	15313 ..	3748 ..	1176 ..	20537
1880 ..	9204 ..	3736 ..	896 ..	13836
1881 ..	8354 ..	1766 ..	825 ..	10945
1882 ..	6953 ..	863 ..	428 ..	8244
1883 ..	3318 ..	398 ..	202 ..	3918
1884 ..	3412 ..	330 ..	162 ..	3904
1885 ..	4253 ..	396 ..	168 ..	4817
1886 ..	3314 ..	451 ..	202 ..	3967
1887 ..	4420 ..	565 ..	213 ..	5198
1888 ..	10407 ..	1400 ..	915 ..	12722
1889 ..	10171 ..	955 ..	339 ..	11465
1890 ..	11589 ..	1024 ..	359 ..	12972

Year.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
1891 ..	8242 ..	483 ..	259 ..	8984
1892 ..	11130 ..	503 ..	242 ..	11875
1893 ..	16718 ..	834 ..	385 ..	17937
1894 ..	19838 ..	945 ..	407 ..	21190
1895 ..	23317 ..	717 ..	151 ..	24185

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At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Costley said :— We should not starve the tramps under our control. They should have a night's lodging and as much food as will satisfy them the next day. If they prefer tea to gruel, I don't see why they should not have it. I think there should be no limit with regard to the bread supplied to tramps when in the casual ward. I am afraid we shall always have beggars, but what we have to do is to reduce their number to the lowest possible minimum. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN said Mr. Costley commenced by giving the queric term " beggar " to the great army of vagrants who were going all over the country at the present time. He did not agree with the lecturer on this point. He was perfectly convinced that out of the large numbers who flowed into the casual wards every night, a large number of them were honest, *bond-fide* working-men, whose only fault, doubtless, was that they had been thriftless.

Experience as a Member of the
Salford Board of Guardians.

EXPERIENCE AS A MEMBER OF THE SALFORD BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

"Poor people have no relations."—Italian Proverb.

"No father's guardian hand my youth maintained."

—SAVAGE.

Mr. T. Costley, on Thursday evening, January 30th, 1896, delivered the seventh of a series of lectures in the Pendleton Town Hall, on the subject of his "Experience as a Member of the Salford Board of Guardians." Mr. P. Hampson (editor of the *Reporter*) presided.

In opening the proceedings, the CHAIRMAN said: It requires a person of considerable courage and pluck to undertake a task such as Mr. Costley has set himself, and I think only a North of Ireland man would attempt such a task. Mr. Costley has shown by the varied range of the subjects contained in the syllabus of this series of lectures that he is a man of considerable literary ability: and in dealing with his subjects he has shown that he has a large amount of sympathy with the poorer classes of the people. (Applause.)

Mr. COSTLEY said: To do his or her work fully and efficiently as a member of a board of guardians required a person of great capacity. In fact, one required to have a mind equal to that of Locke or Bacon! Matters of all kinds come forward so rapidly that guardians have to think and act quickly, and it is not always easy to know the right thing to do at the right time. There is no other position in life that I am aware of in which the faculty of rapid and varied thought is more required. A man might present himself before a board and ask them to restore his wife to him. She has run away with someone, and left her husband with two or three children; he expects that the guardians are able to satisfy his desires. Then a woman may come into the room; she has three or four children, and her husband has run away with another man's wife. We are asked for assistance, and are asked to decide such a case at a moment's notice. Then we are called upon to hear complaints of the gruel not being "thick" enough, or of the margarine not being up to sample. We have a thousand complaints to listen to, and a thousand subjects to discuss in a very short time. So, I say, to be a member of a board of guardians, and perform one's

work well, is no ordinary position for a man or woman to be placed in. The Town Council have not one-sixtieth part of the number of subjects to deal with that the Guardians have. If a man is a member of Parliament he may only have to speak very occasionally, but a member of the Salford Board of Guardians has to speak and vote often. Again, we have to contend with people who want to get as much as they can out of the ratepayers. We have others who are real objects of charity, and those we have to treat very tenderly and with care. We also find that amongst the tramps there are some really deserving people, but there are others who are not deserving. But this latter class we have very often to treat as though they were deserving; for we cannot ascertain their history, because, perhaps, they have been rambling the country all their lives; they may have been brought up to vagrancy, and have tramped about when they were children with their fathers and mothers. From what I have said you will admit that those elected as guardians should be persons who can, to some extent, read character, sympathise with different feelings, and understand different phases of life, particularly as affecting that class of people with whom they are called upon to deal.

I will now refer to some of the subjects the Guardians have dealt with since I became a member, a little over twelve months ago. Well, then, having been duly elected, I attended the first meeting of the Board of Guardians on the 5th of January, 1895. Among the new members were four ladies, and I am bound to say that they received a very cordial and hearty welcome from their colleagues, the Chairman (Mr. Hill) giving expression to the feeling of the Board in the observation that, although lady guardians were so far unknown in the history of that Board, he had no doubt, judging from the experience of lady guardians in other districts, the experiment would be a success.

Our first business was to deal with a suggestion that the standing orders of the Board should be referred to a committee, and it was upon this question that I made my maiden speech as a guardian. The Board were good enough to fall in with a suggestion I threw out, to postpone the question in order that the new members might gain a little experience before dealing with the rules and regulations for the conduct of their meetings. We were not long before the question of salaries was brought up—that everlasting subject which keeps local authorities more or less in hot water with their constituents during the whole term of their office. Now I have done my best, as the newspaper reports of our weekly

meetings will show, to keep a firm hand on those advances which committees are continually bringing forward. I have no objection—indeed, I think it is our bounden duty—to pay a man a fair and just salary, but at the same time you are bound to take into consideration the circumstances all round, and I hold that when rates are going up at express speed, and shopkeepers and other ratepayers find it hard work to make both ends meet, it is the duty of those who have charge of the public expenditure to see that every penny is spent with the utmost regard to economy. Acting on these principles, I felt bound to oppose certain applications which came before us at the second meeting I attended, and I am glad to say that on more than one occasion, whilst doing justice to the applicant, I have also been able at the same time to save the pockets of the ratepayers. An attempt was made to have the meetings of the Board held in the evening, but as it turned out that none of the members belonged to the working-class, I did not see the necessity for this, and therefore voted against the motion. Various other matters came up for consideration, but they were all more or less connected with the order of the business of the Board, and therefore I need not trouble you with them.

I should just like to say, in passing, that early in February I attended the National Poor-law Conference, held in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall, London. There was a large number of representative guardians present from all parts of the country, and both the papers read and the discussions which followed them were interesting and instructive to the last degree. We received a hearty welcome from the Lord Mayor himself, and altogether were treated in a very handsome manner. I had the privilege of addressing the gathering on the question of assessment and rating, and took the opportunity of emphasising the fact that there is a great deal of injustice prevails with regard to the rating of the poor, and as I based my observations on local experience in this neighbourhood, and the subject being one of prime importance to everybody, I may be excused if I briefly mention the heads of my address:—"In large towns," I said, "such as Salford, the middle class pay more rates than any other class. Fortunately or unfortunately, I have had to do with cottage property, and I find when a man or woman saves £400 or £500, he or she wants to have a few houses, and goes and buys a piece of land from the landlord to build half a dozen houses on at, say, £10 per annum chief. When the cottages are rated the landlord is paid £10 per annum, and pays 8d. in the pound on that £10; while the other pays at the rate of 6s. in the pound on whatever has

been invested. I say it is an injustice. To tax fairly and squarely and equally is all right, but to tax one income 6s. in the pound and another 8d. is an injustice. I don't see why a man should take up shares in a bank and get 8, 10, or perhaps 15 per cent., while the person who has invested in cottage property thinks himself very well off if he gets 5 per cent., and I don't see why the first should escape taxation. There ought to be a searching inquiry into this matter, and those people who do not pay taxation at all should be found out. The three landlords in Pendleton and Broughton draw about £100,000 a year, and they go and spend it in London or elsewhere, and have seldom seen one of them. Though a resident for thirty-five years, London must not complain because the money is brought up there; but we ought to complain down in Salford that we have no 'Home Rule' to keep these absentees in our neighbourhood and make them spend money among the shopkeepers. The shopkeeper can scarcely make a living. He pays £60 or £70 a year for his shop in Salford, and he has to pay 6s. and (if including house duty) 6s. 8d. in the pound; and I say this is a shame, when the landlord, who lives in Oxford or Cambridge, only pays 8d. in the pound. I trust the time will come when all these things will be thoroughly sifted—while we are living, and not after we are dead." Well, so much for the London Conference, which, if it did nothing else, at least familiarised the minds of those present with many aspects of questions of the first importance to them as guardians. To return to the Board. In February a somewhat important resolution was brought forward by a member of the Board, to the effect that the names of all persons to whom contracts were let by the Board should be supplied to each member. The object, of course, was to enable each guardian to ascertain for himself the character and general standing of the firms with whom they did business. I took some interest in this matter, and I find from the newspapers that I declared myself to be a citizen of the world, and intended to remain so. According to the report, I went on to say there was some difficulty in drawing the line they were asked to draw, and that it was next to impossible to localise all our business transactions.

We next had to deal with the diet supplied to aged or infirm paupers. Many complaints had been made, and had indeed got into the public press, concerning the quality and quantity of certain portions of the food supplied to these poor people. The tea was specially objected to, it being declared to be much too weak, and, indeed, altogether objectionable. The *Lancet*, the well-known medical journal,

took the matter up, and made the observation "That the days of penal servitude for the sick and aged may come to an end as soon as the guardians have grasped the idea that old age and sickness are not criminal." The *Manchester City News* also entered into the discussion, publishing more than one article calling attention to the dietary table, and indulging in some adverse criticisms. Some guardians thought that much of the criticism was unfair, and even untrue, but nevertheless a new scale was drawn up on a somewhat more liberal basis, and finally adopted, to the benefit, I hope, of the paupers.

A very singular case came before us in the month of June, when several inmates applied for a week's out-relief. Amongst these was a decent-looking woman of middle age, who came from Scotland to the workhouse with an infant aged five months. Her husband, she explained, had been good to her. He was looking for work, but she did not know where. He had served ten years' penal servitude, and since then, having no testimonials as to character, he had not been able to obtain regular employment. If she were given a week's out-relief she would go to Stockport, where she had some friends, and try to obtain work to keep herself and child. Her application was complied with. We had various other questions before us from time to time, of which I will just mention two or three, in order to give you some idea of the variety of matters which the guardians have to sit in judgment upon. For instance, there was the question of dress material for the girls, and tobacco for the old people, of bonnets at 3s. 6d., of the proper dress for poor people, of the quality of the butter supplied, of the kind of fish to be given to patients, and half a hundred other things.

A very pleasant break in the ordinary routine of the Board's existence took place on the last Thursday but one in July. A few of the members, I being one, took about 340 of the children from the workhouse for a day's outing to Southport. We left Pendleton station at nine o'clock in the morning; the day was cloudy and the rain came down "rather dree," to use a Lancashire expression, the whole of the journey. We reached Chapel Street station about ten o'clock, and at once proceeded through the streets in procession to Cambridge Hall, kindly and generously lent us by the Mayor of Southport, for the accommodation of the children for the day. After partaking of luncheon we proceeded by the long promenade to the large lake, where boats were in readiness for the little ones to have a sail, not on a stormy sea, but on a stormy lake. A more boisterous day I never experienced in Southport, although I have been going there twice or thrice a year for the last thirty-five years. The sand

of the shore blew in clouds, the force of the wind was terrific—truly a “ruffianly blast,” in the words of Thomson. With sand blowing in our eyes, and the boats tossing on the lake, it was an experience not easy to be forgotten. But the children enjoyed it immensely, the more the boats tossed, the more they enjoyed the storm. All along the inner promenade—for there are two promenades at Southport now—the sand was drifted in heaps, and the gardens in front of the lakes, in places, were literally covered with sand. Not even the boulevards in Lord-street were free from drifted sand. Don't let me hear people say there are no storms at Southport. When the children had had their hour's sail they left the boats, and at once proceeded to Cambridge Hall to dine off pies, sandwiches, bread and butter, and new milk, all of which had been brought from Manchester. During the dinner a boy between 13 and 14 years of age was prostrated in a corner of the room from the effects of the great storm. We gave him tea (kindly brought us by the hall-keeper, a kind and gentle dame), but that he couldn't drink. Then we arranged with the hallkeeper, who allowed us to take him into her kitchen, where we laid him on the sofa, and he soon got into the arms of Morpheus, the god of dreams. After a good sleep he was able to promenade with us again in a procession through the town for a couple of hours, after which we returned and again partook of refreshments, and then proceeded to Chapel-street station, to catch the special train to Manchester as arranged for seven p.m., and reached Pendleton station shortly after eight o'clock.

So far as I could see everything passed off with flying colours. The matron, the teachers, and the nurses made themselves very active indeed to render the outing pleasant and enjoyable to all the children. The priest (Father Saffenreuter) and the minister (John Walsh) were particularly active in attending to the wants of the little ones. Each of the guardians that were there spared no pains or expense in making the girls and boys happy.

A somewhat curious point came before the Board in August Mrs. Booth, one of our four respected lady guardians, having taken unto herself a husband, was, in the opinion of some members, disqualified by this proceeding from continuing in the office of guardian. The Board were somewhat in a dilemma, as they had no wish to show any want of gallantry towards their colleague, whilst, on the other hand, they could not of course consent to her retention of office if she were disqualified. It fortunately happened that none of the four lady members were present at the meeting

when the question came up for discussion, and the Board—wisely, as I think—shifted the responsibility of settling the nice little point on to the broad shoulders of the Local Government Board. Mrs. Booth resented this action, but in the end the question was amicably settled, and I am happy to say that the lady continues to be a valued member, and I hope she may long remain so. I must not detain you with any lengthened description of the debates which took place from time to time upon such questions as the surcharging of the steward at Hope Hospital for dinners supplied to the Guardians, the cost of deputations, the quality of the margarine supplied to the old men and children, and the kind of coffins in which the paupers were buried. I may, perhaps, however refer to a resolution which I moved, and got passed, on the difficulty of the law of settlement. The resolution was as follows:—"That the law of settlement and removal as between this Union, the township of Manchester, and the unions of Chorlton, Prestwich, and Barton-upon-Irwell be abrogated, provided other unions join in the undertaking."

It is the duty of a Poor-law Guardian to be present at demonstrations in the borough, whether large or small. To some of the demonstrations he can only go when he is asked; to others he can go whether he is asked or not. On November 10, 1895, I was asked by the Mayor of Salford (Alderman Mottram) to accompany him and the Council to Trinity Church to hear a sermon by the Rector of Christ Church, the Rev. Fergus Hill, the text being "Righteousness exalteth a nation." It was a most impressive sermon, given with great power and pathos. The following is an extract taken from the *Manchester Guardian* of the following day:—"The whole history of the world, he said, was a testimony to the truth of this passage of Scripture. The true foundation of the greatness of this country was to be found in the fact that we were eminently acquainted with the need for, and the power of, righteousness. Our national life had found its nourishment and its true source of moral inspiration in the spirit of the righteous law of God. We were not only professedly a righteous nation, but our laws had been based on and were administered with a due sense of that profession. The question was sometimes asked whether England was holding her position among the nations of the earth, or whether she was not approaching that time when Macaulay's New Zealander would sit amongst the ruins of London Bridge. He believed that we were not declining as a nation, but that we were progressive. We were, as a nation, making progress in righteousness. The statistics with regard to indictable offences committed all over the country

showed that those offences were not increasing in number, but that they had greatly decreased from what they were forty or fifty years ago, and that notwithstanding the fact that population had greatly increased. These things showed that the devil was not having his own way altogether in England—nor even in Salford. We should not be too pessimistic. While there were squalor and vice and immorality unfortunately to be found, we yet could not look at our great cities and towns without regarding the miles of streets in which were the homes of great numbers of the artisan classes, homes of brightness, of purity, and of family devotion and love. While that was so, and while our legislative and administrative bodies were formed of men who remembered and acted up to the words of his text, he had little fear for the future of England." The following hymn was beautifully rendered by the choir:—

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I call'd
He to my rescue came.

The Hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore."

Another little experience I had was a visit of inspection with other members of the Board to the Prestwich Asylum. On arrival at the institution we were first shown into the ward wherein the lunatics belonging to Salford were placed for our inspection. The

number that we have at Prestwich is about 250; not one of them was violent, not one attempted to strike a guardian or anybody else. As a rule, some of them talked a great deal; others were as meek as a lamb. One of them was as haughty as a king; he seemed to have been in a high position. One old gentleman, advanced in years, was a regular orator, and more brilliant in speech than any member of the Salford Board. He was logical too, more logical in speech than John Stuart Mill in writing; in fact, Sir William Hamilton or Lord Bacon were not in it. He scarcely ever made a long pause. Another gentleman came up to me and shook me very cordially by the hand, saying that he had known me for thirty odd years, and he was glad to make a further acquaintance with me. He reminded me of the time that we sent the shuttle merrily through the loom; he said—

"The weaver it surely becomes,
To talk of his web's involution;
For doubtless the hero of thrums,
Is a member of some institution.
He speaks of supply and demand,
With the airs of a great legislator;
And almost can tell you of-hand;
That the smaller is less than the greater."

complained bitterly about being kept in the Asylum, saying "when in reality I am as sane and as sensible as any member of the Salford Board of Guardians." I asked him if that was saying a great deal, and he said it wasn't saying much. He said, "when I complain to the keeper about retaining me in the house against my will, he takes no notice of me; so further, when I tell and threaten him that I shall tell the Salford Board of Guardians about his treatment and conduct," the keeper retorts and says "that the Salford Guardians are consummate idiots and fools of a very low type." And, further, he said that they won't go in for any good schemes, and went on to tell how they opposed the amalgamation of the Boards of Chorlton, Barton, and Crumpsall for the protection of the public against the imposition of the tramps.

The picture in this ward was a melancholy one, melancholy because there were so many there that were once sensible men and women, and it is to be hoped they will be so again. So far as I could gather there were few born idiots that have been sent from Salford. In this desert there was a little oasis in which was a grand picture. It was that of a little girl in all the bloom and beauty of youth—she was a regular Venus as far as beauty was concerned but her innocence and modesty made her made her

adorable. She had come to the asylum to see her aged father, who was not able to go out of the sick room. With the most intense affection she clasped her father's knee, and when looking up in his face she reminded me of the line in Burns where he speaks of "The smiles of love that adorn," or the line in Milton where her smiles were such as "hung on Hebe's cheek." The picture, for devotion and filial affection, I have never seen surpassed, nor do I expect I ever shall. She reminded me of the picture of Haidée, drawn so beautifully by Lord Byron :—

"Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies!
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife,
Too pure even for the purest human ties :
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel."

After carefully inspecting all the lunatics belonging to Salford in that part of the Asylum, we bade the officials and others good-bye! and proceeded to the second part of the Asylum, about three-quarters of a mile distant. The lunatics here were gathered together, as before, in one ward for our inspection. They conducted themselves with great decency and decorum while the Chairman of the Board was ticking off their names. The scene was not a pleasant one, but as we marched up the aisle they were all very quiet and inoffensive. Some of them knew several of the Guardians, and would occasionally whisper something in their ears. In this part of the Asylum the ladies were great talkers, and said a great deal more than the gentlemen, in fact there were a few of them that were decidedly loquacious. Socrates, it is said, was instructed in eloquence by a woman whose name was Aspatia. Here were half-a-dozen regular Aspatias, one of whom was called the queen; whether she was a queen in eloquence or wealth I could not ascertain; but I think it must have been the latter, for she lifted up her hand majestically and shook her ambrosial curls, and said she would leave me £1,000. I thanked her, and told the matron that she was the only person who had ever promised to remember me in a will. Another lovely maiden; I say maiden, for in this case she had never been married, said she could not understand how it was that she was kept in this close confinement, when, in reality, there was not a more sensible woman in Prestwich. She said, "if you doubt my word, I'll give you proof of my abilities in playing for you on the piano, for," she said, "I can either play or sing." I said I should be delighted to hear

her play, and pleased to hear her sing. I asked the doctor if he would allow her to play on the piano, and he very courteously granted my request. Elizabeth Sterling, for that was her name, played for us on the piano, with great force and power, the piece of music entitled "The Maiden's Prayer." Another piece she played with great intensity of feeling was "Just before the battle, mother." These pieces were delightful to me; they showed that she had some skill in her playing, and judgment in her selections. Then she said to me, "How do you like the way I played those tunes?" I said, "You have done them admirably, and you have done them without copies of the music. Most of my musical friends, when I ask them to play on the piano, make a rush after the music copy before they can commence; but you can play without the music copy." Not being great at music myself, and for fear that my opinion would be of little value to friends that know me, I asked a lady how she rendered the pieces. She said that she had done them well, so it seems to me that if I want fine pieces of music rendered without the copy, I must visit Prestwich Asylum occasionally.

I left the Asylum, after having been there about two hours, feeling proud that England, through the influence of Christianity, possessed such noble institutions. Similar institutions were unknown, so far as my knowledge goes, to the Egyptians, Greeks, or Romans. Everything, I am persuaded, is done by the attendants for these unfortunate people, that skill, labour and love can do. From the highest to the lowest in the institution, I think, they believe in the grandeur of labour and the nobility of toil.

The criticisms of the newspapers on our proceedings [at the Board—when they condescend to notice us at all—are generally fair. Sometimes, however, they do not take that all-round view which might be expected, whilst at other times they try to be funny. Here, for instance, is an example, which I will read to you, from a journal which shall be nameless:—"Between them, Messrs. Costley and Somers generally manage to lift the proceedings of the Salford Guardians above the dull, dead level groove in which Bumble is apt to run, or, rather, to stick if left alone. They are the funny men on the Board, the wearers of the Union motley, who jingle their bells for the amusement of the rest of the members. Yesterday they had a fine chance to crack their jokes and air their witticisms over the Corporation Technical Schools. A proposal was made to send some of the Workhouse boys to the schools to be taught handicrafts. That brought out Messrs. Costley and Somers, and, with the help of Mr. J. J. Kay, they managed to provide

plenty of scope for the interjection of 'Laughter,' 'Loud laughter,' and 'Renewed laughter' in the reporter's copy. One gentleman doubted whether the school would ever be finished. He regarded it evidently as a sort of Tower of Babel, to be arrested in its progress by another confusion of tongues. A second hinted that the school might eventually be utilised as a Town Hall. The "Amateur Tramp," Mr. Somers capped all by the suggestion that the school should be turned into a lunatic asylum for its inventors. It would be very easy for the inventors to retort that Mr. Somers ought to be the first occupant. Having already explored the inside of a tramp ward, and narrated his experiences thrillingly, Mr. Somers would round off his career as a Salford Diogenes by an inspection of the lunatic asylum, if the school ever comes to that, and another terrible story related to the Board—if he were given the chance." When I was elected a member of the Board some of my friends burst forth into songs of congratulation, which, though I am tempted here to quote, I reserve for the present.

At the conclusion of the lecture the CHAIRMAN said: I am sure we are all pleased with Mr. Costley's lecture. He has gone very fully into the mysterious working of the Salford Board of Guardians, and he has referred to the constitution of the municipal and other institutions of the borough. As one who has had considerable experience—extending over many years—of their working, I may say that I think the present Salford Board of Guardians is the best that was ever formed in the borough. (Hear, hear.) There was a time—and that not very long ago—when it could not be said that they were all righteous men in connection with the Salford Board. I can prove that statement if it be necessary, but it is not advisable now to go into details. Not very long ago there was a considerable amount of shuffling of the cards in connection with the letting of tenders for the annual supplies to various people in and out of the borough. But I think that now the tenders of tradesmen who send in the best tenders with the lowest price will be accepted. Mr. Costley has touched on a great variety of subjects, and, perhaps, to my mind, one of the most important is that of the removal of persons who have no settlement in Salford. It seems to me a great hardship that a person who has been in Salford for some considerable time, but who, in compliance with the law, cannot prove that he has a settlement in the borough, should be removed, perhaps to the other side of London, or wherever he comes from, for the purpose of satisfying what, in my opinion, is a very arbitrary law. I am very glad to know that Mr. Costley and others of the Salford Guardians have moved in the

direction of bringing about some considerable change amongst the Unions in the immediate neighbourhood of Salford. Another question that has excited public attention for some time past is that of the treatment of tramps. Mr. Costley dealt at length with that subject last week; but I may be permitted to say, as an outsider, that I view with considerable apprehension the attitude that is being assumed by certain influential guardians in opposition to a centre ward. If I were a member of the Salford Board of Guardians, I should not be in favour of a central ward if it was proposed to place it in Ancoats, but there is a great deal to be said in favour of having a ward that is central for the three or four unions in the Manchester district. Such a place would not only be the best means of dealing with those tramps who will not work, but travel about from place to place, but would better enable the Guardians to deal with those deserving workmen who are under the necessity of going from town to town in search of employment. (Applause.)

Councillor JAMES THOMPSON moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Costley. In doing so he said he had always found him a conscientious and straightforward man—one who was at all times anxious to do what was right. (Hear, hear.) He was always ready to rise in his place and state his mind, without fear or favour. Mr. Costley had stood by him as a colleague of his on the Salford Board of Guardians, and he should stand by him. He (Mr. Thompson) liked to find a man who acted as a man, and this was what Mr. Costley always did. Mr. Costley had raised the question of the increase in the salaries of the officials. This he (Mr. Thompson) opposed, and should do so again, because he thought that persons having good positions with good salaries and requisites, should be satisfied, considering that the majority of the ratepayers had to work very hard to earn an honest living. He was glad to say that representatives of the press were allowed to attend the committee meetings of the Board. This was an advantage to the ratepayers, he held, for, from a perusal of the reports, they would be able to judge of the services of those who represented them on that authority—they would be able to satisfy themselves as to which members discharged their duties in a straightforward and honest way. (Applause.)

Mr. R. D. GELDER seconded the motion, and remarked that he was well pleased with the lecture of Mr. Costley, who had given the meeting a very graphic description of the work of the present Board since it was formed some twelve months ago. As to the high character and ability of Mr. Costley he could endorse all that Mr. Thompson had said. He believed Mr.

Costley to be thoroughly conscientious in his convictions, and that he had a strong desire to serve the public faithfully. (Applause.) Mr. Costley was not afraid of giving utterance to his feelings, even though his opinions might be opposed to those held by his personal friends. With respect to the contracts he (Mr. Gelder) thought all the members were always on the *qui vive* to secure their letting to tradesmen within the borough whenever practicable. (Hear, hear.) He believed that the Guardians tried to do their duty by the inmates of the Workhouse, and those people who sought relief, as well as by the ratepayers. Of course, the members often took different views of matters, but it was by a diversity of opinions, as a rule, that they arrived at the truth and the wisest decision. (Applause.)

The resolution was carried with acclamation.

Mr. COSTLEY in acknowledging the compliment said: On occasions I have had to differ with the gentlemen who have spoken, but since I became a member of the Board I challenge anyone to say that I have been personal to any member, and I don't think any member has been personal in his, or her, remarks to me. We have all done our work according to the dictates of conscience, and in that way, I think, we shall continue to discharge our duties. (Applause.)

Mr. J. J. KAY moved a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Mr. C. BOOTH (Workhouse Master) seconded, and said the present Board did their work with thorough earnestness. They were fearless, and hit straight from the shoulder. They were afraid of no man, nor the opinions of any man. It was impossible for the inmates of any workhouse to be more cared for than were those in the Salford Workhouse. They enjoyed all the advantages it was possible for the Guardians to give them. The Guardians were always thinking out something for the benefit of the inmates, and it gave him pleasure to carry out any instruction of the Board or Committees. He took a very deep interest in the inmates of his workhouse—he called it “his” because he felt they were his people. He did all he could to make them comfortable. Although the workhouse was an old one, it was kept scrupulously clean and comfortable, and any person who doubted that statement he should be happy to accompany on a visit of inspection to the institution. (Applause.)

Mr. A. SOMERS supported the proposition. He remarked that much had been said about the present Salford Board of Guardians. He was glad to think they were all actuated by an earnest desire to improve the condition of those over whom they acted as guardians. But in bringing about an improved state of things they had been largely influenced by public

opinion, and for moulding the public opinion in Salford he thought they must give a large share of the credit to Mr. Hampson, their chairman of that evening, who wielded much power through the medium of his paper, the *Reporter*. (Hear, hear.) The position of a journalist was one of great responsibility; he could lead the public to good or bad. Mr. Booth had made a very neat speech, and he thought there was a great deal of truth in what the Workhouse master had said. He (Mr. Somers) believed that the Salford Workhouse, in so far as the guardians were concerned, would bear comparison with any workhouse in the kingdom. However the Guardians might differ amongst themselves, they all did their best in the administration of the Poor-laws. Opposition was the soul of success, and they would appear in a worse light, he thought, in the eyes of the public if they were all of one way of thinking. Although he had his own political opinions, he was very sorry to see the election in connection with the Manchester Board of Guardians was fought on political grounds, the consequence being that the Board was composed entirely of persons who were of the same political complexion. It was dangerous to have all the members of a public board or body of one way of thinking. He should be sorry to see the time when the Salford Board of Guardians would begin to run on smooth lines and would all agree. They had now to fight metaphorically, and he hoped they would have to fight in the future. During the year that he had been a member of the Salford Board he had never heard a word spoken in spite or in malice, (Hear, hear.) He hoped the present state of affairs would continue, and he trusted that all their proceedings would be conducted in public. He believed in the publicity of all their doings as a board. They should have nothing to conceal from the ratepayers, and, that being so, it was a mistake, in his opinion, that they did not admit reporters to every sub-committee, as well as every committee meeting of the Board. (Applause.)

The resolution was passed.

The First Chapter of
British Eloquence and Literature,
From the Birth of Christ to the Death of
King Alfred, 901.

llum of the western dome, whose weighty sense,
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence."—

JOHN DRYDEN.

Literature consists of all the books—and they are not many—
where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain
largeness, sanity, and attraction of form."—JOHN MORLEY.

"THE FIRST CHAPTER OF BRITISH ELOQUENCE AND LITERATURE."

"When Britain first at heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain—
'Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never, never shall be slaves!'"

JAMES THOMSON.

"The Britons quite sundered from all the world."—
VIRGIL.

Mr. Thos. Costley, on Thursday evening, February 6th, 1896, delivered the eighth of his series of lectures in the Pendleton Town Hall, the subject being "The First Chapter of British Eloquence and Literature, from the Birth of Christ to the Death of King Alfred, 901." Mr. Cyril Slater, Barrister-at-Law, presided.

The CHAIRMAN said: I think Mr. Costley will be known to most of those present. But if I were to introduce him to those to whom he is not known, at the great length he deserves, I don't think there would be much time left for the lecture. I can only ask those who don't know him to read the syllabus of his lectures, and then I think they will come to the same conclusion that those who do know him have come to, namely, that he is omniscient. In his last three lectures Mr. Costley discussed subjects that are of the greatest importance to modern minds, and to the study of which he would require to devote the whole of his spare time. Mr. Costley is no ordinary man; time to him is of no importance. His mind soars out of the present into the obscurity of the past, and looks into the literature of our ancestors of nearly 2,000 years ago. (Applause.)

Mr. COSTLEY said:—Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, when I decided to give this series of lectures, a gentleman said to me that I had undertaken a greater task than a professor from Owens College would have done. I replied to this gentleman that a professor from Owens College had not had 12 months' experience as a guardian. I told him, also, what the poets have said about flowers, and remarked that it is just possible that a professional man cannot have spent as much time among the poets and among the flowers as I have done. I have spent a great deal of time amongst the works of those who have written so carefully, so beautifully, and so lovingly of the flowers

of the byeways and hedgeways of Old England. The subject of to-night's lecture is a bothering one. It is one of those subjects that are very difficult to fully explore, because there is very little that has been written and spoken by the ancient Briton that has been handed down to us. There is no doubt the ancient Britons and Saxons produced poets (though their themes were war and religion—never love) as well as philosophers and statesmen, though there is no record of them left, because in those days there were no historians to chronicle these facts. To-night I shall have to take you back to a very early period in English history. I find that the more difficulty a man experiences in doing a thing, the greater pleasure he derives from carrying out the work. Where you have a great deal to fall back upon, you have a difficulty with regard to choice, but in dealing with the subject of to-night's lecture I have had no such difficulty. I have had to take what I could get, and be thankful. It is a grand thing that we have high ideas to elevate and to strengthen. The more a mind searches after knowledge, the more do the words of Locke become true: "We are born with powers and faculties almost equal to anything, if we only exercise them aright." I read that when I was young, and I have never forgotten it; and I find that the more I try to do, the more I can do. I do not claim for these lectures anything very great, but if I succeed in drawing the attention of a number of people to our beautiful literature, to our beautiful history, to the grand descriptive sketches that there are in English history, I shall consider I have performed a good work. It is not for anything I, myself, shall say or write, but what has been thought and written by those who have studied in the past. I have been extremely fortunate in having such good chairmen to preside at each of my lectures. They have been so good that, really, if I had broken down, they could have taken my place. (Laughter.) Before I commenced the series I was, in fact, informed by a certain person that I should "break down." I replied, "Well, if I do, others have broken down before me, and I shall not, therefore, be the first to have broken down." But I don't intend to break down. One gentleman said to me, "Mr. Costley, do you expect me to pay 6s. for a ticket for your series of lectures?" I said to him, "No, I don't expect you to pay 6s. for the lectures, but I do expect you to pay that amount for the quotation from Emerson, which you have not seen before."

"None of those who own the land own the landscape—only he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is the poet." My friend said, "If you are satisfied that

this quotation on your syllabus is worth 6s., here is the money." (Applause).

But few remains exist of the literature and eloquence of the ancient Britons; indeed the whole of their writings and speeches that have been handed down to us would scarcely fill an octavo volume. For the speeches of Boadicea, Galgacus, Caractacus, and other note-worthy Britons we are indebted to the great Roman historian, Tacitus, and few more masterly pieces of ancient or modern oratory are anywhere to be found than those reported by him. One feels after reading the speeches of Boadicea, Galgacus, and Caractacus that their utterances are those of the highest and purest patriotism. There was a nobility about those ancient Britons seldom met with in profane history. Their orations were wonderfully powerful, seeing that they came from such a savage nation. In the whole annals of oratory where can we find a finer specimen of didactic eloquence than that of Boadicea against the Romans? Every sentence is a direct home-thrust against tyranny and oppression. Women in the olden time, as well as in our own time, have greatly influenced many a good cause, but Boadicea had perhaps the noblest cause of them all. She has inspired more than one of our English poets, but there is enough in her history to inspire a greater poet than even Cowper to write on so stirring a theme. What an inspiration she has been to the liberty-loving subject for nearly two thousand years. The history of Boadicea, and of other queens, goes to prove that they have been more patriotic and less selfish than kings and princes. She was one of a gallant band of heroes and heroines that fought determinedly against the Romans for the "ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods, and for the tender mothers who dandled them to rest, and for the wives who nourished the babies at the breast." In every country, and in every age of the world, similar characters have come to the front when it seemed that the destiny of their country required them to sacrifice their lives.

It has been truly said that eloquence to produce her full effect should start from the head of the orator, as "Pallas, from the brain of Jove, completely armed and equipped." Surely there never was a better definition of eloquence than the following by Hume, although you will agree with me that some fine specimens can be culled and collected from the speeches of Boadicea, Galgacus, and Caractacus. "Eloquence at its highest pitch leaves little room for reason or reflection, but addresses itself entirely to the fancy or the affections, captivates the willing hearers, and subdues their understanding."

Boadicea was wife of Prasutagus, King of the Iceni, a people inhabiting the eastern coast of Britain. On his death-bed, sixty years after Christ, Prasutagus named the Emperor heir to his accumulated treasures, conjointly with his own two daughters, in expectation of securing thereby Nero's protection for his family and people; but he was no sooner dead than the Emperor's officers seized all. Boadicea's opposition to these unjust proceedings was resented with such cruelty that orders were given that she should be publicly whipped, and her daughters exposed to the brutality of the soldiers. The Britons took up arms, with Boadicea at their head, to shake off the Roman yoke; the colony of Camalodunum or Colchester was taken, and the Romans were massacred wherever they could be found. The whole province of Britain would have been lost to Rome if Suetonius Paulinus had not hastened from the Isle of Anglesea, and at the head of ten thousand men engaged the Britons, who are said to have amounted to two hundred and thirty thousand. A great battle was fought, which resulted in the complete defeat of the Britons. Boadicea, who had displayed extraordinary valour during the battle, but finally gave up in despair, despatched herself by poison, after fighting and commanding in person. Her death occurred in the year of our Lord 61. The following are said to be the words she addressed to her soldiers before the fight: "The Britons are accustomed to fight under the command of a woman; there is no question now of avenging so many illustrious ancestors from whom I am descended, my kingdom, or my plundered treasures. Avenge me as a simple woman, as one of your own class. Avenge my liberty outraged, my body torn by the scourge, and the innocence of my daughters dishonoured. The Romans respect neither the age of our old men nor the chastity of our children. Their avarice is insatiable. Are not our persons taxed? Do we not pay even for the permission to bear our heads? Nor is that all! The tax must be paid even for those who cease to live. It was reserved for the execrable tyranny of the Romans," she added, "to raise a revenue from the dead. But there are just gods—avenging gods. A legion that dared oppose us has perished, the rest of the Romans conceal themselves or already think of flight. They cannot hear without trembling the cries of so many thousand men; how then will they support the shock of your blows? Consider your countless battalions, reflect on the motives of this war, and you will understand that the day has arrived to vanquish or die. Such shall be the fate of one woman; let men live slaves if they will!

Nature itself has peculiarly endeared to all men their wives and their children. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily drafted off to supply the deficiencies in the Roman army. The wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the conquered are either exposed to the violence, or at least corrupted by the arts, of these cruel spoilers. The fruits of our industry are plundered to make up the tributes imposed on us by oppressive avarice. Britons sow their fields, and the greedy Romans reap them. Our very bodies are worn out in carrying out their military works, and our toils are rewarded by them with abuse and stripes. Those who are born to slavery are bought and maintained by their master. But this unhappy country pays for being enslaved, and feeds those who enslave it. And our portion of disgrace is the bitterest, as the inhabitants of this island are the last who have fallen under the galling yoke. Our native bent against tyranny is the offence which most sensibly irritates those lordly usurpers. Our distance from the seat of government, and our natural defence by the surrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their suspicions; for they know that Britons are born with an instinctive love of liberty, and they conclude that we must be naturally led to think of taking the advantage of our detached situation to disengage ourselves, one time or another, from their oppression. Thus, my countrymen and fellow-soldiers, suspected and hated as we ever must be by the Romans, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable state of bondage under them. Let us, then, in the name of all that is sacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if not for glory, at least for safety; if not in vindication of British honour, at least in defence of our lives. How near were the Brigantines to shaking off the yoke—led on, too, by a woman? They burned a Roman settlement; they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business would have been done. And shall not we, of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free and whose strength entire—shall not we, my fellow-soldiers, attempt something which may show these foreign ravagers that they have more to do than they think of before they can be masters of the whole island? But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods, or mortal men like ourselves? Do we not see that they fall into the same errors and weaknesses as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not luxury enervate them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine that they,

who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise remarkable for their valour? What, then, do we dread? Shall I tell you the very truth, my fellow-soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions that the Romans have gained so great advantage over us. They turn the mismanagement of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise as to unite against them. What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different countries, some more, some less, disposed to military achievements; some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship? They keep together while they are successful. Attack them with vigour—distress them, and you will see them more disunited among themselves than we are now. Can anyone imagine that Gauls, Germans, and—with shame, I must add, Britons, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs and their lives to build up a foreign tyranny—can anyone imagine that these will not be longer enemies than slaves? or that such an army is held together by sentiments of fidelity or affection? No; the only bond of union among them is fear, and, whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they, who now fear, will then hate their tyrannical masters. On our side there is every possible incitement to valour. The Roman courage is not, as ours, inflamed by the thought of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have, to reproach them if they should desert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands beyond all possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears; nor let the glare of gold or silver upon their armour dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold or silver that men are either wounded or defended, though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited rabble, and we shall find among themselves a reinforcement to our army. The degenerate Britons who are incorporated into their forces will, through shame of their country's cause deserted by them, quickly leave the Romans and come over to us. The Gauls, remembering their former liberty, and that it was the Romans who deprived them of it, will forsake their tyrants and join the assertors of freedom. The Germans who remain in the army will follow the example of their countrymen who so lately deserted.

And what will there then be to fear? A few half-garrisoned forts; a few municipal towns inhabited by worn-out old men, discord universally prevailing, occasioned by tyranny in those who command, and obstinacy in those who should obey. On our side, an army united in the cause of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their liberties, their lives. At the head of this army—I hope I do not offend against modesty—there is a general ready to exert all his abilities, such as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory and freedom. I conclude, my countrymen and fellow-soldiers, in putting you in mind that on your behaviour this day depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your subjection to a tyrannical enemy with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage, think of your ancestors, and think of your posterity." The poet Cowper has beautifully portrayed the nobility of this ancient Queen in language remarkable for its simplicity and pathos:—

"When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods.

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

'Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand States;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew,
 Thy posterity shall away,
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Pending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow;
 Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
 Dying, hurled them at the foe.

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.'

Queen Boadicea is, without question, one of the most interesting personages in our history, not only for her valour, but for her virtue and beauty. She has been the subject in recent times of much speculation. The expectation of finding her bones, gold torque, and other remains in Parliament Hill has proved disappointing. The remains of the heroic Queen of the Iceni were interred far away from that spot. There is a strong probability, to say the least, that the final battle between her and the Romans was not fought near London, although Tacitus says it was. The Welsh traditions, which also are favoured by the historian Dion Cassius, place the last battle near Caerwys, in Flintshire, North Wales, where Queen Boadicea fled, and rallied the Britons, leading them against Agricola at Garn Gwyddehir, A.D. 78. Several place names and relics tend to confirm this view, such as Agricola's Pass, the Hill of Arrows, and the Hill of Slaughter (human remains, buried in large heaps, have been discovered there). There is a stone, five feet long, in that neighbourhood with the inscription: "*Hic jacet Mulier Bo.... obit.*" This stone is called by the inhabitants "Boadicea's Gravestone." Some years ago a gold torque, such as Boadicea is said to have worn, was discovered at a place owned by Mr. Thomas, of Downing, and was bought by the Marquis of Westminster for £400. It is now kept at Eaton Hall.

The Romans advanced without encountering any serious obstacle as far as the Grampians, where the Caledonians, under the renowned chief Galgacus, were drawn up to oppose them, 300,000 strong. The first ranks, consisting of the bravest of the tribes, occupied the level plain; the next, and secondary ones, covered the sides of the mountain, rising in half

circles, one above another. Tacitus has recorded the speech of the leader of the Caledonians. It is bold, energetic, and worthy of the chief of a nation which—whatever its other defects—was at least endowed with an indomitable love of freedom and undoubted courage. The following is a portion of the speech, which has been translated word for word:—

“Countrymen and fellow-soldiers, when I consider the cause for which we have drawn our swords, and the necessity of striking an effectual blow before we sheathe them again, I feel joyful hopes rising in my mind that this day an opening shall be made for the restoration of British liberty and for shaking off the infamous yoke of Roman slavery. Caledonia is yet free. The all-grasping power of Rome has not yet been able to seize our liberty. But it is only to be preserved by valour. By flight we cannot, for the sea confines us, and that the more effectually as being possessed by the fleets of the enemy. As it is by arms that the brave acquire immortal fame, so it is by arms that the sordid must defend their lives and properties, or lose them. You are the very men, my friends, who have hitherto set bounds to the immeasurable ambition of the Romans. In consequence of your inhabiting the more inaccessible parts of the island you have hitherto been free from the common disgrace and common sufferings. You lie almost out of the reach of fame itself; but you must not expect to enjoy this untroubled security any longer, unless you bestir yourselves so effectually as to put it out of the power of the enemy to search out your retreats and disturb your repose. If you do not, curiosity alone will set them a-prying, and they will conclude that there is something worth the labour of conquering in the interior parts of the island, merely because they have never seen them. What is little known is often coveted, because so little known. And you are not to expect that you should escape the ravages of the general plunderers of mankind by any sentiment of moderation in them. When the countries which are more accessible come to be subdued, they will then force their way into those which are harder to come at. And if they should conquer the dry land over the whole world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean to see whether there be not certain unknown regions which they may attack and reduce under subjection to the Roman Empire. For we see that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be glorious; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the desire of fame. The east and the west, the south and

the north, the face of the whole earth is the scene of their military achievements; the world is too little for their ambition and their avarice. They are the only nation ever known to be equally desirous of conquering a poor kingdom or a rich one. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting, and the shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, so that there are none left alive able to bear arms, say they have given peace to that country. We have no other resource but to conquer," said Galgacus, "and that is my principal hope; for battle, the glorious choice of brave men, is here the only safety for cowards. Behind is the ocean and the Roman fleet; before us, the Roman brigands, devastators of the world, who, when they can no longer find land to ravage, search the seas. Neither the east nor the west have glutted their avarice, for they alone of all mankind covet alike the treasure of the rich and the dernier of the poor. To take, massacre, and pillage, the Romans call to govern; and when they make a desert they say, 'Peace is established.' Our sons are carried off to serve in distant lands; our wives and sisters, if they escape the brutality of the enemy, are dishonoured by those who falsely call themselves our friends and guests; our fortunes are consumed in tributes, our food in supplies for their armies; our arms and our bodies are wasted by blows and outrages whilst fortifying for them our marshes and our lands. Courage. You, who like love and glory, and you who hold to life. The Romans triumph by our discords; they render the vices of their enemies subservient to their advantage and the glory of their armies, who, formed by a mixture of so many nations, are kept together only by success, and will be dispersed by reverse. It is fear, it is terror, feeble bonds which keep together these Gauls, Germans, and, I am ashamed to say, Britons, who lend their blood to foreign dominion; these bonds once broken, and those who cease to fear will begin to hate. All the incitements to victory are here; no wife influences the courage of the Romans, no father will reproach their flight; feeble in number, and, ignorant of the country, they only behold the sea and skies and unknown forests, in the midst of which, surrounded and enclosed, they are delivered to us by the gods. March, then, to battle, and think of your fathers and children!" All the characteristics of a great warrior are contained in the words of this brilliant speech. What grand sentiments are these, to excite his countrymen to die for the glory of their country. The Caledonians received these soul-inspiring words—which have been rendered nearly word for word from

the Roman historian—with tumultuous clamours of applause. Their excitement was still further increased by the songs of the bards and the exhortations of the Druids. At the sight of the Caledonians it became difficult to keep the Romans in the entrenchment, and Agricola, seeing the impatience for battle, exhorted them to conquest. "Defeat itself," he said, "will not be without glory, but you must not yield. The bravest of the Britons have already been overcome; those who remain are cowardly and timid, as you behold on the heights, which you will illustrate by a memorable victory. Put an end," he concluded, "to so many expeditions, and add another great day to fifty years of triumph."

Of Caractacus Tacitus relates that his first remark on beholding Rome was one of surprise that those who possessed such magnificent palaces at home should envy him a poor hovel in Britain. This was a very natural observation to make. Advancing to the throne, the valiant Briton, pronounced the following remarkable discourse, which history has recorded, before the Emperor Claudius and Agrippiana, his wife. Eloquence, it is said, is the painting of thought; and thus those who after having painted still add to it make a picture instead of a portrait. That this is a beautiful specimen of it by Caractacus you will admit, I think, after I have read it: "If I had had, O, Caesar, in prosperity, a prudence equal to my birth and fortune, I should have entered this city as a friend and not as a captive; and possibly thou wouldst not have disdained the alliance of a man descended from such illustrious ancestors, who gave laws to several nations. My fate appears as sad for me as it is glorious for thee. I had horses, soldiers, arms, and treasures; is it surprising that I should regret the loss of them? If it is thy will to command the universe, is it a reason we should voluntarily accept slavery? Had I yielded sooner, thy fortune and my glory would have been less, and oblivion soon have followed my execution. If thou sparest my life I shall be an eternal monument of thy clemency."

Gildas, the earliest of the British historians, surnamed by some Sapiens, and by others Badonicus, seems to have been born in the year 516. Regarding him little certain is known, beyond some isolated particulars that may be gathered from hints dropped in the course of his works. Two short treatises exist, purporting to be lives of Gildas, and ascribed respectively to the 11th and 12th centuries; but the writers of both are believed to have confounded the two, if not more, persons that had borne the name. It is from an incidental remark

of his own, namely, that the year of the siege of Mount Baddow—one of the battles fought between the Saxons and the Britons—was also the year of his own nativity, that the date of his birth has been derived. The place, however, is not mentioned. His assertion that he was moved to undertake his task mainly by "zeal for God's house and for His holy law," and the very free use he has made of a quotation from the Bible, leave scarcely a doubt that he was an ecclesiastic of some order or other. In addition, we learn that he went abroad, probably to France, in his thirty-fourth year, where, after ten years of hesitation and preparation, he composed, about 560, the work bearing his name. His materials, he tells us, were collected from foreign rather than native sources, the latter of which had been put beyond his reach by circumstances. The "Cambrian Annals" give 570 as the year of his death.

The writings of Gildas have come down to us under the title of *Gildas Sapiientis*. Though at first written consecutively, the work is now usually divided into three portions—a preface, the history proper, and an epistle, the last of which is largely made up of passages and texts of Scripture brought together for the purpose of condemning the vices of his countrymen and their rulers, being the least important, though by far the largest of the three. In the second he passes in brief review the history of Britain from its invasion by the Romans till his own times. Among other matters, reference is made to the introduction of Christianity in the reign of Tiberius; the persecution under Diocletian; the spread of the Arian heresy; the election of Maximus as Emperor by the legions in Britain, and his subsequent death at Aquilia; the incursion of the Picts and Scots into the southern part of the island; the temporary assistance rendered to the harassed Britons by the Romans; the final abandonment of the island by the latter; the coming of the Saxons, and their reception by Vortigern; and, finally, the conflicts between the Britons, led by a noble Roman, Ambrosius Aurelianus, and the new invaders. Unfortunately, on almost every part which he touches, the statements of Gildas are vague and obscure. With one exception, already alluded to, no dates are given, and events are not always taken up in the order of their occurrence. These faults are of less importance during the period when Greek and Roman writers notice the affairs of Britain; but they become more serious when, as is the case from nearly the beginning of the 5th century to the date of his death, Gildas's brief *narrative* is our only authority for most of what passes

current as the history of our island during those years. Gildas's treatise was first published in 1525 by Polydore Vergil, but with many avowed alterations and omissions. Forty-three years later, Josseline, secretary to Archbishop Parker, issued a new and more accurate edition of it, while in 1691 a still more carefully revised edition appeared at Oxford, by Thomas Gale. It was frequently reprinted on the Continent during the 16th century, and once or twice since. The next English edition was that published by the Rev. J. Stevenson. Lastly, the text of Gildas, with elaborate introductions and the various readings of existing manuscripts, is included in the "*Monumenta Historica Britannica*," edited by Petrie and Sharpe, London, 1848.

Nennius is another name of the age of Gildas, which, after having been long connected with a small historical work written in Latin, has latterly been pronounced *supposititious*. Some historians, in our opinion, are too ready to pronounce certain works fabulous. Nennius was the supposed author of the "*Historia Britonum*." The work commences with a description of Britain, gives the mythical origin of the Britons and Scots, and an account of the Roman occupation and the reign of Vortigern, describes the successive settlements of the Saxons, and concludes with a narrative of the twelve battles in which King Arthur, in the 6th century, defeated the Saxons. Doubtless there is enough of evidence to satisfy any reasonable person that Nennius lived and wrote the works ascribed to him.

St. Columba, the Apostle of the Scottish Highlands, was born at Gartan, in Donegal, on the 7th December, 521. He began his education at Moville, under the celebrated Bishop St. Finnian, who ordained him as deacon. After studying some time in Leinster under an aged bard, Gemman, he entered the monasteries of Clonard and of Glasnevin, near Dublin, whence he returned to the north. When 25 years of age he founded the Church of Derry, in Ulster, and about seven years later founded the monastery of Durrow. In the year 561 an event occurred which was the great crisis in his life. St. Columba copied a psalter belonging to Finnian without asking the owner's permission. Finnian claimed the copy as his property, Columba refused to give it up, and the matter was referred to Diarmat, King of Connaught, who, on the principle that every calf belongs to its mother, said that every copy belonged to its original. Far from yielding to this decision, Columba raised a number of his clansmen, attacked and routed King Diarmat, slaying several of his followers. For this affray, which was called the Battle of Culdrevny, Columba was banished from

Ireland for ever. In 563, Columba, then in his 42nd year, accompanied by 12 attendants, or friends, some of them relatives, set sail for the west of Scotland. Tradition states that he first landed at Salen, in the island of Mull, but finding the water unhealthy, he crossed to the other side of the island and fixed his abode on Iona. Later, Columba reached the dwelling of the Pictish King, Brude, near Inverness, and after being for some time refused an interview, at length converted that monarch. In the "Book of Deer," written in the 11th or 12th century, we read that he and his pupil, Drostan, came to Aberdour, in the district of Buchan, where the Mormoor or High Steward, Bede, a Pict, gave him in perpetuity that town, and that the town of Deer was conferred upon him owing to the recovery of the Mormoor's son through the prayers of the Christians. We learn that in the year 573 his friend Connal, King of Dalriada, died, and the selection seems to have been mainly left to the decision of Columba. He chose Aidan, who proved himself the most talented of all his race. Columba afterwards visited his churches and monasteries in Ireland, and speedily returned to his beloved Iona. Here he passed peacefully away very early on the morning of the 9th June, 597, at the age of 76. He seems to have possessed an athletic frame, and St. Adamnan describes him as being of "angelic beauty."

St. Columbanus, a native of Ireland, was born in Leinster, about the middle of the 6th century. The Christian religion at this period flourished in Ireland as it did in no other country, and Irish missionaries went out far and wide to propagate it. Columbanus was among the most famous of these. After a training at the monastery of Bangor—whose abbot was then Congall, the friend of Columba—Columbanus departed for France in 589, along with twelve companions, the customary number in such cases. Here he established religious houses at Fontaine, Annegray, and Luxeuil in Burgundy. His reproofs, however, offended King Theodoric, and this, together with a dispute as to the celebration of Easter, compelled the Irish monks to leave the country in 610. After travelling in Switzerland, Columbanus founded in 612 the celebrated monastery of Bobbio among the Appenines, on the river Trebbia, where he died three years later, having by his work aided much in advancing Western Christianity. His writings comprise twelve sermons, a monastic rule, famed for its brevity and simplicity, some poems, and ecclesiastical treatises.

Six hundred years after the birth of Christ had passed away, and more than half of the 7th century, before a

writer appeared to demonstrate that we were ever likely to have a literature. The Grecian age had come and gone; the Augustan age, in which lived Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Propertius, Tibullus, and Livy had also become a thing of the past, before Caedmon, of Whitby, wrote the first great and inimitable poem. Caedmon's "Paraphrase" was written in the year 670. If there were any great poets or great prose writers in England before Caedmon, their works have been lost. Lost to the moderns, lost for all time. What poetry we have got from the 7th century is without syllabic quantity, assonance, or rhyme. Alliteration is the metre of our early bards. In a few sentences we will define what alliteration means, and give a few specimens from those early authors. Alliteration is the commencement with the same letter of two or more words in immediate succession. Milton's expression will best explain it to us, "Behemoth biggest born," or Churchill's "Apt alliteration's artful aid." The repetition of a particular letter in the accented parts of words—though even those may not all be at their beginning—such as this: "That, hush'd in grave repose, expects his evening grey." Here are two lines from Kirke White:—

"Carking care,
Green-eyed grief and dull despair."

The structure of the Anglo-Saxon verse is peculiar. Each line is broken up into two short sections by a pause, and contains four accented syllables, the number of the unaccented ones not being counted first. The two half-verses are connected together by alliteration, the same initial sound occurring in two emphatic words of the first half. There is a marked rhythm, therefore, which rings out, as has been said, "like the sharp blows of a hammer upon an anvil." Metaphor and striking compounds are freely used, and there is a good deal of parallelism, in which the thought in the first case is repeated in the second with slight modification. Coleridge furnishes a faultless specimen in these two lines:—

"The fair breeze blew; the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free."

Alliteration sometimes gives the chief thought to witty and satiric writings, as when it was said of Cardinal Wolsey:—

"Begot by butchers, but by butchers bred,
How high his haughty honour holds his head."

Gradually we find one or two additional accented syllables introduced, and the unaccented ones

arranged with greater regularity, and occasionally towards the end of the period the verses are made to rhyme together. This is the form of Anglo-Saxon and early English verse from the 6th to the 14th century, and even later; for although the influence of the French Troubadours is discernible in the poetry of the 13th century, all the peculiarities of the old verse are preserved in Piers the "Plowman's Vision," written by Langlande as late as 1362. In the following extract from this poem, some idea may be formed of the language and verse under consideration :—

" I was weorie of wandringe
And went me to reste
Under a broad banke
Bi a bourne syde;
And as I lay and leonede
And lokede on the watres,
I slumberede in a slepynge
Hit sonnede so murie."

Here is another specimen from the opening lines of Pier's the "Plowman's Vision," written in William Langlande's best style, who was a contemporary of Chaucer :—

" In a summer season,
When softe was the sonne,
I shope me in shrubbes
As I a shepe were;
In haft as an hermit,
Unholy of workes."

It is said with some truth that the Elizabethan poets evinced a marked fondness for alliteration's "artful aid," and used it with great taste and skill, as for example, Greene says :—

" Sitting by a river side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings."

In Spenser's "Faery Queen" it is superabundant, and it is to be found in other parts of his works as in these lines :—

" Repining courage yields
No foot to foe: the flashing fire flies
As from a forge."

The imaginative Celts came from Asia to Albion and stayed. The Romans came and left; Gildas, Nennius, and Saint Columbanus wrote history, religious treatises, and Latin poetry, as I have said

before; and yet there was not sufficient evidence to indicate that Britain was ever likely to have a magnificent first, second, third, or fourth chapter of English literature until the time of Caedmon, of Whitby.

Astronomy, geology, botany, and all other branches of physical science were unknown to the ancient Britons. In the time of Boadicea, and for some five hundred years after, as one writer says: to them every herb and root was food, every juice was oil, every stream was wine, and every tree an habitation. What a hardy race they must have been, living on such frugal fare. Manchester about that time, and for some years after, was a wild and uninhabitable woodland; the whole of Southport a bed of peat, and now there is six feet of sand above the peat. The country was well timbered from north to south, and from east to west, and some parts of it thickly populated.

In looking out for materials for the latter part of my first chapter of English literature, I find there is a good deal in existence, though it is not so easily obtained. The writings of the early Anglo-Saxons are mostly found in continental libraries. Some few are in the British Museum, which is out of my reach. To an ordinary student of English literature, the manuscripts would be of very little use except they had been well translated. An Anglo-Saxon manuscript is ten times as difficult to read as one written in the broad Lancashire dialect by Ben Brierley or Edwin Waugh. I should like you to examine minutely a few of the earliest specimens, and you will then be satisfied about the truth of my observation. There never was a great language like the English but required a long time to build it up, so that it could be used with such force and power as Milton has done in building the lofty rhyme in "Paradise Lost." It is now the language of languages, and for thousands of years it is likely to remain so. It has been gathering for more than a thousand years some of the choicest thoughts and most expressive words, and folding them in its bosom from every known language in the civilised world. It is designed, in our opinion, and the sooner the better, to be the language of mankind, as our present English literature is surely the richest, the loftiest, and the most elevating that has ever been, or ever will be possessed by any group of men or of nations.

When the Celts of Britain were resisting the occupation of their lands by those Teutonic immigrants who gave to the country the name of England, a great northern chief called Urien became famous for his patriotic struggle. His contest was against the

Angles who first landed under Ida. In the year 547 they fought their way inward from the coast now known as that of Durham and Northumberland, and Scotland from the Tweed up to the Forth. The bards of Urien represented by the energy of their song the fervour of the contest. The same struggle was maintained in other parts of Britain by another chief, the Arthur who, in after time, became the great mythical hero of British story. In the traces of an old Cymric song, which seems to have been left from a time earlier than the 12th century, it is Urien who appears as the great chief, with his bards, Slywarch Hen, prince and bard, and Aneurin, while Merlin seems to have been at the same time a bard in the service of Arthur. Aneurin was styled the monarch of the bards. He flourished about the time of Taliesin, that is to say, in the year 510. Others say 570. In this and similar cases we are not to a few years when speaking and writing about those Romantic Ages, or Middle Ages, or Dark Ages, as they have been respectively called.

The first English singer in the order of time was the poet Caedmon, who died in the year 680. He was a tenant or cowherd on the abbey lands of Whitby. His unique metrical version of parts of the Old and New Testament is really fine for that early age. This is the first native-born poem in the English language. Bede says of it, "that all who heard it recited thought it was divinely given." Caedmon, it has been said, was a genius of the class headed by Robert Burns—a poet of nature's own making, sprung from the bosom of the common people, and little indebted to education. The circumstances under which his talents were first developed are narrated by Bede with strong cast and graphic power. He was much less instructed than most of his equals, and he had not even learned any poetry, so that he was frequently obliged to retire, in order to hide his shame, when the harp moved towards him in the hall, where at supper it was customary for each person to sing in turn. On one of these occasions it happened to be Caedmon's turn to keep guard at the stable during the night, and, overcome with vexation, he quitted his post of duty, where, laying himself down, he fell into a sound slumber. In the midst of his sleep a stranger appeared to him, and, saluting him by his name, said, "Caedmon, sing me something." Caedmon answered, "I know nothing to sing, for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" said Caedmon. "Sing the Creation" was the reply, and thereupon Caedmon began to sing verses which he had never *card before*, and which are said to be as follows:—

"THE OPENING OF CAEDMON'S
PARAPHRASE.

"Most right it is that we praise with our words,
Love in our minds, the Warden of the Skies,
Glorious King of all the hosts of men,
He speeds the strong, and is the Head of all
His high Creation, the Almighty Lord.
None formed Him, no first was nor last shall be
Of the Eternal Ruler, but His sway
Is everlasting over thrones in heaven.
With powers on high, soothfast and steadfast, He
Ruled the wide home of heaven's bosom spread.
By God's might for the guardians of souls,
The Sons of Glory. Hosts of angels shone,
Glad with their Maker; bright their bliss, and rich
The fruitage of their lives; their glory sure,
They served and praised their King, with joy gave
praise
To Him, their Life-Lord, in whose aiding care
They judged themselves more blessed. Sin unknown,
Offence unformed, still with their Parent Lord
They lived in peace, raising aloft in heaven
Right and truth only, ere the Angel Chief
Through pride divided them, and led astray.
Their own well-being they would bear no more,
But cast themselves out of the love of God.
Great in presumption against the Most High,
They would divide the radiant throng far spread,
The resting place of glory. Even there
Pain came to them, envy and pride began
There first to weave ill counsel, and to stir
The minds of angels. Then, athirst for strife,
He said that northward he would own in heaven
A home and a high throne. Then God was wroth,
And for the host, the host He had made glorious,
For those pledge-breakers, our souls' guardians,
The Lord made anguish a reward, a home."

I will now give you an extract from "The Fall of the Rebel Angels," also by Caedmon, a portion of Satan's speech modernised by Benjamin Thorpe:—

"'Why shall I toil?' said he;
'To me it is no whit needful
To have a superior;
I can with my hands as many
Wonders work;
I have great power
To form
A diviner throne,
A higher in heaven.
Why shall I for His favours serve,
Bend to Him in such vassalage?

I may be a God as He.
 Stand by me strong associates,
 Who will not fail me in the strife.
 Heroes stern of mood,
 They have chosen me for chief,
 Renowned warriors !
 With such may one devise counsel,
 With such capture His adherents ;
 They are my zealous friends,
 Faithful in their thoughts ;
 I may be their chieftain,
 Sway in this realm :
 Thus to me it seemeth not right
 That I in aught
 Need cringe
 To God for any good ;
 I will no longer be His vassal.
 When the All-powerful it
 All had heard,
 That His angel devised
 Great presumption
 To raise up against his Master,
 And spake proud words
 Foolishly against his Lord,
 Then must he expiate the deed,
 Share the work of war,
 And for his punishment must have
 Of all deadly ills the greatest.
 So doth every man
 Who against his Lord
 Deviseth to war,
 With crime against the Great Ruler.
 Then was the Mighty angry ;
 The highest Ruler of heaven
 Hurl'd him from the lofty seat ;
 Hate had he gained at his Lord,
 His favour he had lost,
 Incensed with him was the God in his mind,
 Therefore must he seek the gulf
 Of hard-hell torment,
 For that he hath warred with heaven's Ruler.
 He rejected him then from His favour,
 And cast him into hell,
 Into the deep parts,
 Where he became a devil.
 The fiend, with all his comrades,
 Fell then from heaven above,
 Through as long as three nights and days,
 The angels from heaven into hell ;
 And then all the Lord transformed to devils,
 Because they His deed and word
 Would not revere."

I give below the ode which Caedmon wrote under the inspiration thus recorded in Anglo-Saxon, in King Alfred's translation of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," the following being an English translation from Alfred's:—

"Now we must praise
The Guardian of Heaven's kingdom,
The Creator's might
And His mind's thought;
Glorious Father of men!
As of every wonder He,
Lord Eternal,
Formed the beginning
He first framed.
For the children of earth
The Heaven as a roof,
Holy Creator!
Then mid-earth.
The Guardian of mankind,
The Eternal Lord,
Afterwards produced
The earth for men,
Lord Almighty!"

It has been observed that one of the most remarkable circumstances belonging to these poems is that we here find a bold prototype of the fallen angels of "Paradise Lost." That the resemblance to Milton is so remarkable in that portion of the poem that relates to the fall of man, that much of this portion might be almost literally translated by a canto of lines from the great poet. The resemblance is certainly most extraordinary, as we may judge from a brief passage or two. Everyone is well acquainted with the noble lines in the first book of "Paradise Lost:—

"Him the Almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night,
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal."

That Caedmon, as a poet of the second rank, was a true genius few will deny, when we take into consideration the early period of our literature. Bede relates that Caedmon not only learned to sing, but made verses full of sweetness in his own language on whatever moral

subject might be proposed. "He sang," says Bede, "of the Creation of the world, the origin of man, the terrors of future judgment, and the delights of Heaven."

After Caedmon, I will now draw your attention to Saint Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, who was born at Bernicia, of a noble family, in 634. He died at his monastery at Oundle in 709, and he is said by some early writers to have composed treatises on Easter and on the tonsure, the written acts of the Council of Whitby, and a rule for his monks, but there are no writings extant that bear his name. Sad it is to relate that most of the earlier compositions of those writers are lost; but what does remain is on the beauty of true religion.

Another name of this period was Benedict Biscop, an Anglo-Saxon monk, who was distinguished for his zeal in the encouragement of letters and such arts as were then known. He is said to have brought many books and pictures home with him from Rome. Leland ascribes to him a commendation of the rules of St. Benedict, the founder of the Benedictines. He was born in the year 629, and died about 690.

A son of the Emerald Isle now appears on the scene with the curious name of Adamnan. He wrote many books on various subjects. The date of his birth and the place is not known. One of his principal works was the "Life of St. Columba." He died in the year 704, twenty-four years after the death of the poet Caedmon.

Another name of this period was Haeddi or Hedda, a man of great learning, of whom little is known as regards either his life or writings. But suffice it to say he died in 705, eleven years before the death of another learned man, Ceolfrid, who died in 716.

St. Aldhelm, another early English author and skilled architect, Bishop of Sherborne in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, was born about the middle of the 7th century. He is said to have been the son of Henred, brother to Ina, King of the West Saxons; but in the opinion of William of Malmesbury, his father was no more than a distant relation of the king. Having received the first part of his education in the school of Meilduff, a learned Irish monk, he travelled in France and Italy for his improvement. He was the first Englishman who wrote in the Latin language, both in prose and verse, and he composed a book for the instruction of his countrymen on the prosody of that language. King Alfred declared that Aldhelm was the best of all the Saxon poets. He was a musician, as well as a poet, and made his own songs the medium of instruction and refinement his countrymen. After having governed the

monastery of Malmesbury, of which he was the founder, about 30 years, he was made Bishop of Sherborne, where he died in May, 709. Aldhelm's extant works in Latin are chiefly in praise of virginity. The Saxon writings of Aldhelm are lost. Of the English Psalter, the first 50 psalms were translated by St. Aldhelm. A copy of this work is in the National Library of Paris. "He was a man," says the historian Bede, "clear and elegant in his language, and astonishingly versed in sacred and profane literature, of which he left specimens in various publications." Aldhelm's poem on "Maidens' Praise" begins with these fine lines, a sort of appeal to the Almighty or an *Invocation* like the one made by Milton in the opening of "Paradise Lost":—

"Almighty Maker, Master of the world,
Who shap'st the starry heaven's shining dome,
And foremost earth's foundations by Thy word;
Paint'st the pale meadows with their purple bloom
Rein'st the blue waters of the wave-rolled plain,
Lest they have force to flood the dry land's bound
Where checks of cliff shatter the rising main;
Thine the firm grasp of frost on tilth of ground,
Thou mak'st increase the seed in mists of rain;
Thou takest away darkness with twin lights,
Titan day's comrade, Cynthia the night's;
Thou hast adorned the waters, and made fair
The scaly squadrons of the gray abyss;
Through Thee swift hosts that soar in the clear air
Chirp, and to echoes pipe resounding bliss,
In differing notes their many voices raise
Ever one song to their Creator's praise
Help me, Thou Merciful, my song to bring,
That I the famous deeds of saints of old may sing."

Egbert, Archbishop of York, born 678, died 766, was brother of Eadbert, King of Northumberland. Egbert wrote "Dialogu de Ecclesiastica Institutione." He composed the "Confessionale" and "Poenitentiale," which were afterwards standard authorities of the Anglo-Saxon Church. There are other works ascribed to him.

Eadwine (modern Edwin), was the son of Ælla, King of Deira.—His history is one of the most beautiful and romantic tales in Bede.

Wilfred was born in the year 709.

Egwin, a native of the district of the Hwiccas, was made Bishop of Worcester on the death of Offor about 692. Bede attributes to him three works—a history of the foundation of Evesham, a book of visions, and a life of Aldhelm. The latter, if it ever existed, is now lost.

The other two are without doubt the same as those from which his biographer has given such copious extracts; but it is difficult to say whether they still existed at the time of Bede, and it is equally uncertain whether they were separate books or only parts of one work. Egwin of Worcester is remarkable as the first Englishman who wrote anything like an autobiography, but this was only on account of his pretended visions. He died about 718.

I may say here that Anglo-Saxon, Angle, Engle, or English Saxon is the language of the people of the north part of Germany, brought into this country by the Jutes, the Angles, and Saxons, and modified and written in England. Those who remained in their old locality on the Continent had the name of old Saxons, and their language old Saxon; but those settled in Britain were properly designated Anglo-Saxons, and their language, perfected and written in England, was called Anglo-Saxon.

Ethelwolf, born about 765, was an inmate of a small monastery dependent on the larger one of Lindisfarne. He wrote a metrical history of the abbots and other eminent persons of his monastery to the time of Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, 802-819.

St. Hubert, Bishop of Liege, was chief functionary at the court of the Frankish King, Theodoric. He died in 727. One of a few legends connected with him tells how, when Hubert was hunting one Good Friday in the Ardennes hills he came upon a stag with a gleaming crucifix between its horns, which persuaded him to a life of contemplation. This story made him the patron saint of hunters.

Alcuin, in Latin Albinus, surnamed Flaccus, an eminent ecclesiastic and a reviver of learning in the 8th century, was born in Yorkshire about 735. He was educated at York, under the direction of Archbishop Egbert, as we learn from his own letters, in which he frequently calls that prelate his beloved master, and the clergy of York the companions of his youthful studies. He succeeded Egbert as director of the seminary, and in later life modelled after it his famous school at Tours. He survived Bede about 70 years. It is, therefore, hardly possible that he could have received any part of his education under him, as some writers of literary history have affirmed, and it is worthy of observation that he never calls Bede his master, though he speaks of him with the highest veneration. It is not well known to what preferments he had attained in the Church before he left England, though some say he was Abbot of Canterbury. He was sent to Rome by Eanbald, the successor of Ethelbert, to procure the pallium, and in returning, at Parma, he met Charlemagne, who, as Alcuin had

already visited the French Court, was no stranger to his extraordinary merit. The Emperor contracted so great an esteem and friendship for him that he earnestly urged, and at length induced him to take up his residence at Court and become his preceptor in the sciences. Alcuin accordingly instructed Charlemagne and his family in rhetoric, logic, mathematics, and divinity. He particularly distinguished himself by his writings in defence of the orthodox faith against the adoptionists, Felix, Bishop of Urgel, and Elipandus, Archbishop of Toledo, convincing the former of his error after a six days' debate at Aix-la-Chapelle (799), and treating the latter in the most conciliatory manner. And on more than one occasion he was employed in important missions between Charlemagne and Offa, King of Mercia. "France," says one of our best writers of literary history, with some degree of truth, "is indebted to Alcuin for all the polite learning it boasted of in that and the following ages. The universities of Paris, Tours, Soissons, and many others, owe to him their origin and increase, those of which he was not the superior and founder being at least enlightened by his doctrine and example and enriched by the benefits he procured for them from Charlemagne." Alcuin, it is alleged, however, forbade the reading of the classical poets. In 790 he went to England in the capacity of Ambassador, and returned to France in 792, never again to visit his native land. After Alcuin had spent many years in the most intimate familiarity with the greatest prince of his age, he at length, in 801, with great difficulty, obtained leave to retire from Court to the Abbey of St. Martin at Tours, of which he had been appointed the head by Charlemagne in 796. Here he remained and taught till his death in 804. In his retirement he kept up a constant correspondence with Charlemagne, which displays on the part of both an ardent love of learning and religion, and great zeal and earnestness in contriving and executing noble designs for their advancement. Alcuin composed many treatises on a great variety of subjects, in a style much superior in purity and elegance to that of most writers of the age in which he flourished. His works were collected and published by Duchesne in one volume, folio, Paris, 1617. A better edition is that of Froben, two volumes, folio, Ratisbon, 1777. They consist of (1) tracts upon Scripture, (2) tracts upon doctrine, discipline, and morality, (3) historical treatises, letters, and poems. It is not improbable that Alcuin was the writer of the famous Caroline Books, issued under the name of Charlemagne, which denounced as idolatrous every form of image worship. A life of Alcuin, by Lorenz

was published at Halle in 1829, and appeared in an English translation, by Snee, in 1837. The following lines on a library is full of wisdom, as it was Alcuin's intention it should be:—

— Small is the space which contains the gifts of heavenly wisdom.

Which you, reader, rejoice piously here to receive;

Richer than richest gift of the kings this treasure of wisdom:

Light for the seeker of this shines on the road to the day."

Here is a short piece of prose from Alcuin to Charlemagne in the form of a letter which he wrote near the end of his life from his retirement at Tours:—"As you advised me, and as my own inclinations lead, I am sedulously employed within these walls in imparting to some instruction from the pot of the Holy Scriptures, while I labour to inebriate others with old wine of the ancient schools, feed others with apples of grammatical subtilty, and illumine others with the arrangement of the stars placed as in the painted ceiling of some great edifice. This I do, that, by the acquirements of learning, the Church may prosper, and honour be done to your imperial reign; as also that the grace of Heaven may not be void in me, nor the effects of your beneficence be lost."

Bede, said to be the greatest name in the literature of ancient Britain, and the most distinguished scholar in the world of his age, was born about the year 673, some seven years after the death of Caedmon. Most likely the place of his birth was Monkton, near Wearmouth, in Durham. In his seventh year he entered the neighbouring monastery of St. Peter's, at Wearmouth, where he remained for thirteen years, and was educated under the care of the Abbe Benedict Biscop and his successor Ceolfrid. After studying a while at Wearmouth, Bede removed to the twin-monastery of St. Paul of Jarrow, founded in 682; here he took deacon's orders in his nineteenth year, and was ordained priest in his thirtieth by John of Beverley, then Bishop of Hexham. In the shelter of his quiet and sacred retreat, while the tempest of barbaric strife raged without, and the hearts of all men in England were torn by sanguinary passions, Bede now began earnestly to consecrate his life to such literature as was possible in those days, including Latin and Greek, and at least some acquaintance with Hebrew, medicine, astronomy, and prosody. He wrote works on homilies, lives of saints, hymns, epigrams, chronology, and grammar, and comments on the books of the Old and New Testament. His calm and gentle spirit, the humanising character of his

pursuits, and the holiness of his life, present a striking contrast to the violence and slaughter which prevailed in the whole of the island. When labouring under disease, and near the close of his life, he was engaged on a translation of St. John's Gospel into Anglo-Saxon, and dictated his version to his pupils. He died, well stricken in years, May 25, 735, and was buried in the monastery of Jarrow, where he gave such devotion to literary pursuits. Between three and four hundred years afterwards his bones were snatched from the tomb and carried to Durham by the lovers of everything that is noble and good.

The earliest translation of the New Testament into the tongue of the common people of England was made by the "Venerable" Bede, an epithet always applied to him. In his last hour he was engaged in dictating to one of his disciples the last verse of the 20th chapter of John. "It is finished now, master," said the scribe. "It is finished," replied the dying saint, "lift up my head, let me sit in my cell in the place where I have often prayed; and now glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and with these words his spirit fled. It was impossible for it to have taken flight more happily than in the act of translating the Word of God.

Cuthbert of Canterbury, who died 758, succeeded Northelm in the See of Canterbury about 740. He wrote some metrical compositions, which are not considered as indicative of remarkable poetical genius.

Saint Boniface or Winfrith, the apostle of Germany, was born at Kirtorn, in Devonshire, about 680. His letters are said to be the most important of his works. He was, with 52 companions, massacred by the Pagans, 755. He left sermons and letters which are valuable for biographical purposes, and a very curious historical commentary on his own times.

Willibald, or Willibaldus, laboured with great zeal for the conversion of the Germans, and died about 786. Fabricius speaks of his epistles as extant, but unedited. His travels were published in "Early Travels in Palestine," 1848, by Bohn. He was long considered to be the same person as the author of "The Life of St. Boniface."

Willehead, a native of Northumbria, after active missionary labours in Germany, was in 787 consecrated Bishop, and was presented by Charlemagne with the whole district of Wigmodia as his diocese. He died in 789. He was the author of a "Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul," which is supposed to have been printed, and several works still in MS.

Cuthbert, a monk of Jarrow, died about 678. He was a disciple of Bede, and wrote a graphic and touching letter to Cuthwine, giving an account of the

death of their master. This letter will be found in Bede's works. This last name is the end of the literary history of the "Venerable" Bede. Cuthbert became Abbot of Jarrow.

Discuil, an Irish monk, born 755, wrote a tract, "*De Mensura Orbis Terrae*," and a treatise on grammar. The latter appears to be lost. Discuil's language is rude and perfectly destitute of ornament, but he exhibits an extensive acquaintance with books, and quotes Virgil, Lucan, and other Latin writers.

King Alfred the Great was born in the year 849, at Wantage, in Berkshire, which town was a royal residence in the time of the West Saxons, and as such was made a borough after the Norman Conquest. The great men of the world have mostly been born in rural districts. It is very funny that England's greatest king should be born in so insignificant a place as Wantage. The king's memory is retained there by a well called "King Alfred's Well." His father was Ethelwolf, son of Egbert, King of the West Saxons, and his mother was Osburga, daughter of Oslac the Goth, who inherited the blood of the sub-kings of the Isle of Wight, and Alfred, though the youngest of four sons, succeeded to the crown on the death of his brother Ethelred, at the age of 23 years. He was not only the greatest king that England ever had, but a great poet and a man of letters. What he has done for literature was noble when we consider the age in which he lived. That is to say, in the middle of the 9th century. As a ruler he must have been powerful, if there is any truth in that remarkable statement by William of Malmesbury, namely: "That a purse of money or a pair of golden bracelets might in Alfred's day be exposed for weeks in complete safety on the common highways." It has even been said that he was the author of the "Trial by Jury." He caused many manuscripts to be translated into Anglo-Saxon from Latin, and he himself translated several works, such as "*Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy*," the "*History of Orosius*," Bede's "*Ecclesiastical History*," and selections from the "*Soliloquies of St. Augustine*." Among his original works in the Anglo-Saxon language are "*Laws of the West Saxons*, *Institutes*, *Chronicles*, and *Meditations*." He translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, and some religious and moral treatises, also "*Æsop's Fables*" and the Psalms of David into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, designing thereby to extend their utility among his people. The literary history of Britain is formed of comparatively obscure names, until it presents to us the enlightened and amiable King Alfred, in whom

learning and authorship graced the royal state without interfering with its proper duties. His name is and will be revered in every country of the world where and as long as the English language is written and spoken. He was the noblest of the aristocracy of men, and had breathed into him the breath of the sublime. Here is a pretty little song of his on "Summer is Coming In," modernised by Warton, which shows his reflective powers. Logan, you see, was not the first to immortalise the song of the "Cuckoo." This is the first manuscript musical song that is found in our literature. It proves that the king had a deep insight into nature, and was an admirer of her simple loveliness. No one will ever know how much English literature is indebted to Gildas, Nennius, Caedmon, Bede, and King Alfred. Eloquence will never know how much it is indebted to Boadicea, Galgacus, Caractacus, and many other ancient Britons:—

"SUMMER IS COMING IN.

Summer is coming in,
Loud sing, cuckoo;
Groweth seed, groweth mead,
And springeth the wood new.
Sing cuckoo, cuckoo.
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth calf after cow,
Bullock starteth, buck departeth,
Merry sing, cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo.
Well singeth the cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo;
Nor cease to sing now;
Sing, cuckoo, now,
Sing, cuckoo."

Another little poem of his is entitled, "Good Night," modernised by M. Kemble.

"GOOD NIGHT

"The night-helm grew dusky,
Dark over the vassals;
The court all rose,
The mingled-haired
Old seyling
Would visit his bed.
The Great wished the
Renowned warrior to rest
Immeasurably well.
Soon him the foreigner,
Weary of his journey,

The hall-thane guideth forth,
 Who, after a fitting manner,
 Provided all that
 The thane needed,
 Whatsoever that day
 The sailors over the deep
 Should have.
 The magnanimous warrior rested,
 The house rose aloft,
 Carved and variegated with gold :
 The stranger slept therein
 Until the pale raven,
 Blithe of heart,
 Announced the joy of heaven,
 The bright sun, to come."

King Alfred also translated into English "Beowulf," the oldest heroic poem in the Germanic languages, and one of the earliest relics of English literature, was originally composed (according to Kemble) about the time of the Teutonic invasions of England, though the extant copy is probably not of earlier date than the 7th century.

The old epic, written on the mainland, sets before us the doughty deeds of an Englishman before his tribe had come to Britain. Throughout there is the most ample recognition of a righteous and over-ruling God, and the whole of the wild creations of Norse mythology are derived from Cain, the first murderer. The poem consists of 6,357 lines, and, besides its philological value, is interesting from its wild energy and picturesque glimpses of the old Northern hero-life. Here is an extract from "Beowulf" relating to his voyage to Denmark, entitled "The Sailing of Beowulf," translated by W. Taylor:—

"Famous was Beowulf;
 Wide sprang the blood
 Which the heir of the Shylds
 Shed on the land.
 His ship they bore out
 To the hum of the ocean,
 And his comrades sat down
 At their oars as he bade :
 A word would control
 His good fellows the Shylds.
 Then all the people
 Cheered their loved lord,
 The giver of bracelets.
 On the deck of the ship
 He stood by the mast."

tells how Beowulf, nephew of the King of the Geatas (Goths of South Sweden) sails in a "foamy necked"

over the 'swan path' to Hrothgar, King of Denmark whose residence, named Heort, is ravaged by a grim stranger, Grendel, a mighty hunter in the marshes. Beowulf tells the king he will watch for Grendel by night alone. Grendel enters the hall, and, as he is impervious to steel, Beowulf tears his arm from his shoulder and drives him into fenland. The conqueror is rewarded with praises and gifts; but Grendel's mother devours a friend of the king's by night, and changes joy to lamentations. This female monster dwells in a ghostly land, which is powerfully described. Beowulf determines to seek her. "Better 'tis," he says, "for everyone that he his friend avenge, than that he greatly mourn. Each of us must an end await of this world's life; let him who can work high deeds ere death." He plunges beneath a gloomy flood, passes hideous monsters, and meets and slays "the she-wolf of the abyss, the mighty sea-woman." He is afterwards made King of the Geátas, rules for fifty years, is slain in fight with a fiery dragon, and is buried on a headland overlooking the sea, in accordance with his request that they should raise him a mound, "at the sea's naze, that seafarers afterwards may call it Beowulf's mound, those who their foamy barks over the mist of floods drive from afar." The Geátas lamented his fall, bewailing him as the mildest and kindest of kings and men.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the CHAIRMAN said:—Boadicea and Caractacus belonged to a people called Cymry, who seem to have been a very capable and eloquent nation, the more so, I think, in the past than in the present. I take the Welsh people to be their descendants, and so far as Galgacus was concerned, he belonged to the Gaelic race, and the Gaelic people seem to have been more eloquent than the Cymry. They seem to have come from Gaul to the western coasts of Ireland, and then to have gone into the highlands of Scotland, and I think we all know what a very amusing and witty people the Irish are.

Mr. FORD moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Costley, and, in doing so, said:—We are greatly indebted to Mr. Costley for the series of lectures, not on account of the writings alone, but for the spirit in which they are given. The subject of to-night's lecture is a very uncommon one, and it required great courage for anyone to attempt to deal with it. It is to be hoped that what we have heard to-night will stimulate some of us to study past history. I consider that a perusal of the Bible and the works of Shakespeare is sufficient to enable anyone to acquire a good knowledge of the English language, at all events, all that is good and noble in it. What Mr. Costley has told us, leads us,

as it were, from ancient times to present, and to the future.

Mr. J. M. M'ELROY seconded the motion. This, he said, is the first lecture of the series I have attended, and I have been very interested in it indeed. I have known Mr. Costley for some time. I consider him to be an exceptionally gifted man, inasmuch as his capacities are so widely divergent as to embrace good business capacities, and capacities of no mean order for literature. It is not often we find a business man who has such a deep and varied acquaintance with literature as Mr. Costley has, nor is it often we find a man who is so ready and willing to impart his knowledge in the way Mr. Costley has done by getting up this series of lectures. He therefore deserves our very heartiest thanks.

Mr. ALFRED GRUNDY in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, remarked that he had listened to the lecture with very great interest indeed, and he thought it the best he had ever heard Mr. Costley deliver.

Mr. KNOTT seconded and said: Mr. Slater has not fallen behind his predecessors in the chair in the manner in which he has acquitted himself. I rather liked the selection from Boadicea. I think it was an admirable selection; it was, perhaps, rather lengthy, but could not have been very well curtailed. It was the hatred that the Britishers had of serfdom that determined them if possible, not to allow the Romans to inflict their yoke upon them. They recognised the truth that "He who would be free must first himself strike the blow." It seems to me the Romans were a people who had an appetite for conquest, and that appetite seemed to grow by what it was fed upon.

The motion was carried with acclamation.

The Late Dr. Wilson,
WITH SOME REMARKS ABOUT
Eminent Medical Men.

"Hotel Dieu."—The House of God ; the name of an Hospital.

"Physicians, when they have found out the cause of disease consider they have found out the cure."—CICERO.

"Medicines are not meant to feed on."—PROVERB.

THE LATE DR. WILSON: WITH SOME REMARKS ABOUT EMINENT MEDICAL MEN.

"The spirit of medicine is easy to master; you study through the great and little worlds to let it go in the end as God pleases."—GOETHE.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree, and soundest casuists doubt, like you and me."—POPE.

"By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death will seize the doctor too."—SHAKESPEARE.

"He who cures a disease may be the skilfullest, but he that prevents it is the safest physician."—T. FULLER.

At the Pendleton Town Hall, on Thursday evening, February 13th, 1896, Mr. Thomas Costley delivered the ninth of a series of lectures, the subject being "The late Dr. Wilson," of Pendleton, with some remarks about eminent medical men. At the commencement Dr. Bailey occupied the chair.

The CHAIRMAN said: Though I cannot claim to have known the late Dr. Wilson, yet, having taken his practice, I have had plenty of opportunities of hearing what his patients and friends thought about him. I could not help being struck by hearing how much they admired and respected him. All classes of his late patients, rich and poor, seem to have had the highest regard and respect for him. Mr. Costley, to-night, is to give us a lecture on the late doctor, and I am sure no one is better qualified than he to do this, seeing that he was such an old friend of Dr. Wilson.

Mr. COSTLEY said: At the outset I should like to observe that fifteen years have rolled away since I first became acquainted with Dr. Wilson. I called upon him on business, and was at once taken up with him. The more we came to know each other the better we liked each other. I must say that a more genuine, a more earnest, and a more trustworthy friend, I have never had. In season and out of season he studied the welfare of those who, in their sickness, God had placed under his care. He was always thinking of his patients, except when he was drowned in sleep. Dr. Wilson had some of those fine characteristics so beautifully described by John Ruskin in "Unto this Last," which he contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*. In that contribution Ruskin refers to the professions, and compares them with merchants. Ruskin says the professions will do something for nothing, but that the merchants will not do anything for nothing. They

want their commission or their profit on every transaction. However, the editor of the *Cornhill* wrote to Ruskin, informing him that he must not send any more similar contributions to that magazine, on the ground that many letters of complaint had been received from readers, who threatened to discontinue subscribing to the periodical if any more such articles appeared in its columns. Ruskin then commenced to publish himself. In other papers that author said that a lawyer—as bad as many people thought he was—would take up and work out a case for the love of it, before he gets paid for it. Ruskin says that a soldier will fight for his Queen and country, although he knows he is not being paid for the sacrifice of his life. The same author says of a medical man, that he will go his round, and study his patients, and try to cure them for the love that he has for the patients themselves. He knows, as sure as night follows day, that many of his patients will not pay him for his skill and labour. Dr. Wilson was one of those. He went into districts and into houses that I know very well, and the doctor knew he would never get paid for his services. Still he gave as much attention to every patient as though he would be paid in solid money. A profession which includes in its membership such men as the late Dr. Wilson is a noble profession—in fact, the nobility of the profession can be proved by the services of a very large number of distinguished medical men. Many—very many—of these men have also distinguished themselves in literature, science, and art.

We have had medical men who have been poets, others statesmen, and others who have been orators— orators of no uncertain sound— orators of a fine, splendid type, in nearly every age of the world's history. I feel thankful that Dr. Wilson, although he was not a man of any great literary ability, had an admiration for everything that was great and noble. It was the nobler portion of the medical profession to which I have no hesitation in saying Dr. Wilson belonged. I know well that in Pendleton and the district there are many who have almost tasted the bitterness of death, but have been cured by the deceased doctor. As I told you at the outset, when I first went to see Dr. Wilson it was on a matter of business. The Doctor said to me, "Well, you want more for doing your work than is asked by the gentleman who has just left me." I said "Doctor, if a man does work he ought to be well paid for it, and I cannot undertake the work in question unless I am well paid for my labour." After some correspondence, the doctor decided to entrust the work to me, because, as he subsequently explained, he thought I should serve

him better than the other person. There is a friendship apart from business—a friendship which business cannot make or destroy. It is not money or property that creates friendship, but two loving spirits. (Applause.) I say that true friendship is as immortal as God himself, and as perfectly a true friendship existed between Dr. Wilson and myself as ever existed between David and Jonathan. It was thought by some people that Dr. Wilson sneered at religion, and cared nothing for it. I know he didn't like what you may call the priest that loved money and wealth. He liked a priest—I speak of priests generally—who was after the style of Chaucer's parson of the town; of Goldsmith's parson in "The Deserted Village," or of Tennyson's parson in "The May Queen." If a clergyman had not the characteristics of those parsons, he didn't like them, as I know you don't.

It has been claimed for the medical profession that the union of the functions of doctor and priest was a normal trait in early societies, the priest being the recognised doctor in some nationalities, as we know the medicinal effects wrought by plants were originally attributed to the spirits dwelling in them, and the medicine men of uncivilised people have always combated disease by driving out evil spirits as well as by the application of natural remedies. I consider, however, that the physician originated from the priest properly so-called, who dealt with ghosts, not antagonistically, but sympathetically. Doubtless a close connection existed from very early times between medical treatment and the belief in the efficiency of supernatural means for the cure of disease, and indeed, save among the most civilised peoples, it still, to some extent, continues. The great philosophical poet, Lucretius, imagines and describes for us the first rude attempts of prehistoric man to repair the injuries received in conflict with wild beasts, according to Aulus Cornelius Celsus, a Latin physician, who lived about the year 50 of our era, and wrote on medicine. The most backward tribes have never been without their remedies for wounds and general ailments. The healing art, he says, is coeval and coextensive with humanity; but of its great divisions, surgery and medicine, the former was incomparably the earlier, and in practise the more effective. The Israelites were in medical practice followers of the Egyptians, and with the priesthood attended to the sick. Cleanliness was the distinctive note of their medicine, till from the Egyptians it became merged in the Greek, and later in the Arabian.

Pythagoras and other philosophers mixed up a little practical medicine with their speculative doc-

trines. At the end of the sixth century we hear of a famous Greek physician, Democedes, curing the king of Persia when the Egyptian physicians failed, and at the end of the fifth century a Greek, Ktesias, was physician to the Persian court, and Hippocrates wrote his famous works. Of those who in earliest times exercised the healing art in Assyria, Babylonia, Phoenicia, India, and China, we know nothing. In Chaldea, in the 7th century B.C., it would appear that charms and magic were chiefly depended upon, though medicines were given. Moreover, if the supernatural method of healing were in the domain of the priest, it would be only natural that he should likewise take upon himself the use of natural remedies also, the more so because he would often have special opportunities of acquiring all the known information concerning natural remedies. However, I will, without further preface, again proceed to speak of the gentleman whose name appears in the title of my lecture.

The late Dr. Wilson, who must have been known to many of my hearers, was the son of Professor Wilson, D.D., of Belfast. Educated at Queen's College, the deceased gentleman rapidly acquired his degree of M.D. and other distinctions. About 25 years ago he commenced practice and established dispensaries in co. Derry, which he carried on for some years. Removing to Loughborough, in Leicestershire, he established himself for a time prior to removing to Pendleton, about 15 years ago. He had achieved celebrity as a medical author, and was the writer of a series of notes on the hospital treatment of skin-diseases—a subject in which he had taken a deep interest, accentuated during a voyage to Africa on a steamship of which he was the medical officer. Caring little for the general run of public matters, his whole time was devoted to the welfare of the patients under his care, as I have said before, to whom, very often, he gave an amount of attention in inverse proportion to their powers of payment. His medical skill was so often in requisition by the late coroner, Mr. F. Price, that Dr. Wilson became familiarly known as "the Coroner's Medical Officer." For many years he discharged this duty, and among the celebrated cases with which his name is associated, is that of the Pendleton murder case, some years ago. His evidence was invariably reduced to written form with care and precision. Despite the absence of that suavity of demeanour common to nearly all medical men, the late Dr. Wilson had a fund of pungent wit, which he frequently brought into play in the sick room. He had a budget of humour at hand to distribute at will to chase away the pain of

those in sickness placed under his care. No more devoted member ever belonged to a noble profession. He read the latest works that were published on all sorts of maladies of body and brain. He healed disease for the love of alleviating pain, and he died a martyr to his profession. The last time he made his usual calls, one lady observed that he looked exceedingly ill, and ought to be at home and nursing himself instead of attending to her infirmities. I saw him myself the same day, and he wobbled to and fro as if he was going to fall. He loved the great men of the world almost to worship. That French monster, Napoleon, was the greatest among the immortals in his eyes. Prints of the paintings by Meissonier lavishly decorated the walls of his house, for some of which he paid large sums ungrudgingly. Although his name will not live like Garth and Arbuthnot in the literature of the world, nevertheless it will be cherished with fond remembrance by his patients and friends. He cured several persons to my knowledge who had almost tasted the bitterness of death. As I have said before, he developed the somewhat nominal practice of Dr. Hindle at premises adjoining the branch of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, Broad-street, Pendleton, with the result that it yielded him at one time a handsome income. So great was his popularity that, about a year ago, when an unfounded report was spread as to his death, quite a sensation took place among the hands at Sir Elkanah Armitage and Sons' mills. The reason of this, as a gentleman told the manager of the mills, was because the doctor was thoroughly devoted to his profession, giving as much attention to the very poorest patient as he did to the richest, although there might be no prospect of payment. As an instance of the fidelity of Dr. Wilson in regard to his patients, it may be mentioned that he often attended them when he was himself ill, as I have said before. Thanks to his generosity, not only the local poor, but the funds of St. Thomas' and St. George's Churches received no mean amount of help. The Rev. S. D. Rees (rector of St. George's), was amongst the earliest to pay a kindly visit to the doctor. For some time prior to Dr. Wilson's death, which took place at the early age of 49 years, he was attended by Professor Dreschfeld, and occasionally by Dr. Nesbitt, of Old Trafford. Much sympathy was felt in Pendleton with the widow, children, and the relatives. What Carlyle said of Carmille Desmoulins might with truth be said of our subject:—"He was a fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay, humour, one of the sprightliest, cleverest souls." I will now draw these remarks on Dr. Wilson to a close by paraphrasing Burns' epitaph on Captain Matthew

termed "critical days." He laid great stress upon diet and regimen, and often these were the only medicines he administered to his patients, which laid him open to the charge of allowing them to die without doing anything to keep them alive.

It is now time that I should leave the ancient doctors and introduce you to a few of the most eminent modern practitioners.

CASE.

Dr. John Case was a celebrated astrologer and quack. He was a contemporary of Radcliffe, and they were boon companions. When dining together one day, Radcliffe said: "Here, Brother Case, I drink to all the fools—your patients." "Thank you," said Case, "let me have the fools, and you are welcome to the rest of the practice." This was the quack who is said to have received more through the following distich placed over his door, than did Dryden for all his poetry:—

"Within this place,
Lives Dr. Case."

He affixed the following couplet to all his pill-boxes:—

"Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence, enough
for any man's conscience."

He published several works besides the "Angelical Guide." This professes to show men and women their lot and chances in this elementary life. Granger, in his "Biographical History," has the following observations on the "Angelical Guide":—"It is one of the most profound astrological pieces that the world ever saw. The diagrams would probably have puzzled Euclid, though he had studied astrology. I have seen Dr. Case's head posted into a port-folio, amidst the diagrams, with the following motto: 'Throned in the centre of his dark designs.'" Immediately after the unintelligible hieroglyphic inscribed "Adam in Paradise," is the passage which I have selected as a specimen of the work: "Thus Adam was created in that pleasant place, Paradise, about the year before Christ 4002, viz., on April 24th, at 12 o'clock, or midnight. Now this place Paradise is in Mesopotamia, where the pole is elevated 24 deg., 30 min., and the sun rises four hours sooner than under the elevation of the pole at London."

HARVEY.

"Harvey is entitled to the glory of having made, by reasoning alone, without any mixture of accident, a capital discovery in one of the most important branches of science."—HULME.

William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was born at Folkestone, Kent, 1578. His father was a yeoman. After six years attendance at the Grammar School, Harvey, being then 16 years of age, was entered at Caius College, Cambridge. He took the first degree of arts in 1597, and having selected physic for his profession, left Cambridge and went to Padua, the most celebrated school of medicine in the world. Having passed five years at that school he returned to England, and obtaining his diploma as doctor of medicine in 1602, he settled in London, while holding the position as physician to the St. Bartholomew Hospital and the Lumleian Lecturer at the College of Physicians, an office then held for life. In his first course of lectures in 1616, he expounded those original and complete views of the circulation of the blood. We learn from Aubrey that he accompanied Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, in his embassy to the Emperor, and during this journey he demonstrated to Caspar Hoffman, the professor of Nurnberg, and one of the chief opponents to his views, the anatomical particulars which made the circulation of the blood a necessary conclusion, a demonstration which it is reported was satisfactory to all present, save Hoffman himself, who still continued to urge futile objections. He attended King Charles I. in his various expeditions, and was present with him at the battle of Edgehill. During the fight, says Aubrey, he took a book out of his pocket and read. But he had not read very long before a bullet from a great gun grazed the ground near him, which made him move his station. He accompanied the King after the battle to Oxford. In 1645, by order of the King's mandate, he was elected warden of Merton College, but on the surrender of Oxford to the Parliament in 1646, he left the University and returned to London. He was now 68 years of age, and seems to have withdrawn from practice and from all further participation in the fortunes of his royal master. During the remainder of his life he was the guest of one of his brothers, a man of wealth and high standing in the City. It was here that Dr. Ent visited him, and after many difficulties obtained the manuscript of his work on the generations of animals. In July he resigned his Lumleian Lectureship, which he had held for 40 years, and in taking leave of the college, presented to it his patrimonial estate of

Burmarsh, in Kent, then valued at £56 per annum. He died of gout in London, 1657, and was buried in a vault at Hampstead, in Essex, which his brother had built.

The physicians of Charles the Second's day were jolly fellows. They made deep drinking and intrigue part of their profession as well as of their practice. Their books contain arguments in favour of indulgence which their passions suggested, and the taste of the times approved.

WHITTAKER.

Tobias Whitaker and John Archer, both physicians-ordinary to the "Merry Monarch," were representative men of their class. Whitaker, a Norfolk man, practised with success at Norwich before going up to London. He published a discourse upon waters that proved him very ignorant on the subject; and a treatise on the properties of wine that is a much better testimony to the soundness of his understanding. Prefixed to his "Elenchus of Opinions on Smallpox," is a portrait that represents him as a well-looking fellow. That he was a sincere and discerning worshipper of Bacchus, is shown by his "Tree of Human Life, or the Blood of the Grape." In which he seeks to prove the possibility of maintaining human life from infancy to extreme old age without any sicknesses by the use of wine. In this work (sold, by the way, in the author's shop—"Pope's Head Alley") we read of wine—"This is the physick that doth not dull, but sets a true edge upon nature, after operation leaveth no venomous contact. Sure, I am, this was ancient physick, else what meant Avicenna, Rhazes, and Averroes, to move the body twice every month with the same; as it is familiar to nature so they used it familiarly. As for my own experience, though I have not lived yet so long as to love excesse, yet have I seen such powerful effects, both on myself and others, as if I could render no other reason, they were enough to persuade me of its excellencie, seeing extenuated withered bodies by it caused to be faire, fresh, plump, and fat; old and infirme to be young and sound, when as water or small-beer drinkers look like apes rather than men."

ARCHER.

John Archer, born 1614, the author of "Every Man His Own Doctor," and "Secrets Disclosed," was an advocate of generous diet and enlightened sensuality. His place of business was "a chamber in a sadler's house over against the 'Black Horse,' nigh Charing Cross," where his hours of attendance for some years were from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day. On setting up

a house at Knightsbridge, where he resided in great style, he shortened the number of hours daily passed in London. In 1684, he announced in one of his works—"For these and other directions you may send to the author, at his chamber against the Mews by Charing Cross, who is certainly there from twelve to four; at other times at his house at Knightsbridge, being a mile from Charing Cross, where is good air for cure of consumptions, melancholy, and other infirmities." He had also a business established in Winchester-street, near Gresham College, next door to the Fleece Tavern. Indeed, physician-in-ordinary to the King though he was, he did not think it beneath him to keep a number of apothecaries' shops, and, like Whitaker, to live by the sale of drugs, as well as fees. His cordial diet drink was advertised as costing 2s. 6d. per quart; for a box containing 30 morbus pills the charge was 5s.; forty corroborating pills were to be had for the same sum. Like Dr. Everard, he recommended his patients to smoke, saying that "tobacco smoke purified the air from infectious malignancy by its fragrantcy, sweetened the breath, strengthened the brain and memory, and revived the sight to admiration." He sold tobacco of a superior quality to the ordinary article of commerce, at 2s. and 1s. an ounce. "The order of taking it is, like other tobacco, at any time; its virtues may be perceived by taking one pipe, after which you will spit more, and your mouth will be drier than after common tobacco, which you may moisten by drinking any warm drink, as coffee, etc., or with sugar-candy, liquorish, or a raisin, and you will find yourself much refreshed."

Whilst Whitaker and Archer were advising men to smoke and drink, another physician of the Court was inventing a stomach brush, in some respects much like the bottle brush with which fly poison ought to be taken from the interior of black bottles before wine is committed to them. This instrument was pushed down the gullet, and then poked about and turned round, much in the same way as a chimney-sweeper's brush is handled by a dexterous operator on soot. It was recommended that gentlemen should thus sweep out their insides, not oftener than once a week, but not less frequently than once a month. The curious may find not only a detailed description, but an engraved likeness, of this remarkable stomach brush in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xx., for the year 1750.

It would be unfair to take leave of Dr. Archer without mentioning his three inventions, on which he justly prided himself not a little. He constructed a hot steam bath, an oven "which doth with a small faggot bake a good quantity of anything," and "a compleat charriot that shall with any ordinary horse

run swift with four or five people within, and there is place for more without, all of which one horse can as easily draw as two horses." In these days of vapour baths, bachelors' kettles, and broughams, surely Dr. Archer ought to have a statue by the side of Jenner in Trafalgar Square.

FRIEND.

The doctors of Queen Anne's time, I am sorry to say, were of even looser morals than their immediate predecessors. In taverns, over wine, they received patients and apothecaries. It became fashionable—a fashion that has lasted down to the present day—for a physician to scratch down his prescriptions illegibly, the mode, in all probability arising from the fact that a doctor's hand was usually too unsteady to write distinctly.

Dr. Friend continually visited his patients in a state of intoxication. To one lady of high rank he came in such a state of confusion, that when in her room he could only grumble to himself, "Drunk—drunk—drunk—by God!" Fortunately the fair patient was suffering from the same malady as her doctor, who (as she learned from her maid on returning to consciousness) had made the above bluff comment on her case, and then had gone away. The next day Friend was sitting in a penitent state over his tea, debating what apology he should offer to his aristocratic patient, when he was relieved from his perplexity by the arrival of a note from the lady herself, enclosing a handsome fee, imploring Dr. Friend to keep her secret, and to visit her during the day. On another occasion Friend wrote a prescription for a member of an important family when his faculties were so evidently beyond his control that Dr. Mead was sent for. On arriving, Mead, with a characteristic delicacy towards his professional friend, took up the tipsy man's prescription, and, having looked at it, said, "'Pon my honour, Dr. Friend can write a better prescription when drunk than I can when sober."

RADCLIFFE.

Dr. John Radcliffe (born 1630) was a native of Wakefield, and physician to Queen Mary in 1694. He was so much in advance of his time that, when he was sent to attend on her Majesty when seized with small-pox, he exclaimed, on being shown the prescription of the Court physician, "She is a dead woman!" His blunt reply to the King is well known. His Majesty was afflicted with dropsy, and showed Dr. Radcliffe his swollen ankles, asking, "What do you think of *these*?" He replied, "Why, truly, I would not have

your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms." Radcliffe as an eater was a gourmand, not a gourmet. When Prince Eugene of Savoy came over to England on a diplomatic mission, his nephew, the Chevalier de Soissons, fell into the fashion of the town, roaming it at night in search of frays—a roaring, swaggering Mohock. The sprightly Chevalier took it into his head that it would be a pleasant thing to thrash a watchman, so he squared up to one and threatened to kill him. Instead of succumbing, the watchman returned his assailant's blows and gave him an awful thrashing. The next day, what with the mauling he had undergone, and what with *delirium tremens*, the merry roisterer was declared by his physician, Sieur Swartenburgh, to be in a dying state. Radcliffe was called in, and, acting on his almost invariable rule, told Prince Eugene that the young man must die, because Swartenburgh had maltreated him. The prophecy was true, if the criticism was not. The chevalier died, and was buried amongst the Ormond family in Westminster Abbey—it being given out to the public that he had died of small-pox.

Prince Eugene conceived a strong liking for Radcliffe, and dined with him at the doctor's residence. The dinner Radcliffe put before his guest is expressive of the coarseness both of the times and the man. On the table the only viands were barons of beef, juggedts of mutton, legs of pork, and such other ponderous masses of butcher's stuff, which no one can look at without discomfort, when the first edge had been taken off the appetite. Prince Eugene expressed himself delighted with "the food and liquors."

ARBUTHNOT.

"One of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest, of mankind."—THACKERAY.

John Arbuthnot, a physician and wit, was born at Arbuthnot in Kincardineshire, Scotland, in 1667. He studied medicine at Aberdeen, but took his M.D. at St. Andrews (1696). He removed soon after to London, and there supported himself by teaching mathematics. In 1697 he published an examination of Dr. Woodward's account of the Deluge, which brought him into notice as a man of no common ability. In 1715, along with Pope, he assisted Gay in "Three Hours after Marriage," a farce that, in spite of the trio of wits, proved a complete failure. He was part author of a brilliant satire, entitled: "The Memoirs of Martinus Scribblerus." In 1712 he published a history of John Bull which has very often been imitated. In 1731 he

essay on Ailments, and in 1733 one concerning the effects of Air on the Human Body. He died on the 27th of February, 1735, just eight years after he had delivered the Harveian oration.

Dr. John Arbuthnot was Queen Anne's favourite physician, and the friend of Swift and Pope. When once the Queen asked him what the time was, he replied, bowing to the ground, "Whatever it may please your Majesty."

Dr. Johnson has asserted that no one was ever wiser, better, or merrier for reading the "Memoirs of Scribblers." During the last illness of Queen Anne, in 1714, Drs. Arbuthnot and Mead attended Her Majesty; to this, Gay, the poet, alludes to in the "Prologue to the Shepherd's Week."

"This leech Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept,
But watched our gracious Sovereign still;
For who could rest while she was ill."

Swift replied to a lady who desired to know his opinion concerning Arbuthnot, "He has more wit than we all have, and his humanity is equal to his wit." In one of his poems he laments that he is

"Far from his kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art but not his trade."

Pope declared that he was fitter to live or die than any man he knew. Chambers, in his "Encyclopædia of English Literature," says that his oddities and absurdities about the education of Arbuthnot's son are fully equal to Sterne. Useful hints are thrown out amidst the ridicule and pedantry of Scribblers, and what are termed object lessons in some schools may have been derived from such ludicrous passages as the following:—"The old gentleman so contrived it to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call 'travelling at home.' He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came."

Pope's immortal "Prologue to the Satires" is addressed to Dr. Arbuthnot:—

Friend to my life (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song),
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped.
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read, me dead.
 Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I,
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie!
 To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
 And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
 I sit with sad civility; I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your peace nine years."

MOUNSEY.

James Mounsey, born 1692, was Garrick's doctor, and sharp and keen was the encounter of their wits, until one day they quarrelled. Lord Bath made an attempt to reconcile the two old friends. "I thank you," said Mounsey, "but why will your lordship trouble yourself with squabbles of a Merry Andrew and a quack doctor?" In conversation with a farrier one day, Mounsey remarked that among the difficulties of his profession was that of discovering the maladies of children, because they could not explain the symptoms of the disease. "Your difficulties are not greater than mine," replied the farrier, "for my patients, the horses, are equally unable to explain their complaints." "Ah," said Mounsey, "my brother doctor must conquer me, as he brought his cavalry against my infantry." Mounsey was a strong Unitarian. He was once conversing upon religion with a certain Mr. Robinson, who said, "Why, doctor, I frequently meet people who don't believe there is a God." "And I," replied the doctor, "often talk with people who believe there are three."

GARTH,

"Garth, the best good Christian he,
 Although he knows it not."

I will now mention Sir Samuel Garth, who was born 1670. He was a native of Yorkshire, educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, took the degree of M.D. in 1691, and was admitted a Fellow, June 26th, 1693. In 1687 he commenced a great dispute between the physicians and apothecaries; the apothecaries opposing the design of the physicians to furnish the poor with advice gratis and medicines at prime cost. To hold the apothecaries up to public reprobation and ridicule, Garth published, in 1699, his satirical poem

"*Dispensary*," which pleased the town so very much that it went through several editions in a *very short time*. The "*Dispensary*" is a mock heroic poem in six cantos. Garth also wrote the epilogue to *Tragedy of Cato*, which ends with the following pleasing lines:—

When once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
None then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy free transport in his chains;
None with success their own soft language tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to dessert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son."

It is said that Garth is now interesting chiefly for his versification as a connecting link between Dryden and Pope. The following extract is from a grand illoquient address of Colocynthus, a keen apothecary:—

Could'st thou propose that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards and who unpeople states,
Who baffle Nature and dispose of lives
Whilst Russel, as we please, or starves or thrives
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consultation scarce can skill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth Street, Versailles, with riding-hoods;
The sick to the Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air.
Our properties must on our arms defend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar, death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought the insults of death defy;
The fools through blessed insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty."

Most physicians would now disdain to give dietetic instructions to a patient beyond the most general

directions; but there are cases where, even in these days, they stoop to do so, with advantage to themselves and their patients.

"I have ordered twelve dinners this morning," a cheery little doctor said to the writer of these pages, on the white cliffs of a well-known seaside.

"Indeed; I did not know that was your business?"

"But it is—a host of rich old invalids come down here to be medicinally treated. They can't be happy without good living, and yet are so ignorant of the science and art of eating, that they don't know how to distinguish between a luxurious and pernicious diet, and a luxurious and wholesome one. They flock to the 'Duke's Hotel,' and I always tell the landlord what they are to have. Each dinner costs three or four guineas. They'd grudge them, and their consciences would be uneasy at spending so much money, if they ordered the dinners themselves. But when they regard the fare as medicine recommended by the doctor, there is no drawback to their enjoyment of it. Their confidence in me is unbounded.

The bottle and the board were once the doctor's two favourite companions. More than one eminent physician died in testifying his affection for them. In the days of tipling they were the most persevering of tavern haunters. No wonder that some of them were as fat as Daniel Lambert, and that even more died sudden deaths from apoplexy. The obesity of Dr. Stafford was celebrated in an epitaph—

"Take heed, oh, good traveller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. Stafford in all this churchyard."

Dr. Beddoes was so stout that the Clifton ladies used to call him their "walking feather-bed." Dr. Fleming weighed twenty stones and eleven pounds, till he reduced his weight by abstinence from the delicacies of the table, and by taking a quarter-of-an-ounce of common Castile soap every night. Dr. Cheyne's weight was thirty-two stone, till he cured himself by persevering in a temperate diet. Laughing at two unwieldy noblemen whose corpulence was the favourite jest of all the wits in the court, Louis XV. said to one of them, "I suppose you take little or no exercise?" "Your Majesty will pardon me," replied the bulky duke, "for I generally walk two or three times every morning."

Sir Theodore Mayerne, who, though he was the most eminent physician of his time, did not disdain to write "Excellent and Well-Approved Receipts in Cookery, with the Best Way of Preserving," was killed by tavern wine. He died, after returning from supper in a Strand hotel, his immediate friends attributing his unexpected death to the quality of the

beverage, but others, less charitable, setting it down to the quantity.

Not many years ago, about a score surgeons were dining together at a tavern, when, about five minutes after some very "particular port" had been sent round for the first time, they all fell back in their chairs, afflicted, in various degrees, with sickness, vertigo, and spasms. A more pleasant sight for the waiters could hardly be conceived. One after one the gentlemen were conveyed to beds or sofas. Unfortunately for the startling effect which the story would otherwise have produced, they none of them expired. The next day they remembered that, instead of relishing the "particular port," they had detected a very unpleasant smack in it. The black bottles were demanded from the trembling landlord, when chemical analysis soon discovered that they had been previously used for fly-poison, and had not been properly cleansed. A fine old crust of such a kind is little to be desired.

It would, perhaps, have been well had old Butler, a well-known medical man, met with a similar mishap, if it had only made him a less obstinate frequenter of beershops. He loved tobacco, deeming it—

"A physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
'Tis a hot perfume,
That expels cold Rheume,
And makes it flow down quickly."

It is on record that he made one of his patients smoke twenty-five pipes at a sitting; but, fond though he was of tobacco, he was yet fonder of beer. He invented a drink called "Butler's Ale," afterwards sold at the "Butler's Head," in Mason's Alley, Basinghall-street, London; indeed, he was a sad old scamp. Nightly he would go to the tavern, and drink deeply for hours, till his maid-servant, "Old Nell," came between nine and ten o'clock and fetched him home, scolding him all the way for being such a sot. But though Butler liked ale and wine for himself, he thought highly of water for other people. When he occupied rooms in the Savoy, looking over the Thames, a gentleman afflicted with an ague came to consult him. Butler tipped the wink to his servants, who flung the sick man in the twinkling of an eye slap out of the window into the river. We are asked to believe that "the surprise absolutely cured" the patient of his malady.

HILL.

I will now introduce to you the famous doctor, Sir John Hill, who flourished in London in 1716. He wrote several farces, which were severely handled by the critics of the day, and gave rise to this epigram:—

"For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is ;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is."

Sir John made a great deal of money by the sale of a patent medicine, the principal ingredients of which were sage and honey, which is hit off in the following lines:—

'A writer on snuff, valerian, and sage,
The greatest impostor and quack of his age;
The punishment ordered for all such sad crimes,
Is to take his own physic and read his own rhymes."

AKENSIDE.

Mark Akenside, poet and physician, was born in 1721 at Newcastle. He was the son of a butcher, and at the age of 17 he was accidentally lamed for life by a side of mutton falling on him in his father's shop. He was destined for the Presbyterian Church, and in 1739 was sent to study theology at Edinburgh, but soon abandoned it for medicine. He graduated as a physician in 1744, and practised in London. His success was not great, owing to his pedantic manner; but at Leyden he had formed an intimacy with a person in the name of Dyson, who allowed him £300 a year. He was physician to the Queen for nine years. In his 18th year he began his didactic poem, entitled "Pleasures of the Imagination" is owing to poem, and whatever celebrity is attached to his name, though his Hymn to the Naiads is his finest production. William Whitehead speaks of Akenside as—

"Him whose muse
Now builds the lofty rhyme, and, nobly wild,
Crops each unfading flower from Pindar's brow,
To form fresh garlands for the Naiad train."

Smollett sketched Akenside as the pedant who gives an entertainment after the manner of the ancients. Akenside has abundance of gay colouring and high-sounding words, filling the eye oftener than the imagination, and the ear oftener than either. He has little originality. One is carried along by the rapid and stately march of lofty images and ideas, but all is cumbrous and cloudy. He died in London, June 23, 1770. Here is a beautiful thought of his on the rainbow:—

"Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal tinctured hues,
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams, gleaming from the west,
Fall on the watery cloud, whose dark veil
Involves the Orient."

DARWIN.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin, an ingenious, philosophical, though fanciful poet, was born at Elston, near Newark, in 1731. Having passed with credit through a course of education at St. John's College, Cambridge, he applied himself to the study of physic, and took his degree of Bachelor-in-Medicine at Edinburgh in 1755. The following is a beautiful extract from Darwin's principal poem, entitled, "The Botanic Garden":—

"From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves,
How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honied lips enamoured woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds—ye rustling leaves be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl.
Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxy cells?"

This is an exquisitely sweet melodious verse, and an ingenious subtle fancy. A few passages have moral sentiment and human interest united to the same powers of vivid painting and expression.

"Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeable form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!"

JEBB.

Dr. John Jebb was one of the physicians of George III. He made himself unpopular by the roughness of his manners and curt speeches. So greatly prized were his services, however, that few ventured to retort, but upon one occasion he was rebuked by a patient for his rudeness. He curtly replied, "Sir, it is my way." "Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make that your way." In those days people indulged in epitaphs that did not spare the feelings of the deceased. The following quaint lines was written for John Jebb's epitaph:—

"Here, caught in deathless web,
Lies the great Dr. Jebb,
Who got gold dust like Astley Cooper.
Did you speak about diet,
He would kick up a riot,
And swear like a madman or trooper.
"When he wanted your money,
Like sugar or honey,
Sir John looked happy and placid;
Having once touched the cash,
He was testy and rash,
And his money was turned to an acid."

FORDYCE.

George Fordyce, like Radcliffe, was fond of substantial fare. For more than 20 years he dined daily at Dolly's Chop House. The dinner he there consumed was his only meal during the four and twenty hours, but its bulk would have kept a boa-constrictor happy for a twelvemonth. Four o'clock was the hour at which the repast commenced, when, punctual to the minute, the doctor seated himself at a table specially reserved for him, and adorned with a silver tankard of strong ale, a bottle of port wine, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. Before the dinner was first put on, he had one light dish of a broiled fowl, or a few whittings. Having leisurely devoured this plate, the doctor took one glass of brandy, and asked for his steak. The steak was always a prime one, weighing one pound and a half. When the man of science had eaten the whole of it he took the rest of his brandy, then drank his tankard of meady ale, and lastly sipped down his bottle of port. Having brought his intellects, up or down, to the standard of his pupils, he rose, and walked down to his house in Essex-street to give his six o'clock lecture on chemistry.

It has been said that Dr. Fordyce's dissertations on fevers are, of all his writings, those which in a special

manner have established his reputation for sound medical views.

LETTSON.

Dr. John Lettsom, born 1744, had a great name in London in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He lived until 1815. During his lifetime he made a merciless war upon quacks, then abounding in the English metropolis. In revenge one of them penned the following squib:—

“When any sick to me apply,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats ‘em;
If after that they choose to die,
What’s that to me?—J. Lettsom.”

EDWARD JENNER.

Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was born at Berkeley, in Gloucester, on the 17th of May, 1749, and was the third son of the Rev. Stephen Jenner, of Rockhampton. He was apprenticed to a Mr. Ludlow, an eminent surgeon at Sodbury, near Bristol. In his 21st year he went to London to prosecute his studies under the celebrated John Hunter, in whose family he resided for two years, where he became an expert anatomist, a sound pathologist, a careful experimenter, and a good naturalist. The discovery of vaccination—by which the name of Jenner became immortalised—was the result of a long series of experiments. He was pursuing his studies at Sodbury when a young country woman came to seek advice. The subject of small-pox being mentioned, she observed, “I cannot take that disease for I have had cow-pox.” This was before 1770. After this he had an opportunity of examining into the truth of the history of cow-pox. While riding out with a friend he went over the natural history of cow-pox, stating his opinion as to the origin of this affection from the heel of the horse, when suffering from grease. Many investigations delayed the discovery for no less a time than 16 years, when an experiment on James Phipps was made in 1796, and Jenner’s task accomplished. Yet this was followed by violent opposition until a year had passed, when upwards of 70 physicians in London signed a declaration of their entire confidence in it. His discovery was soon known throughout the world. Honours were conferred upon him by foreign Courts, and he was elected an honorary member of all learned societies. Parliament granted him £30,000 in 1807, and in 1858 a public statue in his honour was erected in London. He died of apoplexy at Berkeley, 26th January, 1823.

ABERNETHY.

John Abernethy, M.D., one of the most distinguished of English surgeons, was born in 1763. He was apprenticed in 1780 to Sir Charles Blicke, surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he became assistant surgeon in 1784. Abernethy has the honour of first enunciating and establishing the great principle that completely revolutionised the whole field of surgery, namely, that local diseases are symptoms of a disordered constitution, not primary and independent maladies. I may give you here a few characteristics of Abernethy in other capacities. It has been said of him that he stands above all other medical men for brusquerie and oddity. He had two peculiarities—the first was his admiration for brevity; the second, his persistent statement that all diseases of the human frame arise from disorder of the stomach—consequently he was much pestered by patients for dietetic rules. A lady once insisted on his telling her what she should eat. "You may eat anything but the poker and bellows, for the one is too hard of digestion, and the other too full of wind." He asked a woman who one day called upon him, "What's the matter with you?" In perfect silence she held up her arm which was ulcerated. He prescribed, and in silence she offered a fee, which he refused and told her to call again. At her next visit the same pantomime was repeated. When the arm was cured, the patient again held out a fee. He refused it, saying, "No, madam—from you I will take nothing, for you are the most sensible woman I ever saw; you don't talk." Abernethy was very independent, and rich and poor, prince and peasant, were treated alike in his consulting-room. One day a nobleman called to consult him, and while in the waiting-room was amazed and indignant that one after another who had arrived before him were admitted to the doctor. The nobleman sent in card after card, of which no notice was taken. When at last his turn came he was full of wrath, and inquired of Abernethy why he had been kept waiting so long. "Because you did not come sooner," coolly replied the doctor. The then Duke of York once called to consult him, and was much offended that while he was in the room Abernethy stood with his hands in his pockets, whistling. "I suppose," said the duke, indignantly, "you know who I am?" "Suppose I do, what then? Let me tell your Highness of York, that if you wish to be well, you must do as the Duke of Wellington did in his campaign—cut off the supplies, and the enemy will quickly leave the citadel." A lady who went to consult him about her arm, must have been astonished

at his reply. "Oh, doctor!" she said, "Whenever I lift up my arm it pains me so." "What a fool you are, then, to lift it up." Curran being personally unknown to Abernethy, visited him several times without being given the opportunity of fully explaining the nature of his malady, and when again interrupted by the doctor in his description, he exclaimed, "Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas, but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my disease. Now I am resolved, sir, not to leave this room until you satisfy me by doing so." Struck by this, Abernethy threw himself into a chair and said, with the air of a martyr, "Oh, very well, sir. I am ready to hear you out. Go on—go on; give me the whole of it—your birth, parentage, and education!" "My name," said Curran, in nowise disconcerted, "is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor but honest people of the province of Munster, where also I was born—being a native of Newmarket, County of Cork——" and so on until he had given the eccentric surgeon a most amusing account of his birth, parentage, and education, as desired, until he came to the recital of his sufferings. Abernethy listened in amused silence, and from that hour to the close of his life was most assiduous in his attentions to the gifted Curran. Except where the stomach was concerned, the two illustrious men were congenial spirits. When on his death-bed, the doctor called one morning and said to Curran that "he seemed to cough with more difficulty." The dying man replied, "That is surprising, as I have been practising all night."

"What must I do, sir?" enquired an indolent *bon vivant* of Abernethy. With a smile he replied in the words of Terence, "*Otio abundas Antipho*"—"Sir, you're as lazy as Hall's dog."

But though medical practitioners have dealt in sayings like these, to do them bare justice, it must be admitted that their preaching has generally been contradicted by their practice. When medicine remained very much in the hands of the ladies, the composition of remedies and the making of dinners went on in the same apartment. Indeed, hunger and thirst were but two out of a list of diseases that were ministered to by the attendants round a kitchen table. The same book held the receipts for dishes and the recipes for electuaries. In many an old hall of England, the manual still remains from which three centuries ago the lady of the house *learned* to dress a boar's head or cure a cold.

SIR WM. JENNR.

Sir William Jenner, K.C.B., M.D., was born in the year 1815, and was educated at University College, London. He became professor of pathological anatomy at that college in 1848; professor of the principals and practice of medicine in 1862, and professor of medicine in 1879. He has held numerous appointments in connection with the London Hospitals, and is physician-in-ordinary to the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

O'MEARA.

Barry Edward O'Meara, M.D., was born in Ireland in 1786. He joined the English Army as assistant-surgeon in his eighteenth year, and was disgraced in 1818, but entered the Navy, where he served with credit. Napoleon was attracted to him in the voyage of the "Bellerophon" from Rochefort to Plymouth, and in his exile to St. Helena. O'Meara accompanied the Emperor in the capacity of private physician. One of his titles to remembrance consists in his book called "A Voice from St. Helena; or, Napoleon in Exile," which gives a record of conversations held with the fallen Dictator, while it exposes at the same time the petty tyrannies of Sir Hudson Lowe. Notwithstanding the approbation bestowed on the governor by Sir George Cockburn, Sir Pulteney Malcom, and Lord Melville, he differed so widely in opinion with Sir Hudson Lowe that he resigned his post in July, 1818, returned to England, preferred charges against Sir Hudson Lowe, and was dismissed from the naval service, November 2nd, 1818. The whole story will be found detailed at length in O'Meara's publications and in other periodicals of the time. Suffice it to say, that after his persecution, he became a hero; or, in other words, after his dismissal he became famous, and his fame was greatly extended by the eulogy of Lord Byron in a poem entitled, "The Age of Bronze":—

"The stiffish surgeon who maintained his cause,
Hath lost his place and gain'd the world's applause."

O'Meara died poor in London in 1836. At the sale of O'Meara's effects, a few lines in Napoleon's handwriting was sold for eleven guineas; a lock of his hair for £2 10s.; one of his teeth, extracted by O'Meara, for seven guineas and a half; and the instrument with which it was extracted for three guineas.

GIBBONS.

Thomas Gibbons, M.D., was a deep drinker, disgusting by the grossness of his debaucheries, the polite and epicurean Garth. But Gibbons did something for English dinner tables worth remembering. He brought into domestic use the mahogany with which we have so many pleasant associations. His brother, a West Indian captain, brought over some of the wood as ballast, thinking it might possibly turn to use. At first the carpenters, in a truly conservative spirit, refused to have anything to do with the "new wood," saying it was too hard for their tools. Dr. Gibbons, however, had first a candle box and then a bureau made for Mrs. Gibbons out of the condemned material. The bureau so pleased his friends, amongst whom was the Duchess of Buckingham, that Her Grace ordered a similar piece of furniture, and introduced the wood into high life, where it quickly became the fashion.

At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. SOMERS, who had meanwhile taken the chair, said: I have been pleased to hear the panegyric which Mr. Costley has pronounced on a friend of mine. Striking as that panegyric may sound to the lay mind, we of the medical profession—of which we are proud—feel that Dr. Wilson's life was typical of many thousands of our medical friends in the United Kingdom whose work is often ill requited. It is only lately, I think, that the profession of medicine has risen to the position which I think it is entitled to occupy. Medicine—hitherto, has been compared rather to its disadvantage with the other professions of the Law—the Church, and the Army. But I think medicine, too late though it may be, has taken its true place in the estimation of civilised society. Recently we had a most distinguished example of the position I think medical science is beginning to occupy, in the late Ashanti campaign. Not a drop of blood was spilt by force of arms on either side, but the campaign was well described as a doctors' war. The problem was a doctors' problem. The enemy was really that terrible jungle fever, and the enemy of the jungle fever was the medical endeavour to attack the ravage of that malady amongst our troops. But for the lamented death of our Queen's son-in-law and one or two other members of the expedition—apart from that, I think we can say the doctors fought and gained the battle—they really reaped the laurels of that otherwise useless campaign of Ashanti. I was much struck by the remark which I think is used every day with regard to every doctor in England, namely, that such and such a doctor has a contempt for religion. That is an old

ashioned notion. In the early ages there was a Latin proverb which said that where there are three medical men you will find two atheists. This idea, I think, arose in this way. The medical men, in the course of their work, come into contact with all kinds of people. The medical men begin to find in their practice and in their experience that those little divisions that separate man and man are trivial compared to the great unity that unites them all. The medical men come to disregard somewhat these subjects of division, and come to look deeper, perhaps, at those terrible mysteries by which they are daily surrounded—the mysteries of the whence and the where—where have you come from, child? where go you, old man? That is the reason I think why medical men are occasionally called wanting in religion, and are sometimes called atheists. I should have been glad if Mr. Costley had had time to deal with the part medical men—apart from the profession—have taken in politics, in science, and in art. An interesting paper, I am sure, could be written by one qualified as Mr. Costley is on the part played by medical men in the world of literature. (Applause.)

Dr. BAILEY proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Costley. In doing so he said: I am sure those present who knew the late Dr. Wilson—and I am sure they must be in the majority—will have been very much interested in what Mr. Costley has had to say about him, and the observations of the lecturer will, perhaps, have been equally interesting to those who were not personally acquainted with the deceased doctor. As a medical man I feel that I have assumed a great responsibility in succeeding Dr. Wilson. Although, as the chairman and the lecturer remarked, Dr. Wilson didn't make any great medical discovery, or write any learned medical book, yet he lived a useful, hard-working life, (Hear, hear.)

Councillor OPENSHAW seconded the resolution, which was carried amid much applause,

In reply, Mr. COSTLEY said the preparation of the lecture had been to him a labour of love.

A vote of thanks having been accorded to the two chairmen, on the motion of Mr. ROBERTS, seconded by Mr. HANDLEY, the proceedings terminated.



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Thomas Moore : or, Lyrical Poetry.

"Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history."—PLATO.

"Poetry implies the whole truth, philosophy expresses a part of it."
—THOREAU.

THOMAS MOORE; or, LYRICAL POETRY.

"Poetry is the morning dream of great minds."—
LAMARTINE.

"Poetry is the music of the soul, and above all of
great and feeling souls."—VOLTAIRE.

"Lyrical poetry is much the same in every age, as
the songs of the nightingales in every springtime."—
HEINE.

"I see poets darting in splendour,
Bright birds from the tropic of mind,
Why mock at each self-deemed immortal?
To-day he is lord of his kind."

—Miss JEWSBURY.

On Thursday evening, February 20, 1896, Mr. Thomas Costley delivered the tenth of a series of lectures in the Pendleton Town Hall, on "Thomas Moore; or, Lyrical Poetry." Mr. Riley Stansfield, of Southport, occupied the chair, in the unavoidable absence of Dr. G. H. Pollard, M.A., barrister.

The CHAIRMAN said: I think every credit is due to the lecturer—Mr. Costley, who has now lived amongst you for some thirty-five years—that he should have allied himself to literature in this manner; it is most praiseworthy. The object of these lectures is a very noble one. Springing up in all industrial centres are hospitals, infirmaries, and other charitable institutions, which call for the support of everyone who has any patriotic feeling, or any feeling of humanity.

Mr. COSTLEY said: We have got now to the fag end of this course of lectures. The one I shall give to-night is the tenth. It has been very pleasant to me to give the lectures. The subject of to-night's lecture is an Irish one, and the remaining two lectures will be of an Irish character. Ireland is a very small country, but to deal with some of her people and her surroundings is a big task. In point of lyrical poetry she is behind no other country in the world. A song is universally appreciated and admired in Ireland, and, as far as I can learn, this has always been the case from the earliest ages. The Irish people have been grand singers, and grand manipulators of the lyre. Among Irish poets I know not one has struck the lyre with greater force and power than Thomas Moore. The best description that has ever been given of Erin's greatest bard, so far as I know, is in the "Journal of Caroline Fox." She tells of her meeting him at Bristol in 1836

... as a little Cupid with a mischievous, in constant motion. He seemed so gay and happy," she adds, "as a lark, and it was pleasant to spend a whole evening in his immediate presence." This joyous air was a leading characteristic during all his life. Eleven years before Caroline Fox saw him Moore had paid a visit of several days to Abbotsford, and had made an equally favourable impression on Sir Walter Scott. "There is," writes Scott in his diary, "a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him, which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. . . . His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it." After remarking that, like himself, Moore was a good-humoured fellow, and not one of those literary people who give themselves imaginary consequence, and "walk with their noses in the air," Scott puts a finishing touch to his praise by saying, "It would be a delightful addition to life if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of one."

"Let fate do her worst there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my soul with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The above beautiful lines of Thomas Moore remind me of the wonderfully sweet thoughts contained in the following quotation from Thomas Haynes Bayley—

" 'Tis the hour when pleasant faces
Smile about the taper light,
Who will fill our vacant places,
Who will sing our songs to-night ?
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell,
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty, fare thee well.

In all ages of the world's history there have been lyrical poets, and the ancients did magnificent work in this form of poetry. In modern times we have Burns, the child of human passion and genius who is one of the sweetest singers that the world has ever seen or heard.

When speaking of Moore as "Master of the sweetest and only minstrelsy," we have not overlooked the claims of Campbell and Burns. But the former has

only touched the lyre occasionally. The "Exile of Erin" spoke the hand of a master, second to none. It was a strain of rich, pathetic, and powerful melody, such as has seldom been equalled: displaying all that is precious in poetry,—a delightful fancy, and a feeling heart. We have only to lament that this fine genius wandered away from the lyre he touched so sweetly.

Professor Wilson observes that of all the song-writers who ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best in his estimation is none other than Thomas Moore.

The *Edinburgh Review* has the following line on Moore:—"The sweetest lyrical poet of this, or, perhaps, any other age."

Another writer has observed that the Bard of Erin was, above all things, a musician—one of the best writers we ever had of words for music.

The genius of Burns was uncultivated: it was like the "Mountain Daisy," as simple, as natural, and as sweet. That of Moore is like the wild and luxurious roses of his own "Vale of Ovoca."

Scott has wandered in many a land of enchantment; and the gay and glorious chaplets he has gathered do not forbid us to place the crown of the "Minstrel" on the head of Moore.

Then we have Milton; indeed, nearly all the great poets have written lyrical pieces, though the majority of them have not written much. But only a few of them—I say without fear of contradiction—have greatly surpassed the subject of our lecture to-night. Many of Moore's poems breathe the spirit of true poetry, such as the poems entitled "The Light of Other Days," and the exquisite lines entitled "The mid hour of night." It has been said there are but few thoroughly beautiful and touching lines in the whole of Moore's poetry, but *that* I deny. Here are quite a number:—

But there is nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the greatest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest,

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone.

"Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumined by a patriot's name;
Then the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame."

"Come rest in this bosom, mine own stricken deer."
Indeed ever since Ireland first became isolated and its
coasts washed by that mighty ocean of which Byron
sung—

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now,"

has there been born in that country which has poeti-
cally been called "the Gem of the Sea," so justly
admired and celebrated a lyrical poet as Thomas
Moore. Allow me to here state that lyric is the
name given to a certain species of poetry, because
originally accompanied by the music of the lyre. It
is rapid in movement, as befitting the expression of
the mind in its emotional and impassioned moments,
and naturally its principle themes are love, devotion,
patriotism, friendship, and the bacchanalian spirit.
Among ancient lyric poets are:—Sappho, Pindar,
Tyrtæus, Simonidés, Catullus and Horace. The
most important form of the modern lyric is the song,
with its religious sister, the hymn, neither of which,
as we might expect, extends usually to any great
number of lines.

Moore is as dear to Irishmen as the heaven-
born patriot of Clontarf, Brien Borohue, who shed
his last drop of blood for the glory and salvation
of his country, and of whom it is recorded that he
defeated the Danes in no less than twenty-five engage-
ments. And thus, at the beginning of my task, the
spirit of freedom bids me to exalt the achievements of
the heroes who fought for the liberty of the enslaved
and oppressed of their own beloved country. And
how can I better express the feelings which animate
my whole being than in the words of the author
of the "Irish Melodies," whose patriotic war-song on
"Brien Boru the Brave" has been so much admired.

"Remember the glories of Brien the Brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er,
Tho' lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.

The star of the field, that so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footsteps of slavery there?

No. Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign.
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions who stood
 In the day of distress at our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with the blood,
 They stirred not, but conquered and died!

The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!
 Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fall there in vain."

The men who fought so nobly at Clontarf, so heroically at Limerick, have found in Moore a poet who has done them justice. He has also popularised their achievements which were either previously unknown or imperfectly understood by Englishmen. And he has immortalised these self-denying patriots, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that he has revealed and more distinctly asserted that immortality which they already possessed. He has, as it were, repaired and garnished their tombs and planted brighter and more enduring flowers on their graves, for, in the words of Byron again, it can be truly said of these patriotic men—

"Their lives did not end when they yielded their
 breath,
 Their glory illuminated the path of their graves."

And the special merit of Moore's patriotic poems is that in them breathes the very air of the land of the shamrock. Moore, indeed, is a native, and not an exotic plant, whose very leaves have a greenness and an odour that derive their strength from the winds that bring the breath of freedom across and to the sacred soil of the island of the saints. And if the departed spirits of heroes can take an interest in human affairs, we can imagine the heroes of Ireland rejoicing when Moore was sent into the world to exalt them above their fellows that their examples might kindle the flame of patriotism in other souls to obtain freedom for their country. On the 28th day of May, 1779, Thomas Moore was born in a house that is still standing, and now is a public house, in Angier-street, Dublin, in the midst of surroundings that were well calculated, as Burns has it—

"To turn your gold into silver,
 And your silver into brass,
 Turn a man into a boy, and a boy into an ass."

But although Moore may be said to have been born where whisky was plentifully consumed, I am not aware that he was a special lover of usquebaugh or an advocate for the copious use of strong drink of any kind. In this respect he differed from Burns, whose

bacchanalian songs have tempted some of the "unco guid" to deny him the gift of genius. No doubt Burns was sincere when he toasted Sir John Barleycorn, and prayed that his great posterity might never fail in Scotland. But the inconsistencies of human nature have ever been the causes of perplexity in the minds of philosophers. Man is the only fountain that yields at one and the same time both salt water and fresh, sweet water and bitter, cursing and blessing. It is reassuring and interesting to learn that the spirit of poetry cannot be scared away by the noise of dram shops, for young Moore actually wrote poems in his father's house in a little room at the back, when he ought to have been attending to customers. Moore is best known by his lyrical poetry, which constitutes more than half of his compositions. And this form of verse not only suited his musical flow of words and his emotional nature, but gave most pleasure to his countrymen, who, from the earliest times, have been trained to love the melodies of their early bards, who sung and played what they composed. Lyrical poetry was indeed the first literature of the world, and exercised most influence upon national character and public opinion. We have all heard of the saying of the shrewd thinker who cared nothing for those who made the laws, but he did care for those who made the ballads. And lyrical poetry still holds the field, and will, for therein lie, in perfect harmony, the qualities of tenderness and strength, and therein is the language which passion and emotion naturally choose to forcibly express themselves. And to this generation it must seem a marvel that poetry was so perfect in the remotest ages. Probably long before spoken sentences were elaborate and grammatical, and very much longer still before words with defined meanings were written, the human soul was crying out for sympathy, for help, and for union; and we may be very sure the cry was poetical, for what human soul can speak its aspirations or passions in any other language. One of the oldest books of the Bible, the Book of Job, is the most magnificent poem in the world. And in what book, ancient or modern, can be found such passionate outpourings of the soul as in the incomparable Book of Psalms? Even when pleading for the appreciation of the author of "Irish Melodies," I cannot restrain the impulse that prompts me to quote the following words from an unknown poet:—

"Alas! that modern pride should dream
That ancient truth was but a child,
The glorious past is yet supreme,—
Supreme, tho' slighted and reviled?"

Its heroes, buried in their tombs,
Or lost in seas or desert lands,
Fought real foes, and met their dooms
With wills of fire and unstained hands.

They knew the mysteries of the heart,
Its frailties, passions, and its crimes:
Religion, poesy, and art
Were perfect in the ancient times."

But of course the ancient bards did not exhaust the storehouse of song, or imagine that He who keeps the Sabbath of this Providence meant to withhold the lights of genius from the generations to be born. No, the mind of man is like that eternity which Milton describes as "a dark illimitable ocean, where length, and breadth, and height, and time, and space, are lost."

Some of the sweetest and grandest lyrical poems of Moore are those which are descriptive of scenes and events in sacred history, and perhaps none is finer and more characteristic of the poet than the Song of Miriam:—

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!
Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.

After this manner sang the Greeks and the Romans in praise of their heroes, accompanied by instruments of music, and the Druids also inspired the devotions and inflamed the passions of their people with words that were beautiful and accompanied with music. Thomas Moore is a truly national poet, and is to Ireland what Burns is to Scotland, although we must allow to the latter a more intense passion and a deeper sympathy than belonged to the former. Both were of the people, and wrote for the people. And the former even played upon the instruments that were the favourite instruments of the old bards. They were indeed

"The mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and informed my youth;
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe.

Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !
 Your voice each rugged path can smoothe,
 For well I knew, wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide."

In 1793, when Moore was only fourteen years of age, he contributed two pieces of considerable merit to the "*Anthologia Hibernica*." They contain unmistakable evidence of his great powers even at that early age, and fully entitle him to say with Pope—

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

At this time, indeed, Moore confesses that he became a determined and prolific rhymster, whose everlasting theme was love. A lady having complained of his over-fondness for this theme, he composed the following reply to her complaint, and sent it to the press :—

" 'Tis true my muse to love inclines,
 And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines ;
 Quits all inspiring, lofty views,
 And chants what Nature's gifts infuse ;
 Timid to try the mountain height,
 Beneath she strays, retired from sight,
 Carelessly culling amorous flowers,
 Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers,
 When first she raised her simplest lays !
 In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,
 The god a faithful promise gave,
 That never should she feel love's stings,
 Never to burning passion be a slave,
 But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

If we had not positive proof that these lines were written when Moore was fourteen years and five months old, most of us would be inclined to doubt the statement, for a not unreasonable suspicion exists in the minds of most men that the juvenile productions of great poets, which did not appear till many years after they were written, were very much pruned and polished before they were allowed to see the light of common day. Here, however, the positive proof is not wanting. The following poem appeared in the same year, and gives additional evidence of the early development of Moore's genius :—

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

"My gardens are crowded with flowers,
 My vines are all loaded with grapes ;
 Nature sports in my fountains and bowers
 And assumes all her beautiful shapes.

The shepherds admire my glad lays :
 When I pipe they all flock to my song ;
 They deck me with laurels and bays,
 And list to me all the day long.
 But their laurels and praises are vain !
 They've no joy or delight for me now ;
 For Celia despises the strain,
 And that withers the wreath on my brow."

Writing too much amatory poetry is not a fault that can be charged against the youths of this generation, although the High Courts do occasionally treat us to a revelation of the existence of a certain kind of love-verse which is current among the gay swains who end their courtships, as a rule, in the courts that try actions for breaches of promise of marriage. The younger men of this age have too many irons in the fire to get over head and ears in love. The study of the sciences and practical mechanics, as well as the pursuits of football, cricket, gymnastic exercises, and the miscellaneous games that invite and command public interest, enter seriously into competition with the business of wooing and wedding, and possibly the young ladies themselves are a little less angelic than they used to be, if not in dress and features, certainly in manners. And what an emulation and laudable contention there is amongst those who are engaged in scientific pursuits for a position of pre-eminence or distinction ! Botanists, for example, will invade the most sacred and secluded of nature's uncorrupted habitations to find some choice moss, or rare fern, or scarce botanical specimen. Geologists are equally zealous, and will leave no stone unturned, or fossil unnoticed, that contains the smallest verse in the chapter of the earth's history. But if the astronomer finds a new star there is as much rejoicing in the natural world at the find as there is in the spiritual world over one sinner that repenteth. Referring to this rage for knowledge and this determination of mankind to eat of the fruit of the once forbidden tree, Thomas Carlyle says : " Such is the advanced state of culture in our day that the torch of science which has been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for 5,000 years and upwards ; how in these times especially, not only the torch still burns and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable rushlights and sulphur-matches kindled thereat are glowing in every direction, so that the smallest cranny or dog-hole in nature or art cannot remain unilluminated." Nevertheless, poetry lives, not to be wasted on trifles, or in amatory epistles, but for great purposes, the chief of which is to keep goodness alive on earth, and to convince the striver after happiness

"that man does not live by bread alone." But, after all, the closest observers must admit that human happiness depends very much more upon freedom from petty annoyances and the possession of small comforts and conveniences, than upon great honour and great issues. In these lighter fields of literature Moore found congenial themes, and as his lyre was sweet toned and his very thoughts melodious, it was inevitable that the poet should excel in the purity of his diction and in the musical flow of his numbers. In these respects his earlier poems are fully entitled to rank among the lyrics of even greater men of genius. And although there may be precocity that never arrives at maturity, it is always a proof of a heaven-descended gift which may be improved, but cannot be created. Its existence in one who never studied the laws of prosody or the models of great composition, whose knowledge of grammar was limited, and whose physical and mental powers were a long way from maturity, showed a want of experience and discipline that could not be accounted for on any other hypothesis. Those who demur to this doctrine of divine inspiration in a poetical sense, that is, inspiration by endowment, should consider how difficult it would be for a schoolmaster to teach the very aptest of his scholars how to write such a poem as "Tam o' Shanter," or any of the best compositions of "the marvellous boy who perished in his pride." But let us approach Thomas Moore a little nearer with a desire to see what he really was. The following beautifully pathetic lines are quoted from one of his works which, comparatively speaking, is not much read, namely, "Lalla Rookh":—

"O, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've found my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
That soothed me with its soft black eye;
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die."

The beauty of the sentiments and the images in these lines are not dimmed, but made more exquisite by the sadness of the well-expressed truth that "What we fondly cherish, is the first to perish and leave us to a lonely sad remembrance only." This poem very much resembles one of Moore's more popular pieces on "The Instability of Friendship":—

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love—
Hearts that the world in vain have tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;

That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off—
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven is all tranquillity!
 A something light as air—a look—
 A word unkind or wrongly taken.
 Oh! love, that tempest never shook,
 A breath, a touch, like this hath shaken,
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray,
 They wore in courtship's smiling day,
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining one by one
 The sweetnesss of love are gone;
 And hearts so lately mingled seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream—
 That smiling left the mountain's brow
 As though its waters ne'er could sever;
 Yet e'er it reached the plain below,
 Breaks into floods that part for ever.

So Moore poetically expresses a common truth which has often been expressed, but never more melodiously or more impressively. Coleridge gave utterance to the same sentiment in these words:—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth,
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,
 And constancy lives in realms above:
 And life is thorny and youth is vain,
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain."

In 1793 the grand institution, Trinity College, Dublin, was thrown open to Roman Catholics, and thither went Moore in the following year to gather the materials that were to enable him to think with the greatest thinkers, to speak readily with scholars and gentlemen, and to contribute no small amount of value to the literature of the world. He went to Trinity College, where Berkeley and Usher, Sir William Hamilton, Lloyd, Magee, Romney, Lord Cairns, Burke, Robinson, Sheridan, M'Cullagh, Archer, Butler, Curran, Goldsmith, and Swift had been before him, and where they received that training which laid the foundations of the mighty influence they exerted upon the times in which they lived. Space will not allow me to do full justice to an institution which, for the period it has existed, has earned quite as much distinction itself in the number of great men it has sent into the world as the more ancient English Universities. Moore, however, did not master many subjects at Trinity College

nor did he learn the classical tongues as readily as he learned French and Italian in which he took an exceptional delight. His mind had received a political bias, which sometimes injured him in the eyes of his fellow-students and their superiors, for it must be remembered that in those days Irishmen were looked upon as rebels by Englishmen, and any expression of sympathy with their cause was regarded as something very much resembling treason. It is a pleasure, nevertheless, to be able to say that Moore was a friend of Ireland, not altogether because he was an Irishman, but chiefly because he was a lover of justice and liberty, and an uncompromising enemy of oppression. He looked upon his country before party. In brief, all his best thoughts and his sincerest affections were given to Ireland, for whose well-being he was prepared to do and to suffer all the days of his life. In 1800 Moore published his first volume of poems, which consisted of a translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," a Greek poet, who lived five hundred years before Christ. Moore's translation is in itself a work of genius, for he has spared no pains to reveal all the beauties of the original, and to preserve all their force of thought and their idiomatic strength. Anacreon was a poor specimen of humanity. Himself a wine-bibber, he seems to have thought the worship of Bacchus the highest of all virtues and delights, and accordingly his poems are little else than the praises of the god of wine and his devotees. Tradition says that Anacreon fled from Athens to Abdera, where he was choked with a dried grape. The latter part of the tradition is certainly suggestive, and may, perhaps, be ironical. Anacreon, apart from his faults, was a sweet singer, and master of that form of verse commonly called the ode—a form of which Moore was very fond, and for the better knowledge of which he no doubt studied and translated Anacreon's odes. I offer one of these translations as a subject for critical examination :—

"To all that breathe the airs of heaven
 Some boon of strength has Nature given.
 When the majestic bull was born, -
 She fenced his brow with wreathed horn ;
 She armed the courser's foot of air,
 And wing'd with speed the panting hare.
 She gave the lion fangs of terror,
 And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
 Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
 To trace their liquid path along ;
 While for the umbrage of the grove,
 She plumed the warbling world of love.
 To man she gave the flame refined,
 The spark of heaven—the thinking mind !

And had she no surpassing treasure
 For thee, O woman ! child of pleasure ?
 She gave thee beauty—shafts of eyes,
 That every shaft of war outflies !
 She gave thee beauty—blush of fire—
 That bids the flames of war retire !
 Woman ! be fair, we must adore thee !
 Smile—and a world is weak before thee !”

In 1801 he published a book of poems under the *nom de plume* of Thomas Little, some of which were so indifferent that he voluntarily doomed them to extinction and they never appeared in print again. In 1803 he sent forth a political work on the “Crisis,” and like most other political poetry it is now as dead as Queen Anne. In 1806, after fifteen months of travel on the continent of America, he published a very much more important work. Although the scenery of lofty mountains and spacious lakes in that great country very much impressed him and filled his imagination with awe and wonder, what roused him more was the lake of the dismal swamp and its associations, which caused him to pour forth the spirit of liberty which has so often been the inspiration of men of genius. But the gentleness of his muse led him into quieter scenes, where pathos and beauty were commingled, or seemed to be commingled to his reverent and emotional spirit. Could anything be more beautifully pathetic than “The Canadian Boat Song,” which has solaced and delighted tens of thousands. The opening lines written to Lord Strangford are especially beautiful, and never lose their freshness however often they are read. In those days a poet of any pretensions had to fear the lash of the “Edinburgh Review,” which Lord Jeffrey wielded with unwonted malignity. Byron, it will be remembered, so far from being crushed by one of the most impudent denunciations that critic ever dared to pronounce, strongly retaliated ; and Moore, when attacked, was too chivalrous to take his punishment with meekness, and actually challenged Jeffrey to mortal combat at Chalk Farm, but fortunately for mankind, the fight did not take place, and it was said that neither of the would-be combatants had bullets in their pistols. This affair was made a subject of merriment by Lord Byron in his “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” :—

“Health to great Jeffrey ! Heaven preserve his life
 To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
 And guard it sacred in its future wars,
 Since authors sometimes seek the fields of Mars.
 Can none remember that eventful day,
 That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
 When Little’s leadless pistol met his eye,
 And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by ?”

Before the "Twopenny Post-bag" commenced its career, Moore gave to the world the poem entitled, "Corruption and Intolerance," in which he gives us true ideas of liberty, and beautifully refers to the immortal and powerful genius of Fox, saying that "Fox is not dead while Grattan lives":—

'Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
That filled, O Fox! thy peaceful soul with light,
While blandly spreading like that orb of air
Which folds our planet in its circling care;
The mighty sphere of thy transcendent mind
Embraced the world and breathed for all mankind.
Last of the great, farewell! yet not the last,
Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
Serenely still one gleam of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives."

Of Moore it might truly be said that he was not narrow-minded. His sympathies were broad, and although he loved his country better than all others, his love of liberty was cosmopolitan. While attached to the Church of his forefathers, he was tolerant of the religious opinions of others. To his universality let the following lines bear witness:—

"The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censor's breath the morning airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers,"

Moore could paint natural scenery sometimes very finely indeed, as we may judge from one or two samples where he describes the coming on of evening, reminding us of some of those minor pieces of Milton in which fancy plays the principal part. In fact, Moore was a poet of fancy rather than a poet of the imagination, and dealt more with artificial than with natural life and scenery. But he often gives proof of his capability of drawing a picture of natural scenery true to life, and realistic in its effect, as in the following lines on Evening:—

"It was one of those ambrosial eves,
A day of storm so often leaves,
At its calm setting when the west
Opens the golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down,
As some meek penitent whose last
Bright hours atone for darkness past,
And whose sweet tears o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine as they fall with light from heaven."

Note particularly the beauty of the last line. I have seen several places in Wicklow which Moore has described, and carefully compared them with the

drawings by a master-hand, and am able to say with confidence that the poet has done his work excellently well, and won for himself the right to take rank as one of the best poets of the second class. The same may be said of his description of the Vale of Avoca, which is full of truth, made luminous by the light of genius, or, as Wordsworth describes it, by "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream." And how well he has described the lake and mountain scenery of Glendalough, which is unrivalled in the British Islands, if we except, perhaps, Windermere and its surroundings. After Jeffery's attack, Moore seems to have redoubled his efforts, and other volumes from his pen appeared in quick succession. In the year 1812, "The Twopenny Post-bag" appeared, and at once became very popular, passing rapidly through no less than fourteen editions. This work is distinguished from the rest of Moore's writings by its brilliant wit and its Court satire. All the principal persons about Court were handled freely, and not, generally speaking, agreeably to themselves. The fashions and foibles of the men about town, who live to dine and sup, and bask in the sunshine of the smiles of princes, were held up to playful scorn, and, above all, the Prince Regent was unsparingly criticised. Of the style of this sort of political criticism judge from the following specimens:—

"My brave brother tailors come straighten your knees.
For a moment like gentlemen stand up at ease
While I sing of our prince (and a fig for his railers),
The shop-board's delight, the Mecaenas of tailors.

Derry down, etc.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
While the short-cut to fame is the cut of your coat;
Philip's son thought the world was too small for his
soul,

But our Regent finds room in a lace-buttoned hole.

Derry down, etc.

Look through all Europe's kings—those at least who
go loose,

Not a king of them all's such a friend to the goose,
So God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best filled prince in the town.

Derry down, etc."

Of the cleverness and attractiveness of this verse which has now become a part of that English history which exists in ballads and quips, and which gives us a better insight into life as it really was than the fanciful surmises of orthodox historians, there can be no doubt. We are reminded of a line in *Don Juan* which conveys the poet's indignation in the following

words:—"Tho' Ireland starve, Great George weighs twenty stone." But the enduring poems of Moore are those that declare his patriotism, and betray his pathos which is so exquisite. How beautifully he expressed the former in the following lines:—

"Dear harp of our country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island harp ! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine ;
Go—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own !"

The next poem to which I direct the reader's attention is "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental romance in verse. The scene of the poem is in the East, where epic poetry first originated, the birth-place also of hero worship. Undoubtedly the poem is a great work, but like most epic poems, it repels the bulk of even appreciative readers by its length. I sometimes wonder whether there are a dozen lovers of poetry who have read "Lalla Rookh" from beginning to end. I confess that, lover as I am of Moore's beautiful verses, and proud as I am of his zeal in the cause of freedom, I never could muster courage and patience enough to wade through this work of genius. It is easy, however, to make selections, and to quote fine passages from "Lalla Rookh," but the narrative does not enthrall, and the interest is too often suspended. The English language is unquestionably enriched by the "Fire Worshipers" and "Paradise and the Peri." It is one of the startling facts of authorship that Thomas Moore obtained for this eastern romance £3,000 before it was written. When it appeared it sold quickly, and Moore had the satisfaction of reading a favourable criticism of it from the pen of his old enemy, Jeffrey, who said, "It is the finest Orientalism we have had yet." It took three years to produce this work, and he resided from the beginning to the end of his task in a secluded spot known as Manfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire. To his honour be it said he left £2,000 of his literary earnings in the hands of his publisher, Murray, for the benefit of his aged parents. In the matter of

parental affection, as a rule poets have not been wanting; but their poverty has too often baulked their good intention, and made them appear undutiful. Moore, among his other literary achievements, wrote a history of Ireland, which qualified judges have commended for its merits and unconstrained impartiality. It is, indeed, generally thought that if he had continued his efforts in this direction, he must have been eminently successful.

I now direct attention to Moore as a biographer. He wrote the lives of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Lord Byron. The last-mentioned work has afforded me infinite delight, and is decidedly one of Moore's best productions. The incidents in Byron's life are finely reported, and yet not unduly coloured by the glorifying tints of excessive admiration. Moore as a historian and biographer may be favourably contrasted with Macaulay, who seemed to think that impartiality consisted in degrading a man when he was wrong to the verge of perdition, and exalting him when he was heroically right to the highest heaven. Moore, on the other hand, gives every act its just proportion, and assigns to it its true motive, and, at the same time, maintains the interest of the narrative. In the life of Byron his quotations are always made with care, and subjected to fair comment and criticism. He received much of his material for this biography from the poet's own hands, when the latter was in Greece, and at the same time Byron gave him a quantity of manuscripts to complete "Don Juan," for the copyright of which Moore obtained £2,000. The family of Byron objected to the publication of "Don Juan" after the poet's death. Moore was under no obligation to comply with what was no more than a desire, and presumably there was nothing so immoral in the manuscripts as to give the poet's family any good cause for their objection. But Moore unhesitatingly sacrificed the £2,000 which he had accepted for the copyright of the enlarged edition of "Don Juan," and as soon as he was able returned the money he had received to the publishers. He not only did this, but he burned the manuscripts. Much difference of opinion has been expressed as to the policy and wisdom of Moore's action in thus burning the manuscripts, but only one opinion exists as to the magnanimity of Byron's biographer in making this sacrifice, and in refusing to accept the £2,000 offered to him as compensation by the Byron family. As regards the act of burning, my strong opinion is that Moore was wrong in destroying a work of genius that had been entrusted to his care by one whose excellence was such that he never satisfied, but always created, an appetite for more. That the world was the loser

of a priceless estate committed to the hands of a poet by a greater poet, in trust for all who value the productions of genius, may be taken as an undoubted fact. And while the destruction of these most precious manuscripts deprived the admirers of Byron of a coveted pleasure, it benefited nobody. Of course, there was a moral consideration which might be pleaded in justification of the destruction of the manuscripts. It might be said, for instance, that if their publication had been proceeded with, and the book containing them had been placed unreservedly in the hands of a young man, enormous mischief would have resulted, and that immorality would have had the sanction of genius of the highest order. But reasoning of this kind proceeds without facts or data, and it assumes what it cannot prove. Besides, the immorality of what has been published of Don Juan has been grossly exaggerated, not only as to its amount, but as to its effect. To the pure all things are pure, and certainly that which is good in the description of scenery—the shipwreck for example—and in reflection upon social and public vices, far outweighs the allusions to matters of questionable morality which must be nought to those who are evil-minded to begin with. As a biographer Moore was not equal to Boswell, who, weak as he was, in other respects produced one of the best biographies ever written. But it would be difficult to find one who surpassed him in his own time for painstaking industry, honest appreciation, impartiality, ripe judgment, and judicious treatment. The task he had to perform was not an easy one, for Byron's friends were as partial as lovers, and his enemies as vindictive as a disappointed suitor. Of Thomas Moore, as a poet, we have spoken already very briefly, and we now only add that, as far as our judgment goes, he was superior to Goldsmith as a depicter of natural scenery, far inferior to Wordsworth and Cowper as a poet of bold imagination and creative genius, and in these respects also far inferior to Byron. It as a lyrical poet that Moore must be judged, and in this respect both Byron and Wordsworth must occupy a lower place. Lyrical poetry suited his muse the best, for Nature had chosen him for perfect utterance of her most ravishing melodies, and in that service he took a supreme delight. As a writer of sacred song he was especially gifted, and occupies a chief place in the choir where the greatest singers on earth have striven to express the melodies and harmonies of heaven. And Moore must be specially commended for his universality. There was no narrowness in his nature, and no small prejudices in favour of a class or section of the human race. He embraced all the world in his sympathies,

and hated tyranny and oppression wherever it asserted itself. And this universality did not interfere with the passionate love of his own country. To love one's country and to love all the world at one and the same time may seem an impossible task, and so it is to men of contracted minds, but He who came from heaven, where nationalities are unknown, never forgot that He was a son of Abraham, but confessed it when He gave the cosmopolitan command, "Go ye, and teach all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." So in a humble way Thomas Moore loved the human race, looked with interest on its march towards freedom and civilisation, and with sympathy on its struggles for the fruits of labour and the gifts of Providence, never forgetting that he was an Irishman. In other words his charity began at home, but it did not end there. Moore, like most men of genius, had his triumphs and his reverses. When he published "Lalla Rookh" his star was at its zenith, but being concerned in some trading affairs at Bermuda, notice arrived of the fraud of his deputy which entailed a loss upon him of £6,000. An attachment was issued against his person and Moore left for Paris; but, by the kindness of his friends, he was ultimately able to compromise and settle the matter. Whilst on the continent he composed "The Epicurean," a prose story, and "The Loves of the Angels," published in 1823. So that in the midst of all his troubles, Moore worked on with a courageous heart. Nevertheless, he was by no means free from anxiety. He had, however, a friend whose name has not yet been published who made use of the influence he possessed on Moore's behalf. The poet himself was too proud to parade his poverty, and too chary of his independence to voluntarily place himself under obligation to any man. He probably knew human nature well enough to understand—

"The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

To be poor and to seem poor is bad policy indeed, for the rule of the world is to take from him that hath not, what he seemeth to have. But often enough in this world, what a man cannot do for himself, a friend can do. Such a friend, whose name has not transpired, without waiting for Moore's instigation, for Moore knew nothing of it, dropped a hint to Lord John Russell, who was then in power, and the Minister very soon procured a Government pension of £300 a year for the poet. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." It was subsequent to this important event that Moore chiefly employed himself as a prose writer. I should have mentioned his "Life of Sheridan," which, taken in conjunction

with his "Life of Byron," is reckoned among the best prose works of that period. The year after Moore received his pension—that is, 1838—he resolved to pay a visit to his native country. He was now fifty-nine years of age, and although not old in comparison with other active men of genius, who, generally speaking, live long lives, and not enfeebled by any pronounced physical ailment, he began to think he might delay his visit to his native country until it was too late. Accordingly he made preparations which he thought were of a private character. Naturally enough he apprised his friends of his intention, and they spread the news abroad. Perhaps a visit *incog.* to Ireland by so loved a one of her sons, and so faithful to the common mother, was not possible; but, be this as it may, the news of his coming preceded him, and wherever he appeared he was greeted with rapturous enthusiasm. Processions met him, and triumphal arches were erected where he went; and, if applause could give pleasure, he was at this time at the summit of earthly felicity. Never can it be said that Ireland is indifferent to her patriots and her men of genius. Enthusiasm like this has no parallel in England. We cannot imagine a Dickens, a Thackeray, a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson being received in any English city with like enthusiasm. They may at times be entertained at banquets and *fêted* on special occasions with special objects, but there English admiration ends. The closing years of Moore's life were sad and melancholy; his children, one by one, sank into the grave, and a settled depression gathered over the poet's mind, deepening as his end drew near. But his sorrows were mitigated by his devoted wife, whom he fondly loved, and who was worthy of his love. He died on the 25th of February, 1852, in the 73rd year of his age. In contemplation of that one event, which must befall every child of Adam, how beautifully the following lines interpret our thoughts and emotions:—

"This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smile of joy, the tear of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but heaven.
 And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And Love and Hope and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven.
 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm but heaven."

It would perhaps be unpardonable before closing this notice of Thomas Moore not to mention his great contemporary, Sir Walter Scott. Both were born in great cities, long noted for their historical associations. Both were married to beautiful women, the one as fair as the morning star, the other as lovely as the star of evening. Sir Walter's married life was one long beautiful morning of connubial bliss and uninterrupted happiness. Thomas Moore's married life resembled a long tranquil summer evening of exquisite happiness, not less exquisite because tinged with a shade of sadness. The happiness of both of these great men in their domestic circle forcibly reminds me of Milton's implied, if not pronounced, praise of woman.

"Our grandsire Adam ere of Eve possessed,
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblessed,
With mournful look the blissful scene surveyed,
And wandered in the solitary shade :
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestowed
Woman, the last, the best reserved of God."

At the conclusion of the lecture the CHAIRMAN said : Of course Mr. Costley has painted Moore perhaps from his point of view as being an Irishman, and I hardly think he could have treated the subject in any other way. If there is anything I admire more than anything else in a man, it is patriotism. The ways of the world are so shallow now-a-days, that to come across a genuine patriot is, to my mind, one of those delights which we should more and more enjoy. A name dear to Manchester, and one that has shed considerable lustre upon this part of Lancashire—Critchley Prince—had, perhaps, the same idea and the same appreciation of Thomas Moore as the lecturer has shown in his paper, for Prince wrote some time ago in these words:—

"There was Burns, who has followed the mountains
and streams,
There was Byrom, the stern and the strong ;
There was Shelley, who hath lived in the purest of
dreams,
And Moore, unrivalled in song."

A contemporary writer, at least a modern writer, Devey, in his comparative estimate of modern English poets, in which he includes Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, says:—"The want of refinement with Moore was the cardinal sin which cut him off from congenial sympathy with three-fourths of the human species. The structures he builds up are not made of solid and permanent materials, but of filigree work and decorative ornament which rather startle the reader by

brilliancy of effect than overpower him with occasional grandeur and profound sentiment." Of course, that extract is just picked out at random from the pages of Devey. The delights of poetry, of literature generally, are to be commended. The solacement that is to be derived from the perusal of the works of the great standard authors are, I think, not sufficiently appreciated by the teeming masses of our population to-day. Mr. Costley, in his paper, referred to those delights and pleasantries which are the rage, such as football and cricket, cards, etc., and few, indeed, are the people, even in the centres of learning, who have a knowledge of the poets. There is in the centres of learning a sort of ignorance in regard to poetry which, to me, is somewhat surprising. I take it that poetry widens the views of a man, although he may not have had the advantages of education. I have a friend who happens to be on the editorial staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On one occasion I asked him how he grappled with his grammar at school. He replied that he never learnt grammar at all; still, by wide reading of standard authors and by application, he qualified himself to hold a position on the editorial staff of one of the great London dailies. That circumstance itself is at least an argument that by the perusal of the standard authors—who are masters of language, and who have given us thoughts that lie "too deep for tears" in some instances, as Wordsworth says—I say that that is an argument why all good literature should be read. Mr. Costley, in one part of his lecture, referred to the magnanimity of Moore as regarded religion. I believe in religion he was a Catholic; but, so great was his magnanimity and breadth of spirit that he allowed his children to be brought up in the Protestant faith. Mr. Costley referred to Moore as transcending, perhaps all other singers in the domain of lyrical poetry. I think Moore was quite conscious of his position among contemporary poets in that respect, and perhaps that consciousness had something to do with the manner in which he left some of his work in regard to finish and polish, for there are evidences in his lyrical poems of lack of finish, although the poems themselves belong to diamonds of the first water. Although Moore at one time was a very poor man, owing to many reverses, yet he had the characteristic of dogged perseverance when experiencing the most overwhelming disasters. That is a noteworthy fact, and ought to be a lesson to some of us who sometimes have to pass through trials and troubles in the journey of life. If we can only imitate Moore in that respect we shall not have spent to-night in vain. But, apart from that, the lover of sweet poesy is guarded round by other forces, for Wordsworth has said—

"That they, like demi-gods, are strong
On whom the muses smile."

I congratulate Mr. Costley on this series of lectures. It is a remarkable undertaking for a man to give lectures week by week, and Mr. Costley is deserving of our thanks for the manner in which he has applied himself to those delights which are to be found hidden in the pages of our great English writers. I am very glad to be here to-night. Mr. Costley is an old friend of mine, and I know the fervour with which he throws himself into all his undertakings. He has a great love of nature and of his fellows. I have no doubt that if he were a wealthy man he would figure amongst the great philanthropists of the country. I recognise his generosity, his geniality, and his love of the land which gave him birth, and I think Pendleton ought to reverse and extend to him that courtesy and appreciation which, at any rate, should come in the train of anyone who tries to improve those amongst whom he lives, and to lift them up, if it is possible, to the highest and noblest standard of life. (Applause.)

Mr. A. RICHARDSON proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Costley, and to his son for reading the paper. He said: There are some persons present who have had the advantage of a Charlestown education. Those who have know that it was not very classical, but it was practical, and contained some wise sayings, one of which was, "While the old cock crows the young one learns." And we may take it that whilst the old cock, Mr. Costley, has been crowing during the last ten lectures, the young cock who sits by his side has caught that enthusiasm and fire which he has displayed on many occasions. (Applause.) The lecturer has carried our minds back to the days of writers who lived five hundred years before the birth of Christ; but I should have expected that Mr. Costley, with all his enthusiasm on the subject of Ireland and her sons, would at least have claimed that Adam was an Irishman, and that the Garden of Eden was in Killarney. (Laughter and applause.) He has not gone as far as that yet, but the probability is he will. I can assure those present they may look forward with pleasure to the next two, and concluding, lectures of the series. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.)

Mr. Thomas W. ROBINSON, in seconding, said he was sure the lecture must have afforded all present the greatest pleasure and interest.

He added: When Mr. Costley undertook to deliver these lectures, I thought that he would break down before he had delivered one-half of them. He has now delivered the tenth lecture, and I verily believe he could deliver another ten, nearly one-half of the

matter being from memory, and the other half from manuscript. He seems to me to be inexhaustible in his literary and other resources. That portion of the lectures which he has given from memory was delivered with greater force and power than that which he read from manuscript.

The motion was carried with acclamation, and, in acknowledgment,

Mr. COSTLEY said: Mr. Riley Stansfield, our chairman, has come from Southport this evening, and his presence shows that he has a thorough appreciation of the poets and poetry. I may tell you also that he is a midnight reader of their writings—indeed, he has himself written a few poems.

I now conclude with the following lines on Thomas Moore, by Lord Byron:—

“ My boat is on the shore,
 And my barque is on the sea ;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee !
 Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate ;
 And whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.
 Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on ;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.
 Wer't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.
 With that water as this wine,
 The libation I would pour,
 Should be—peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.”

A vote of thanks having been accorded to the chairman, the proceedings concluded.

The Songs and Singers of Ireland.

• I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."—Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

• Songs may exist unsung, but voices exist only when they sound.' —
LANDOR.

THE SONGS AND SINGERS OF IRELAND.

On Thursday evening, February 27th, 1896, Mr. Thomas Costley delivered the eleventh of a series of lectures on "The Songs and Singers of Ireland," in the Pendleton Town Hall. In the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Grindon, who had been announced to preside, the chair was occupied by Mrs. Mercer, a member of the Salford Board of Guardians.

In opening the proceedings, Mrs. MERCER said she anticipated that the lecture would be of such interest that she would not stand between them and the lecturer by offering any remarks at that juncture.

Mr. COSTLEY, who met with a most cordial reception—preliminary to the reading of his paper,—said: It gives me much pleasure to give the eleventh lecture of the series, entitled, "The Songs and Singers of Ireland." There is no other country that I am aware of, for its size, that has contributed more than Ireland to the literature of the world, so far as songs and singers are concerned. And I

"Hail them as mighty masters of the lyre,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and informed my youth;
Oh! let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide.
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony and peace and innocence abide."

It is quite true that none of her sons or her daughters have written any great poem, that is, any great epic poem like "Paradise Lost," of Milton; Homer's "Iliad"; Danté's "Divine Comedy"; or Tasso's "Jerusalem." Nevertheless, the sons and daughters of Ireland have composed poems that are couched in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." In a very large number of the Irish songs we find fire, pathos, beauty, the true spirit of freedom, and everything that is noble, refined and religious.

The singers of Ireland, are, in fact, so numerous, that when one purposes speaking or writing of them, he scarcely knows where to begin. I cannot tell you who was the first singer in the Irish language, but this I do know, that before any singer lived in England, or who wrote any song of which there is any trace to-day, there were Irish poets. We know that the songs of Ossian have never been surpassed in the history of the world, and yet they were written in the earliest

ages of Irish history—perhaps in the fourth century after Christ.

The ancient Irish were not only great in song writing, but were also more than respectable in works of art. When Europe was passing through its dark period, and during what we call the "middle ages," in England, poetry flourished in Ireland. A great deal of Irish poetry is lost because there has been no one to chronicle it; it has not been written and preserved the same as the poetry of other countries. What Irish poetry is still extant has found scholars who have been able to translate it. Few poets have lived who have surpassed the bards of Ireland for beauty of expression and thought. One name should be mentioned, especially that of James Joseph Callanan, who was a famous translator of Irish poems, and himself a poet. We are indebted to him for giving us some of the finest Irish lyrics.

The earliest literature of these islands is that of the Gaels. The Battle of Gabhra, occurring between two famous clans at deadly enmity with each other, is said to have been fought A.D. 284. The following description of this battle is exceedingly impressive, both for its poetry and its fire. The piece itself is from a collection of Gaelic poems made by Sir James McGregor, Dean of Lismore, in the beginning of the 16th century. Fergus Finnbheoil is supposed to describe, in reply to questions from his father, Fion MacCumhail, the slaughter of his Fenians at the Battle of Gabhra, and the death of Oscar, Oisín's son, the old man's grandson. Henry Morley says:—"A Gaelic poem closes usually with repetition of its first word or phrase. That repetition here serves also to suggest the bard, who was the historian of ancient times, passing from tribe to tribe and answering in each place the demand for full details of the great deeds, whereof it was he only who kept the record and maintained the fame."

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

"Say, Bard of the Feinn of Erin,
How fared the fight, Fergus, my son,
In Gabhra's fierce battle-day? Say!"
"The fight fared not well, son of Cumhail,
From Gabhra come tidings of ruin,
For Oscar the fearless is slain.
The sons of Caeilte were seven;
They fell with the Feinn of Alvin.
The youth of the Feinn are fallen,
Are dead in their bright array.
And dead on the field lies MacLuy,
With six of the sons of thy sire.
The young men of Alvin are fallen

The Feinn of Britain are fallen.
 And dead is the king's son of Locklin,
 Who hastened to war for our right—
 The king's son with a heart ever open,
 And arm ever strong in the fight."

" Now, O Bard—my son's son, my desire,
 My Oscar, of him, Fergus, tell
 How he hewed at the helms ere he fell.'

" Hard were it, Fionn, to number,
 Heavy for me were the labour,
 To tell of the host that has fallen,
 Slain by the valour of Oscar.
 No rush of the waterfall swifter,
 No pounce of the hawk on his prey,
 No whirlpool more sweeping and deadly,
 Than Oscar in battle that day.
 And you who last saw him could see
 How he throbbed in the roar of the fray,
 As a storm-worried leaf on the tree
 Whose fellows lie fallen below,
 As an aspen will quiver and sway
 While the axe deals it blow upon blow
 When he saw that MacArt, King of Erin
 Still lived in the midst of the roar,
 Oscar gathered his force to roll on him
 As waves roll to break on the shore.
 The king's son, Cairbar, saw the danger,
 He shook his great hungering spear,
 Grief of griefs! drove its point through our Oscar
 Who braved the death-stroke without fear.
 Rushing still on MacArt, King of Erin,
 His weight on his weapon he threw,
 And smote at MacArt, and again smote
 Cairbar, whom that second blow slew.
 So died Oscar, a king in his glory.
 I, Fergus the Bard, grieve my way
 Through all lands, saying how went the story
 Of Gabhra's fierce battle-day." " Say!"

As an example of the doctrines preached by St. Patrick, and as showing to some extent the spirit in which he undertook his work, I may quote the hymn commonly known as "Saint Patrick's Breastplate." The original is written in Irish of a very ancient dialect, and it is quoted in the seventh century as the work of Saint Patrick. As it partakes of the nature of a creed, it will tell us some of the beliefs of the ancient Irish Church. It is extracted from James Henthorne Todd's "Life of Saint Patrick."

SAINT PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE.

"I bind to myself to-day,
 The strong power of an invocation of the Trinity,
 The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
 The Creator of the Elements.

I bind to myself to-day,
 The power of the Incarnation of Christ, with that of
 His Baptism,
 The power of the Crucifixion, with that of His Burial,
 The power of the Resurrection, with the Ascension,
 The power of the coming to the Sentence of Judgment.

I bind to myself to-day,
 The power of the love of Seraphim,
 In the obedience of Angels,
 In the hope of Resurrection unto reward,
 In the prayers of the noble Fathers,
 In the predictions of the Prophets,
 In the preaching of Apostles,
 In the faith of Confessors,
 In the purity of Holy Virgins,
 In the acts of Righteous Men.

I bind to myself to-day,
 The power of Heaven,
 The light of the Sun,
 The whiteness of Snow,
 The force of Fire,
 The flashing of Lightning,
 The velocity of Wind,
 The depth of the Sea,
 The stability of the Earth,
 The hardness of Rocks.

I bind to myself to-day,
 The Power of God to guide me,
 The Might of God to uphold me,
 The Wisdom of God to teach me,
 The Eye of God to watch over me,
 The Ear of God to hear me,
 The Word of God to give me speech,
 The Hand of God to protect me,
 The Way of God to prevent me,
 The Shield of God to shelter me,
 The Host of God to defend me,
 Against the snares of demons,
 Against the temptations of vices,
 Against the lusts of nature,
 Against every man who meditates injury to me,
 Whether far or near,
 With few or with many.

have set around me all these powers,
 Against every hostile savage power
 Directed against my body and my soul,
 Against the incantations of false prophets,
 Against the black laws of heathenism,
 Against the false laws of heresy,
 Against the deceits of idolatry,
 Against the spells of women and smiths and Druids,
 Against all knowledge which blinds the soul of man.

Christ protect me to-day
 Against poison, against burning,
 Against drowning, against wound,
 That I may receive abundant reward.

Christ with me, Christ before me,
 Christ behind me, Christ within me,
 Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
 Christ at my right Christ at my left,
 Christ in the fort,
 Christ in the chariot seat,
 Christ in the poop.

Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
 Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me,
 Christ in every eye that sees me,
 Christ in every ear that hears me.

I bind to myself to-day,
 The strong power of an invocation of the Trinity,
 The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
 The Creator of the Elements.

Salvation is of the Lord,
 Salvation is of the Lord,
 Salvation is of Christ,
 May Thy salvation, O Lord, be with us evermore."

It is said that this hymn was composed by Saint Patrick when he was about to appear before King Leary. No doubt in after times it was used as a kind of charm. It was believed that those who recited it were thereby protected from the assaults of demons, from poison, envy, and from sudden death. Most of the old Irish hymns were put to a similar use at one time or other.

Carolan, the wonderful blind poet and musician of Ireland, has been the subject of many detailed biographies. It is not our purpose, therefore, to go over the particulars of his history in this place; we shall only quote one little piece, which contains an allusion to his blindness. It is a song to "Mabel Kelly," one of the sweetly-named daughters of his native land, whom Carolan delighted to address. The translation is from Miss Brooke's "Relics of Irish Poetry."

"To thee harmonious powers belong,
 That add to verse the charm of song;
 Soft melody with numbers join,
 And make the poet half divine.
 The timid lustre of thine eye
 With nature's purest tints can vie—
 With the sweet blue-bell's azure gem,
 That droops upon its modest stem.
 How blest the bard, oh, lovely maid,
 To find thee in thy charms array'd!
 Thy pearly cheek, thy flowing hair,
 Thy neck beyond the cygnet fair.
*Even he whose hapless eyes no ray
 Admit from beauty's cheering day;
 Yet, though he cannot see the light,
 He feels it warm, and knows it bright."*

"Every reader of taste and feeling," says the translator of this piece, "must surely be struck with the beauty of the concluding passage. Can anything be more elegant, or more pathetic, than the manner in which Carolan alludes to his want of sight?"

From the earliest ages Ireland has had the reputation of being a land of song, and the most conspicuous figure on her national emblem is the harp, upon which her minstrels played when the biographers and historians of the country were the bards who committed all the achievements of their kings and saints to ballads which were played and sung at festivals, in market places, and at fairs. The Rev. W. A. O'Connor supposes the first inhabitants of the country to have been "a tribe who took possession of the fields without human opposition; whose progress was unmarked by blood-stained and burning homesteads; whose children were neither disciplined in cruelty by the arrogant relation of their father's crimes, nor reconciled to injustice by enjoying the proceeds of another's toil, nor perverted from the pursuit of excellence by inheriting the fictitious and ready-made superiority of caste. The first ancestry of the Irish people is represented by justice."

If this is not a strictly accurate account of the first settlers in Ireland, it certainly has the merit of being a poetical one. But when we consider that all the western islands were peopled from continents beyond the seas, we can hardly conceive of the existence of a tribe in Ireland holding possession of the country for any considerable period which did not hold possession by force. But even then the bards and the minstrels must have existed, for a faint murmur of their melodies still comes over the centuries like that which lingers in a sea-shell when the sea is too distant to be heard by the most sensitive ear. Indeed,

the poets and ballad-makers of Ireland never had a beginning, such as dynasties and philosophies have, for upon whatsoever period we place our finger, there was a "before," as certainly as there was an "after."

Mr. O'Connor speaks with more certainty of a later period, of which he thus writes: "Those settlers were first followed, at an unknown and very remote date, by some tribes of the Aryan family, who, issuing from the east, and travelling by some immediate route, so that they did not suffer transformation into Celt or German by the way, brought with them their arts, their customs, and their religion." It is remarkable that the latter survived in Ireland in all its purity, while in more northern countries it degenerated." "The Aryans worshipped Light, the Heavenly Father. This sublime primitive creed degenerated into gloomy and cruel rites as it slowly filtered through the dark and savage scenery of the north, and the God of Light was changed into or associated with the god of the thunder, of the tempest. But no such degeneration took place in Ireland. While other nations lowered religion to the meanness of their desire, Ireland, through all the rigours of fortune, has preserved the ideal of her youth." Does the reader ask for evidences of the early introduction of the arts, customs, and religion of the Aryan people, who came at this remote period to colonise Ireland? They abound everywhere—"A rich crop of sacred emblems and edifices sprang from the soil at the first breath of this spiritual spring-time, and became perennial. A new style of architecture, to which a happier future will do justice, was invented; a new style of ornamentation, which modern art has not rivalled, was elaborated; temples limited in size, but compact and perfect, intended to stimulate worship, grew from the rocks; towers of incomparable workmanship, pre-Christian crosses, veritable tokens of the nation's mind, stone circles and pillars, whose ruins seem more natural than the tempest-riven crags that stand beside them, literally covered the island, and silently testify to this day of a once prosperous, peaceful, and abounding population. No mountain is so bare, no islet so rugged, no headland so sequestered, no forest or morass so inaccessible, as not to possess imperishable relics of thronging worshippers and beautiful ideas expressed in song."

And what does all this mean, but that the people of that time were emotional, reverent, and intensely patriotic. And pray how was it possible for these characteristics to exist without a perpetual accompaniment of song? Can worship exist without music or without the assistance of measured and elevated language? And what can we think of the wit that

has no tongue, the love that has no language, or the patriotism that has no enthusiasm? Not only do poetical manuscripts of great antiquity exist in Ireland, which afford positive evidence of the existence of poetical literature in the ages to which they belong, but they indicate a degree of maturity which must have been the product of the efforts of centuries. Moreover, the country is exceedingly rich in legendary lore, the material in which the poet delights to work, and in fragments of half-forgotten ballads, and the poetical productions of the present day are but loud echoes of many distant voices. And between them there is the likeness almost of identity. In other words, they have all the one flavour, one colour, one aroma, and one idiomatic current. And he must, indeed, be a novice in British literature who cannot, even when the brogue is absent, tell an Irish from an English song, or, indeed, from any other national song. In this respect Ireland is more distinctly pronounced than either Scotland or Wales.

No doubt much of the old poetical literature of Ireland, which was committed by the Irish bards to the custody of the people, perished out of men's memories in consequence of the displacement of the old Celtic tongue by the English language. And in this matter the change has been wonderfully gigantic. When the Norman French was introduced into England by William the Conqueror and his followers, and after it became the language of the courts of law, and of the king and all his ministers, the progress it made was neither rapid nor wide-spread; but in Ireland the old language is all but forgotten, and all newspapers and books in that country are printed in the words that constitute the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

But, spite of the fact that much has been forgotten or lost, much remains, and the industry of modern poets and song-writers—men who have lived to vindicate the genius of the Irish race—has so greatly augmented the poetical wealth of the country, that her bitterest enemies cannot deny to her the right to be called the "Land of Song," as well as the "Isle of Saints."

The songs of Ireland contain a complete history of her people, not of course of their political, but of their domestic history, and may be thus divided:—

The songs of occupation, such as the smith's song, the mill song, and spinning and weaving songs; fishing, farming, and hunting ballads; convivial songs to the jig and planxty, and festal chorus: love songs and love ballads; lullabies and lamentations; and songs of warriors and heroes.

In addition to these are the bardic lyrics, and not many bard idylls; but if the English student of Irish

literature demands, as a test of poetical genius, the production of a great heroic or dramatic poem, he will not receive any response to his demand. There are many long poems which may tax the patience of, and fail to meet critics and the requirements of the grammarians, but there are no monumental poems like "Paradise Lost," which indeed is more talked about than read, and more praised than understood. But, if the critic has feeling as well as judgment, he will find in Irish poetry an inexhaustible source of the most exquisite pathos and the most inimitable humour, set to a music that gives an involuntary motion to his material understanding; and, finding these attributes, he may come to the conclusion that, for the purposes of ordinary life, an Irish song pregnant with genuine Irish feeling is better than all the monumental poems that the hands of the giants of literature have erected for the admiration of mankind.

It is necessary to say a word or two in the way of apology for including among Irish songs and ballads the productions of many Englishmen who have derived their inspiration from the writings of purely Irish poets, and who have even, in some cases, imported more of the Hibernian spirit into their songs than we find in those which are of native growth. And if we well consider it there is neither impropriety nor injustice in thus permitting English writers of Irish melodies to stand side by side with true-born Irish poets who are sincerely flattered by their imitations. We do not exclude Swift, or Moore, or Goldsmith, from sharing in the glories and rewards of English literature, nor do we minimise those glories or rewards by the imposition of conditions of any sort. It is certain that none of these English writers of Irish songs could have written a single poem entirely acceptable without the examples of the native poets before them. Could anything, for example, be more Irish or more enjoyable than the song of Father O'Flynn, written by an English School Inspector whose mind was saturated with Hibernian humour?

Talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Far renowned for Greek and Latinity,

Fair! and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn make hare of them all.

Come, I venture to give ye my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,

Down from mythology,
Into thayology,

Troth! and conchology, if he'd the call.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté again.

Powerfullest preacher,
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in old Donegal.

Oh! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid
you,

All old sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young children are wild for to play wid you,
You've such a way with you, Father Avick!

Still for all you're so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,
Checkin' the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin,
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in old Donegal.

Such is the flower of a seed that has been carried over the Irish Sea by favouring summer breezes and deposited in English soil. We are presuming that the melodies of Moore, Lover, Lever, Davis, and other Irish melodists are sufficiently familiar or accessible to justify their omission in this chapter, which must necessarily omit much that is valuable for the sake of brevity. But I ask my audience to accept the following quotations from a volume of verse, which, though fairly well known, has not attained to national popularity. The volume is entitled "Irish Songs and Ballads," and is from the pen of Alfred Percival Graves, author of the "Songs of Killarney." A goodly number of the pieces in the volume are translations from the Celtic, and undoubtedly possess the merit, which the author claims for them, of being "close translations," and another, perhaps more important, merit, which the author does not claim for them on account of his modesty—namely, the merit of being possessed with the spirit and charms of the originals. Translation of poetry from one language to another is one of the most difficult tasks of genius, as may be inferred from what we have seen of the work of translations of Homer and of the Hebrew Scriptures, where accuracy has destroyed that poetical indefiniteness by which the brightest of pictures is surrounded, and that indescribable "light that never was on sea or land—the consecration and the poet's dream." The original lyrics in this book are, for the most part, supremely excellent, and always redolent of the soil of Erin. But my audience must have an opportunity of judging for themselves:—

I once loved a boy, a bold Irish boy,
 Far away in the hills of the west;
 Ah! the love of that boy was my jewel of joy,
 And I built him a bower in my breast,
 In my breast;
 I built him a bower in my breast.

The spring-time returns, and the sweet speckled thrush
 Murmurs soft to his mate on her nest,
 But for ever there's fallen a sorrowful hush
 O'er the bower that I built in my breast,
 In my breast;
 O'er the desolate bower in my breast."

This song may appear light to the superficial observer, but a little study will convince the least appreciative of critics that it is the production of that perfect art which conceals itself behind unsuspecting simplicity. Moreover it is a song pure and simple, as distinguished from a poem, and not too long or too philosophical to be sung with effectiveness. Of a like kind is the following lyric, although joy, and not grief, is its attribute:—

"TIS I CAN WEAVE WOOLLEN AND LINEN.

'Tis I can weave woollen and linen,
 The finest folk wear on their backs;
 So girls, come give over your spinnin',
 And wind off your wool and your flax.

Five year at my woollen and linen
 I've woven from mornin' to night,
 With a heart that beat heavy beginnin',
 But is leaping for ever more light.

For with guineas full up is the stockin'
 Sewed safe in the tick of my bed,
 And 'tis soon I'll rest without rockin',
 Since at Shrove with my Willy I'll wed."

Another enjoyable song is the one entitled "Jenny I'm not Jestin'," which contains a love dialogue in lyrical form, where a lover lays siege to the heart of one who has jilted at least a dozen suitors before Lawrence approaches her. He begins with telling us that he has pressed his suit for seven years through:—

"Ah, Jenny, I'm not jesting,
 Believe what I'm protesting,
 And yield what I'm requesting
 These seven years through."

The reply of Jenny is certainly disheartening :—

" Ah, Lawrence, I may grieve you ;
Yet, if I can't relieve you,
Sure, why should I deceive you,
With words untrue.

But, since you must be courtin',
There's Rosy and her fortune,
'Tis rumoured your consortin'
With her of late.

Or there's your cousin Kitty,
So charming and so witty,
She'd wed you out of pity,
Kind Kate."

Lawrence replies that all the lads whom Jenny has courted have proved fickle and false, while he has remained true and constant ; but women are never to be beaten in argument, and Jenny cleverly asks—

" And if you've known me longest,
Why should your love be strongest,
And his that's now the youngest
For that be worst ? "

Love is not always resourceless and speechless, and Larry gives a splendid and convincing answer :—

" Fire, Jenny, quickest kindled
Is always soonest dwindled,
And thread the swiftest spindled
Snaps first."

But this reply does not end the tantalising of the coquettish maiden, who instantly caps the lover's argument by saying :—

" If that's your wisdom, Larry,
The longer I shall tarry,
The luckier I shall marry
At long, long last."

Not to be outdone, Larry replies with perilous pathos, as if prepared to give up the suit :—

" I've known of girls amusing
Their minds, the men refusing,
Till none were left for choosing
At long, long last."

This reply has the long desired effect, for the maiden, fearing that she should ere long be left withering on the stalk, thus replies :—

"Well, since it seems that marriage
Is still the safest carriage,
And all the world disparage
The spinster lone;
Since you might still forsake me,
I think I'll let you take me,
Yes, Larry, you may make me
Your own."

These Irish songs are but a taste of those which are to be found in this enjoyable volume. A characteristic song, for example, which the want of space compels us to omit, describes, as only an Irish author could describe, the charms of Fan Fitzgerald, whose eyes have slain more admirers than the shafts of Cupid have slain in a generation. Her eyebrows are the arrows from which she shoots her glances. "Showers of golden thread lift and fall upon her head." Her nose has caused more carnage than faction fights and precipices. And then there's a fascinating dimple somewhere in Fan's face which has a current in it that coaxes the roving ships to her coral lips; and, finally, we are introduced to the climax as the song which is thus described:—

"I might inform you further
Of her bosom's snowy murder,
And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's
delightful whirl;
But what need, when all the village
Has forsook its peaceful tillage,
And flown to war and pillage all for Fan Fitzgerald!"

I claim for the study of Irish poetry and Irish history that it cannot fail to be an occupation of endless profit and delight; and my further contention is that, without an intelligent study of both, no Englishman can possess a knowledge of either Irish poetry or Irish history without being greatly benefited by it.

I can give you no better proof of the poetical character of the Irish people than that which is afforded by the number of those who have constantly added to the already abundant wealth of the country in verse and song. And although the poets of later times have passed through the common experience of being poor and ill-rewarded, they have always been appreciated in the land of their birth, if their rewards were disproportioned to their deserts, not because that appreciation was wanting in favour, but because it was restrained by poverty.

The English reader, who, for the first time, carefully examines a collection of Irish poetry, will be surprised at, and may be repelled by, the national sentiment which prevails everywhere, and is too pronounced to

be overlooked. Before he can appreciate as he ought to do he must get rid of much of his English prejudice, which is either the result of imperfect acquaintance with Irish character and Irish history, or entire ignorance of both. In this connection he must remember that even such Irishmen as Oliver Goldsmith, whose father was an Episcopalian clergyman, and who spent the best part of his life in England, in no half-hearted way shared this national sentiment. Indeed, it is this sentiment that mainly constitutes the charm of "The Deserted Village," the author of which pathetically exclaims:—

"Sweet smiling village! loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green."

Another essential attribute of Irish poetry—if an attribute it can properly be called—is its emotional character, and this accounts for the fact that it is almost entirely lyrical. The passions cannot express themselves in heroic measures, at least, not Irish passions, which must call in the aid of stirring melody to give them effect, or in other words to convey pathos and enthusiasm from one heart to another.

But Irish patriotism did not produce all the poetry of Ireland. In that country love is a power that dominates every other, and is not soon quenched.

Irish love songs are peculiarly warm and fascinating. And then how can we ignore Irish wit, which is probably the richest in the world, having all the qualities of spontaneity, incongruity, brilliance, and arrow-like swiftness? Of necessity this wit becomes humour in the hands of the poet, but the humour is always most exquisite.

Permit me now to introduce Francis Sylvester Mahony, better known as Father Prout. He was born in Cork in 1805, acquired some celebrity as the Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, and more as the Father Prout of *Fraser's Magazine*. The question has been asked, "Do you wish for epigrams? Here is a fairy shower of them. Have you a taste for ballads, from the note of the trumpet to the tone of the flute? All these, and a great many more admirable qualities, are to be found in Father Prout's volume." But Father Prout must speak for himself in an inimitable Irish song, which he thought worthy of being honoured with a Latin version. This song is entitled

“BARNEY BRALLIGHAN’S COURTSHIP.

’Twas on a windy night
 At two o’clock in the morning,
 An Irish lad so tight,
 All wind and weather scorning;
 At Judy Callighan’s door,
 Sitting on the pailings,
 His love tale he did pour—
 And this was part of his wailings:
 Only say
 You’ll have Mister Brallighan,
 Don’t say nay,
 Charming Judy Callighan.

Oh! list to what I say,
 Charms you’ve got like Venus,
 Own your love you may,
 There’s only the wall between us;
 You lie fast asleep,
 Snug in the bed and snoring,
 Round the house I creep,
 Your hard heart imploring.
 Only say, &c.

I’ve got nine pigs and sow,
 I’ve got a sty to sleep ’em,
 A calf and a brindled cow,
 And got a cabin to keep ’em;
 Sunday coat and hose,
 An old grey mare to ride on,
 Saddle and bridle to boot,
 Which you may ride astride on.
 Only say, &c.

I’ve got an old tom-cat,
 Through one eye he is staring;
 I’ve got a Sunday hat,
 Little the worse for wearing;
 I’ve got some gooseberry wine,
 The trees had got no riper;
 I’ve got a fiddle fine,
 Which only wants a piper.
 Only say, &c.

I’ve got an acre of ground,
 I’ve got it set with praties;
 I’ve got of backey a pound,
 And got some tay for the ladies;
 I’ve got the ring to wed,
 Some whisky to make us gaily;
 A mattress, feather-bed,
 And a handsome new shillelah.
 Only say, &c.

You've got a charming eye,
 You've got some spelling and reading ;
 You've got, and so have I,
 A taste for genteel breeding ;
 You're lovely and fair and young,
 As everybody's knowing ;
 You've got a dacent tongue,
 Whene'er 'tis set a-going.

Only say, &c.

For a wife, till death
 I'm willing to take ye ;
 But, och ! I waste my breath,
 The devil himself can't wake ye.
 'Tis just beginning to rain,
 So I'll get under cover,
 I'll come to-morrow again,
 And be your constant lover.

Only say," &c.

Perhaps some of my audience, while acknowledging the peculiar humour and fascination of this truly Irish love song, would not allow it to be included in a collection of poetry properly so called, because the imagery used is meagre indeed, and there are no thoughts that breathe or words that burn. If this rule were strictly enforced two-thirds at least of the poetry that has given pleasure to millions would be expunged from the catalogues of every considerable library in Europe. The truth is "Barney Brallighan's Courtship" is a true picture of Irish life, drawn by a master hand with the simplest materials. It runs over with humour of the most delicious kind, and is, practically, as dramatic as a stage-play, although only one character is introduced to speak for himself.

Perhaps the most poetical of all Father Prout's productions is the poem entitled, "The Bells of Shandon." Of this exquisite piece Samuel Lover says that he could not pass over its numerous beauties without comment—"the charming sentiment; the felicitous versification; the variety of illustrations so indicative of scholarship without pedantry; the bold and ingenious rhymes ringing in attractive triple succession, so appropriate to the subject; and so peculiarly Irish." Space will not permit me to do more than quote two stanzas, and this I do with a degree of reluctance because the poem does not admit of mutilation. Nevertheless, even in that form its beauties will be recognisable.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

I have heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine;
 For memory dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
 While on tower and kiosko
 In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
 And loud in air,
 Calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summits
 Of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them,
 But there is an anthem
 More dear to me.
 'Tis the bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee."

It may be necessary to explain that Shandon Church is an odd-looking old structure in Cork, and the river Lee a stream hard by, which has the reputation of being filled with salmon trout which "burst their banks and leap high on the shore." Father Prout, priest and poet, died in Paris in 1866.

Some of the most popular songs in Ireland are the productions of unknown authors, probably of ballad singers, who composed them to get bread by singing them in inns and at the corners of popular streets. Others, no doubt, were the work of village bards who felt the divine afflatus and gave it language because they could not help it. It is really astonishing what merit there is in some of these anonymous ballads, which, having found their way into men's memories when their unknown authors had forgotten them, were reproduced and became a part of the national literature. But there are other songs that have many

authors, songs which may be said to have been written by the nation for the nation, notably that which bears the title of "St. Patrick was a Gentleman."

Mr. Crofton Croker, who elaborately annotated this song, tells us that it was the work of many hands, three verses being written in 1814 by a couple of gentlemen who went to a masquerade in Cork as ballad singers. These verses at once became popular, and, from time to time, others were added. St. Patrick has always been venerated in Ireland, and the popularity of his name has been attested in every possible way. The song writers have especially made good use of it not a saint in all the world has been so well celebrated in verse as the patron saint of the Emerald Isle. And yet the place of his birth, the family from which he sprung, and the country to which that family belonged, have, for ages, been the subjects of enthusiastic discussion. But all this discussion is now practically at an end, for it is generally admitted that St. Patrick was an Irish gentleman who was descended from the Gallaghers of Donegal—a family of consideration in that county. This family was connected with the Brady's of Cavan, the O'Shaughnessy's of Galway, and the Grady's of that part of Clare which is now called Barony of Bunrath. This is a pretty satisfactory settlement of the matter, seeing that the ancestors of St. Patrick and their descendants possessed property, and had influence in every point of the compass within the sea-girt boundaries of the Isle of Saints. And now let us hear what this company of writers who jointly produced this popular Irish song had to say about St. Patrick:—

" Oh ! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
 Who came of decent people ;
 He built a church in Dublin town,
 And on it put a steeple.
 His father was a Gallagher ;
 His mother was a Brady ;
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
 His uncle was an O'Grady.
 So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's a saint so clever ;
 Oh ! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
 And banished them for ever !

The Wicklow hills are very high,
 And so's the Hill of Howth, sir,
 But there's a hill much bigger still,
 Much higher nor them both, sir.

Twas on the top of this high hill
 St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
 And drove the frogs into the bogs,
 And banished all the varmint.

Oh, success, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's Isle
 Where dirty varmin musters,
 But there he put his dear fore-foot,
 And murdered them in clusters.
 The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
 Slap dash into the water,
 And the snakes committed suicide,
 To save themselves from slaughter.

Oh, success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
 He charmed with sweet discourses,
 And dined on them at Killaloe
 In soups and second courses.
 Where blind worms, crawling in the grass,
 Disgusted all the nation ;
 He gave them a rise which opened their eyes
 To a sense of their situation.

Oh, success, &c.

No wonder that those Irish lads
 Should be so gay and frisky,
 For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
 As well as making whisky ;
 No wonder that the saint himself
 Should understand distilling,
 Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
 In the town of Enniskillen.

Oh, success, &c.

Oh ! was I but so fortunate
 As to be back in Munster,
 'Tis, I'd be bound, that from that ground
 I never more would once stir.
 For there St. Patrick planted turf,
 And plenty of the praties ;
 With pigs *galore*, *ma gra*, *ma store*,
 And cabbages and ladies !
 Then by my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
 For he's the darling Saint, O !
 Oh ! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
 He's a beauty without paint, O !

The question, often asked by Englishmen, whether Ireland is free from what are here called reptiles, once more suggests itself. We are not in a position to entirely gratify curiosity in this matter, but quote the following note which appears in Samuel Lover's "Lyrics of Ireland." He says, "The freedom of the Irish soil from all venomous reptiles, which is vulgarly

attributed to St. Patrick, is noticed as early as the year 840 by Donat, an Irish ecclesiastic, who ultimately became an Italian bishop. The allusion is made in some laudatory Latin verses, which have been rendered into English, and in which the following lines occur:—

'No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor frogs annoy the lake;
An island worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.'

It is said also by Mr. Henry R. Montgomery that frogs were really unknown in Ireland until propagated from spawn introduced as an experiment by a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

The next Irish song writer to whom we introduce the reader is William Drennan, poet, essayist, and physician, who was born in Belfast, May 23rd, 1754, and who departed this life February 5th, 1820. He wrote the prospectus of the "United Irishmen," which society he founded. He also prepared and delivered addresses to its members, and was the author of many manifestoes. He was tried for sedition in 1794, but was acquitted. He was a voluminous and versatile writer, and wielded great influence in his time.

We next introduce to the reader's notice the name of James Joseph Callanan, another Irish poet, who was born at Cork in 1795, and died in Lisbon, September 19th, 1829. He was educated at Maynooth College for the Roman Catholic priesthood. He subsequently entered Trinity College, Dublin, with the intention of becoming a barrister. While at the Dublin University he produced two prize poems, one on the accession of George the Fourth, the other on the Restoration of the Spoils of Athens by Alexander the Great. He suddenly abandoned the study of law, and quitted the University. The remainder of his life in Ireland he spent as a tutor, partly in private families, and partly in the school kept at Cork by the celebrated Dr. William Maginn. Encouraged by this great scholar, Callanan translated a series of six popular Irish songs which appeared in the thirteenth volume of Blackwood's Magazine.

Between this time and 1827, when he quitted Ireland for Lisbon, Callanan wrote numerous poems, of which the most ambitious was, "The Recluse of Inchidy," which was written in the Spenserian stanza. His most successful pieces, however, were lyrical. The best of these are "The Virgin Mary's Bank," and the spirited ballad entitled, "Gougane Barra." The latter is undoubtedly the most perfect of Irish minor poems, especially in the smoothness of its rhythm, the melody of its language, and the weird nature of its imagery

The Lake of Gougaune Barra, which means a hollow or recess, is in County Cork. It is the parent of the river Lee.

"GOUGAUNE BARRA.

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep valleyed Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the
mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—O! to see them all
bright'ning
When the tempest flings out its red banner of light-
ning,
And the waters run down, 'mid the thunder's deep
rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle.

And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.
O! where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the
ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion.

And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather;
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and
slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, O! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber.

And mingled once more with the voice of those
fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains;
And gleamed each grey legend, that darkly was
sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were
creeping.

Least bard of the hills, were it mine to inherit
 The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
 With the wrongs which like thee to our country have
 bound me,

Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me
 Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
 And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
 The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
 And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I too shall be gone, but my name shall be spoken,
 When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;
 Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming.

And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where the calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
 Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
 O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever."

I have quoted this poem at length because of its poetic excellence, and also because it is not likely to be known to the English reader. From beginning to end the force is maintained, and the versification flows on with the strength and smoothness of majestic river.

In person, although Callanan was not remarkable, he had a high forehead, an open countenance, and an intellectual cast of features, which gave him an air of dignity that was peculiarly impressive. It is said that his voice was gentle and pleasing, though its tone was low and soft. Perhaps nothing distinguishes a gentleman from a boor more easily and infallibly, so to speak, than the human voice. The acquirements of Callanan were considerable, his reading extending over a wide area of space and time. He was well acquainted with the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, and he was no stranger to the literature of France and Spain, nor to that of his own country which was written before Saxon was spoken by a majority of the Irish people. As his patriotism was sincere, so were his manners kind and conciliatory. That Callanan could descend from his lofty flights, and speak of love, and other human passions, in language that all who know how difficult it is to convey to others the sentiments and thoughts that agitate emotional natures, must admire and envy, is abundantly made manifest in the following beautiful lines:—

"The night was still, the air was balm,
 Soft dews around were weeping ;
 No whisper rose o'er ocean calm,
 It's waves in light were sleeping.

With Mary on the beach I strayed,
 The stars beamed joys above me;
 I pressed her hand, and said, 'Sweet maid,
 Oh! tell me, do you love me?'

With modest air she drooped her head,
 Her cheek of beauty veiling;
 Her bosom heaved—no word she said;
 I marked her strife of feeling.
 'Oh, speak my doom, dear maid,' I cried,
 'By yon bright heaven above thee,'
 She gently raised her eyes and sighed,
 'Too well you know I love thee.'"

John Banim next claims my attention. He was born in Kilkenny, April 3rd, 1798, and died August 1st, 1842. He was, with his brother Michael, the author of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," the best delineation of Irish life ever published. These tales are free from theatrical effects, by which some other Irish authors sought to produce favourable opinions of their works; but I desire rather to consider John Banim as an Irish lyrical poet in this place than as a novelist. His poems, although not many, are perfect gems. Perhaps the best of his poems is that which bears the title of "The Reconciliation." This ballad is said to be founded on fact. The event which gave rise to it occurred in a remote country chapel, at a time when great exertions were being made to put down faction fights among the peasantry:—

"The old man he knelt at the altar,
 His enemy's hand to take;
 At first his weak voice did falter,
 And his feeble limbs did shake,
 For his only brave boy—his glory,
 Had been stretched at the old man's feet,
 A corpse all so haggard and gory,
 By the hand which he now must greet.
 And soon the old man stopped speaking,
 And rage which had not gone by,
 From under his brows came breaking
 Up into his enemy's eye:
 And now his limbs were not shaking,
 But his clenched hands his bosom crossed,
 And he looked a fierce wish to be taking
 Revenge for the boy he had lost!
 But the old man he looked around him,
 And thought of the place he was in,
 And thought of the promise which bound him,
 And thought that revenge was sin;
 And then, crying tears like a woman,
 'Your hand!' he said—'aye, *that* hand!
 And I do forgive you, foeman,
 For the sake of our bleeding land!'"

The next name among the later song writers of Ireland which has been selected for notice is that of Samuel Lover, novelist, musician, and song writer, who was born in Dublin, February 24th, 1797, and died in Jersey, July 6th, 1868. In early life he studied and practised drawing and painting with considerable success, but speedily adopted the pen. He is best known as the author of "Handy Andy," an extravaganza which abounds with truly Irish wit and humour; but my purpose is now to consider him in the character of a song writer of remarkable felicity, the music of whose verse is not less melodious than the verse of Moore, and whose characters and pictures are far more representative of the land of his birth. Perhaps the most poetical, if not the most popular, of his ballads is the one entitled "The Four-leaved Shamrock." In order to understand this poem it may be necessary to explain that the four-leaved shamrock is so rare that it is supposed to bestow on the person who finds it a magical power:—

"I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock
 In all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmed leaves,
 Oh, how I'll weave my spells!
 I would not waste my magic might
 On diamond, pearl, and gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense,
 Such triumph is but cold:
 But I would play the enchanter's part,
 In casting bliss around,
 Oh! not a tear or aching heart
 Should in the world be found.
 To worth I would give honour!
 I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall
 The smile of happier years;
 And hearts that had been long estranged,
 And friends that had grown cold,
 Should meet again, like parted streams,
 And mingle as of old!
 Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
 Thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear or aching heart,
 Should in the world be found;
 The heart that had been mourning
 O'er vanished dreams of love,
 Should see them all returning.
 Like Noah's faithful dove.
 And hope should launch her blessed bark
 On sorrow's darkening sea,
 And misery's children have an ark,
 And saved from sinking be;

And thus I'd play the enchanter's part,
 Thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear or aching heart
 Should in the world be found.

A careful examination of this exquisite ballad will prepare my audience for agreeing with me that the sentiment here expressed is the noblest that could find shelter in any human breast, or that could inspire the action of any human being. "To lessen the sufferings of mankind and to multiply their joys, is the grandest occupation in which a man of wealth or genius can be engaged, and the satisfaction that results from its pursuit is incomparably profound.

Another merit of these lines of Samuel Lover is their transparency. In our time there is much affectation of mystery which is often mistaken for profundity. This is especially true of such English writers as Browning, Swinburne, and Tennyson. But the highest art is that which combines dignity with simplicity. For what is it that all great writers have been doing from the beginning of the world but striving to make themselves understood first of all, and at the same time to make themselves felt? To accomplish this they have had to restrain fluency, to keep imagination in check, lest the images used should perplex rather than explain, and even to use the pruning knife unsparingly lest the essential fruit should be impoverished. And if all this be true, then transparency is not a fault, but a merit. Studious people will also agree with me that the verses I have quoted are as musical as they are free from all constraint. There are in the lines no feeble expletives, and no discordant notes. All these qualities may be summed up in a single sentence: "The most learned cannot find fault with them, and the least learned can understand them."

Gerald Griffin, another Irish poet, who contributed much wealth to the poetical literature of his country, was born in Limerick, December 12th, 1803, and died at Cork, June 12th, 1840. He was a writer of fine feelings and brilliant attainments. In his twentieth year he went to London and became a reporter for a daily newspaper. His first production was "Holland Tide; or, Monster Tales," which appeared in 1827. This book met with an encouraging reception, which induced him to publish in the same year his "Tales of the Monster Festivals." These were followed by the "Collegians," which is considered his greatest work, and said to be the most perfect Irish novel ever published. The *Dublin University Magazine* observes, "that the author of 'Collegians' must live; that as a delineator of our national

feelings—as an expounder of that subtlest of all problems, namely, the Irish heart, he cannot be forgotten; that with Carleton, Banim, and Miss Edgeworth, and one or two more, he will take his place in the Irish firmament and form a portion of that galaxy to which we are wont to look with wonder and pride.”

The beauty and pathos of the following poem by Gerald Griffin, entitled “I Am Desolate,” has been universally appreciated:—

It may be as 'well, for the better understanding of the poem, to explain to my attentive audience that in nearly every Irish house, at sunset on Christmas Eve, a large candle is lighted which it is considered impious to snuff or touch, or use for any ordinary purpose.

The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane,
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain.
Young boys and girls run laughing by,
Their hearts and eyes elate;
I can but think and sigh,
For I am desolate !

There's none to watch in our old cot,
Beside the holy light;
No tongue to bless the silent spot
Against the parting night.
I've closed the door, and hither come
To mourn my lonely fate;
I cannot bear my old, old home,
It is so desolate !

I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
And clasped my mother's knees
I saw my mother follow him,
My husband wept with me.
My husband did not long remain,
His child was left one yet;
But now my heart's last love is slain,
I am so desolate ! ('

The allusion in the fourth line of the second stanza is to an immemorial custom in Catholic families in Ireland to sit up till midnight on Christmas Eve, in order to join in the devotion of the midnight mass. One of Carleton's powerful tales is founded on this custom.

With your permission I will now turn to the productions of a most distinguished lady of title and of rare merit, namely, Lady Dufferin.

Seldom, indeed, has the high tide of talent flowed so strongly through successive generations as it has done through the family of the Sheridans, which first manifested itself in the days of Swift. The witty Dean's lively correspondent who was the grandfather of the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of whom Thomas Moore, in his matchless monody, says :—

“The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.”

Through him descended, in the sixth generation, the authoress of the song about to be quoted. Lady Dufferin was born in 1807, and died June 13th, 1867. Her sisters were the Hon. Mrs. Norton and the Duchess of Somerset, both of whom shared the family talent to a remarkable degree. The ballads of Lady Dufferin, one of which only can be quoted in the time at my disposal, are the genuine outcome of a deep and understanding love of the Irish people, the fervent expression of which secured for her their affection and esteem :—

“TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me

All alone by myself in this place,

But I'm sure you will never deceive me,

Oh, no, if there's truth in that face.

Though England's a beautiful country,

Full of illigant boys, oh ! what then ?

You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,

You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och, those English, deceivers by nature,

Tho' maybe you'd think them sincere,

They'll say you're a sweet, charming creature,

But don't you believe them, my dear.

No, Kathleen *agva* ! don't be minding

The flattering speeches they'll make,

Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland

Is breaking his heart for your sake.

'Tis a folly to keep you from going,

Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case,

For Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing,

When next I shall see your sweet face.

And when you come back to me, Kathleen,

None the better will I be off then,

You'll be speaking such beautiful English,

Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh ! now, where's the need of this hurry,

Don't flutter me so in this way,

I've forgot 'twixt the grief and the flurry,

Every word I was maning to say ;

Just wait a minute, I bid ye,
 Can I talk if ye bother me so ?
 Oh ! Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye,
 Every inch of the way that ye go."

The subject of my next notice is Thomas Osborne Davis, poet and political writer, who was born at Mallow, October 14th, 1814, and died in Dublin, September 16th, 1845. He was educated at Trinity College, where he graduated in 1836, and two years afterwards was called to the Bar. He was one of the chief contributors to the *Nation*, and wielded an enormous influence over its readers. Although dying at the early age of 31, he lived long enough to establish an enduring fame, and to secure the affection and esteem of his countrymen. His poems are always imbued with the spirit that befits the subject, and their tenderness never fails to touch the hearts of his readers. His love songs are especially fervent and emotional, and his patriotic poems are full of passionate enthusiasm. Some of the earlier poems of Thomas Davis were "The Battle of the Brigade," "A Nation Once Again," "The West's Awake," and for recitation there are few finer pieces in the language than the stirring ballad entitled, "Fontenoy." It does Irishmen good to read some of these fine productions. "The Volunteers and the Dungannon Convention," for example, and there are few hearts that have not been touched by the following lines in his

"PENAL DAYS."

Oh ! weep for those days, those penal days,
 When Ireland hopelessly complained ;
 Oh ! weep for those days, the penal days,
 When Godless persecution reigned.
 When year by year,
 For serf and peer,
 Fresh cruelties were made by law,
 And filled with hate,
 Our Senate sate,
 To wield anew each fetter's flaw.
 Oh, weep ! those days, those penal days
 Their memory still on Ireland weighs ;
 And, oh, 'twould be a gallant deed
 To show before mankind,
 How every race and every creed
 Could be by love combined."

There was yet another Davis who sang in those days, and whose songs found a place in the same columns as the songs of his great namesake. This was Francis Davis, "the Belfast Man," as he preferred to call himself. He was born in Ballincollig,

County Cork, March 17th, 1810, and died in Belfast, October 7th, 1885. He settled in the latter city as a weaver during the Catholic Emancipation movement, and by his poems, written at the loom, helped the popular cause not a little. These poems appeared originally in the columns of *The Nation*, but were afterwards collected and published in three volumes. For some time he edited the *Belfastman's Journal*. I worked on the loom that he left when he received a pension from the Government in consideration of his poetical compositions. He was called "the Belfast Man" because he wrote a lot of his poems in Manchester and sent them to a Belfast paper. I have read them with deep interest and deep emotion. When Davies gave over weaving, I commenced, and when he left off weaving rhyme, I began; but I have not been so successful in my rhyme weaving as he was, and I never expect to receive a pension. ; But if I do not get a pension, I have the gratification of knowing that I have derived pleasure from my labours in this direction, and pleasure is better than a pension. (Applause.) Of the quality of the genius of "the Belfast man" the following is quoted as an example:—

"Oh, gather me the flowers fair,
And strew them o'er my bed;
They'll soothe me, mother, while I stay;
They'll deck me when I'm dead.
But throw the white rose far away,
For Willie's brow was fair;
Nor bring the leaf of golden tint,
To tell of Willie's hair."

I drew the curls across his brow;
My heart beat quick and sore.
I gazed upon that frozen smile
Till I could gaze no more.
And when I knelt beside her grave,
Fain, fain, were tears to flow,
But something whispered in my heart,
"You'll soon be full as low."

Oh! there's a spot at Devisfoot
Where longer lies the dew,
And there are daisies purer white,
And violets deeper blue;
Look on them kindly as you pass,
But touch no flower there,
For Willie said they bloomed for him,
To twine in Annie's hair.

Then draw the curtains close around,
And hide me from the skies,
I cannot bear that sunny blue,
So like my Willie's eyes;

And raise yet up this swimming head,
 My last dear wish to crave,
 Now, mother, mother, mind ye this,
 Lay me in Willie's grave!"

I will now give you a quotation from Denis Florence McCarthy, which ought to create a desire in those who read it for a better knowledge with the author and a better acquaintance with his writings. Only a very few of the later song writers of Ireland have been introduced to your notice, on account of the necessity of limiting the space occupied by this lecture to a certain number of folios; but enough has been given to induce students of English poetical literature to give some little of their attention to the poetical literature of the sister island. I cannot as I have said before, point to any great heroic poems such as the English possess, and such as all men praise and few men read; but I can point to poems of passion and praise which are chosen well in their attributes, and are fresh from the heart. To those who have written them be eternal felicity and never-ending praise:—

"WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May—
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
 Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing
 Longing for the May—
 Longing to escape from study,
 To the fair young face and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer's day.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing
 Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing
 Sighing for the May—
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning
 Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
 All the winter lay.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing
 S'ghing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May—
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows,

Where in laughing and in sobbing
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May!

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May—
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
 Life still ebbs away.
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May!

The beautiful and gifted Fanny Parnell, sister of Charles Stewart Parnell, secretary of the Ladies' Land League, died in 1883, aged 28 years. She wrote several exquisite poems that ought to have been collected and published in volume form. The following poem, entitled, "After Death," is beautifully lyrical and feelingly pathetic in execution and conception. None doubts her devotion to the cause of the welfare of her country.

AFTER DEATH.

'Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?
 Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
 Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-
 blaze break at last upon thy story?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle, as
 a sweet new sister hail thee,
 Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence,
 that have known but to bewail thee?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises, when
 all men their tribute bring thee?
 Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor,
 when all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
 of thy exiled sons returning!
 I should hear, tho' dead and mouldered, and the
 grave-damps should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah, the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them
 'mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
 And my heart should toss within the shroud and
 quiver as a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere-clothes round me
 giant sinews I should borrow—
 Crying, 'O, my brothers, I have also loved her in her
 loneliness and sorrow.'

Let me join with you the jubilant procession ; let me
chant with you her story ;
Then contented, I shall go back to the shamrocks,
now mine eyes have seen her glory."

Again, there are many poems of delicate beauty,
translated from the Irish, like Mangan's "Dark
Rosaleen," with its melting cadences—

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal ;
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home . . . in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen !

Irish character and Irish idea of justice is essential
to the proper treatment of the Irish people. Without
the contributions of Ireland to the literature of the
islands of the west, we might have been great, but
could not have been sufficiently lively to be interest-
ing. To Ireland, it has been said, we owe much
laughter and many tears, and though her orators are
masters of invective and sarcasm, there is a better
nature at the root of all, which only needs encourage-
ment to become paramount. Some few years ago I
ventured to put into rhythmical form a brief historical
narrative of the rise and progress of the early Irish
minstrelsy. The title of my sketch is "The Bards of
Erin," and, with your permission, I will bring this
lecture to a close by reading it:—

"The old bards of Erin to nature were true,
No matter the theme that was under review ;
Or whether of king, or of soldier, or river
They sang, and the world it must listen for ever.

When came the Milesians to Ireland from Spain,
The great Celtic singers were first in their train ;
And dear to the kings were the famed 'Minstrel
Bards,'

Who gave them high honour and ample rewards.

And do we not gather from the tales of yore,
That Old Erin was rich in legends and lore—
That genius had given to the bards of her land
The secrets of nature to well understand ?

The natives of Erin were first called Danauns,
But conquered were these by the Milesians,
Who came before Christ thirteen hundred years,
And with them the bards, as in history appears.

Eight hundred years more, and the Celts then arrived,
 And in a Greek song that till now has survived
 The green island is known as 'Hibernia,'
 Though yeapt by the pagans 'Juvernia.'

Nine centuries passed, and the name that she bore
 Was 'Scotia the beautiful'—centre to shore;
 Renowned was she then for the songs of the heart;
 Nor less was she famed for her triumphs in art.

'Twas then that in Ireland lived Ossian, the bold,
 Who younger appears as our planet grows old;
 His genius, that glowed like a fire in that age,
 Still shineth as brightly in history's page.

'Twas then that the Romans were driven to Gaul—
 A theme for the poets, both mighty and small;
 And then came Saint Patrick, sent hither by heaven,
 For greater than he was hath never been given.

All the kings of the land acknowledged his power,
 And gave God the glory; and unto this hour
 Religion and reverence are first and supreme,
 In cottage and mansion, by moorland and stream.

Thus Ireland from times that are misty, by stages,
 Advanced to the time of the middle ages;
 And from century four, to a thousand and one,
 The Bards of the "Green Island" revelled in song.

And many a song that was sung has been lost;
 For love had its victims, whose purposes crossed
 Found only expression in song or in rhyme,
 Till sorrows were healed by the solace of time.

There appeared then in Erin, to add to its glory,
 The workers in art, who are famous in story—
 The art that adorneth each temple and hall,
 That beautifies strength, and gives pleasure to all.

In Europe this time was termed the 'dark ages,'
 But in Erin 'twas really the period of sages;
 For the Bards and the Brehons had mighty renown,
 Tho' few of their works to our times have come down.

The 'king of the kings' lived in Tara's famed hall;
 And the Bards and the Brehons they answered his call;
 As part of his court and as part of his state,
 They came at his bidding, both early and late.

In century five came the great men of letters,
 Who followed their bent, untrammelled by fetters;
 And this may be classed as of learning the age,
 That gave to our history a brilliant page.

Now, following Saint Patrick, Saint Columba came
 And many the Bards that have sung of his fame
 His birth was in Ulster, in century six,
 And with rich and with poor alike did he mix.

world would be better if people loved as they ought to the sublime and beautiful in nature, in art, and in literature. (Hear, hear.) When a person is in a dependent frame of mind, it would do him good to read a piece of Irish poetry.

Miss RUDMAN, a member of the Salford Board of Guardians, seconded the motion, which was passed with acclamation.

In acknowledging the vote, Mr. COSTLEY said : I am very much obliged to you for passing the resolution. The remarks I have listened to have occasioned in me very great pleasure. I am much obliged to Mr. Shorrocks for his presence. He is a poet of "no mean order," but his modesty will not allow him to say so. I find that a weakness in English people is their modesty. (Laughter.) When they read a paper or deliver a lecture, they have not the ambition that the Irish have. They do not think of rising to the occasion, but rather wish to be "flowers born to blush unseen." I hope that the result of my lecture to-night will be that you will read for yourselves, more than you may have done in the past, the writings of the Irish poets. Unfortunately these poems are not included in many books of selected English literature. That, I think, is a great mistake, and the contents of such books should be selected according to their merit. I repeat that for sweetness, for loveliness, for virtue, and for everything that is noble, I do not think the lyrics of Irish poets are surpassed by the compositions of poets in any other country. (Applause.)

Mr. J. IRLAM moved, and Mr. JOSHUA JOHNSON seconded, a vote of thanks to Mrs. Mercer, and the proposition having been carried, the proceedings terminated.

mixture is essential. That is why I think such meetings as these are very useful and necessary work, and the love of gain, without poetry or art, gives us a black city full of smoke, and, very often, signs of poverty and sadness of many kinds; whereas, if you take some other place—Ireland, for instance—there you have a land of poetry and art, but you have not there the go-aheadness and the love of progress that you have in Manchester. It would be nice if we could join the two features of life more than has been the case in the past. Such meetings as these are a means to that end, they having a tendency to join the love of poetry with thorough business-like and capable citizenship. (Applause.) It is delightful to get away into the country for a few hours from this turmoil of business and sordid care. Mr. Costley, I am sure, has given us a strong love for the country in instancing one or two poems on the subject. There is one piece of poetry I can never think of Ireland without remembering, and that is "The harp that once through Tara's hall," that the lovers of Irish poetry delight in. There is another beautiful Irish song which we all know, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary." I have a girls' class in Angel Meadow, many of them being Irish, and they are very fond of singing songs. This is one of their songs, and to hear those girls sing—and many of them are very degraded—is a treat. The English songs they sing are not of the same pure character as is that little Irish ditty. Mr. Costley says the Irish language is not much spoken now, but I think it is spoken a good deal in the West of Ireland. Although in the schools it is prohibited, a religious society publishes the Bible in Irish, and it is thus circulated in their own native tongue to the Irish people. Mr. Costley referred to the well-known Irish song, "Father O'Flynn." I think Mr. Costley has many of the characteristics of Father O'Flynn, for he is extremely kind and lovable in his treatment of all; and although we do not always agree as guardians, yet Mr. Costley can always have a kind word and we forget our little differences on points of policy. (Applause.)

Mr. W. SHORROCK proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and said: I have known Mr. Costley for a great number of years, and I know, also, that his heart and soul are wrapped up in poetry. To-night I was in a peculiar way drawn to this meeting, knowing that the lecture would be of such deep interest. To hear anyone discourse upon Irishmen was always interesting, especially so when the lecturer is so much like the original Father O'Flynn as is Mr. Costley. (Applause.) I never knew a man gifted with such a memory as Mr. Costley. There is no doubt the

"Landscape gardening deals with the disposition of ground, water, trees, and other plants which go to the composition of verdant landscape. It is true that landscape gardening has been practised from the earliest dawn of civilization, but, at the same time, little of a reliable kind is known of the style or features of the gardens of the Jews, the Phœnicians, Assyrians, or even those of the ancient Greeks. The Greek gardens afforded shade, coolness, repose, freshness, and fragrance. Landscape is the general aspect of a country."

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking things may be, to see them as they are."—JOHNSON.

"The traveller without observation is a bird without wings."—SAADI.



GP

"Come Evening once again, season of peace,
Return, sweet Evening, and conclude long."

Good Night G.P.

LANDSCAPE SCENERY ; or, THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

" Wild tracks of forest ground and scattered groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us ; and as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us ; change of place,
From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever."

In the Pendleton Town Hall, on Thursday evening, March 5th, 1896, Mr. Thomas Costley delivered the twelfth and last of a series of lectures, the subject being, "Landscape Scenery ; or, the Lakes of Killarney." The chair was occupied by the Rev. B. J. Harker.

The CHAIRMAN said : It is a true pleasure to me to preside over this meeting. It is not my intention to stand between you and the sun, but to let him shed his full rays upon you as soon as possible. The subject is one that ought to produce a very attractive lecture. I know something about landscape scenery, but I know nothing about the lakes of Killarney. Of these lakes I shall know more, before to-night's lecture is over, than I have ever read about them, as I shall hear a description of them from the lips of one who has not only seen them, but who has lived in the country which possesses them. (Hear, hear.) The love of scenery seems to be inherent in Englishmen, as love of country makes the patriot, and the love of nature makes the poet. Mr. Costley is both a patriot and a poet ; and, I dare say, before he has finished his lecture, he will prove to us that he is also an artist. (Applause.) My reason for being here is, I suppose, because I am somewhat of a kindred spirit to Mr. Costley. "Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." I met Mr. Costley in Pendleton a few months ago. Our acquaintance has not been long, but I have had the pleasure of his company in my native dale in Yorkshire, and I know what inspiration he received from the scenery he there beheld. From what I have read of his writings, and from what I have heard him speak in our conversation, I believe that he has a genuine love of nature. Many people travel hundreds and thousands of miles in order to view mountain, valley, lake, and river scenery. They come back and tell their friends

a great deal of what they have seen, but they know very little of the scenery of their own native land, and this, I think, reflects discredit upon them. We should first feast our eyes upon the scenery within easy reach of us; should exhaust it all, so to speak, before going to other parts. (Applause.) Even then we should go elsewhere to judge of our own scenery by contrasting it with that to be found in other lands. I have met many people who have travelled in all parts of the civilized world, and they have told me that the scenery in our islands has a beauty peculiarly its own. They say that England may be looked upon as a garden in comparison with many other lands. If we would only reflect upon these statements, I think we should learn to love our country more than we probably do at present. I am glad to see the spirit which is growing upon us, and which induces people to get away, when they have holidays, into the byway retreats of their own native land, by which means they get to know more about the scenery which surrounds them, and get to know its various traditions and legends. In this way we educate ourselves; we gather inspiration, and when we reflect upon these things we feel all the better for it in ourselves, in our own character, and life becomes to us more worth living than what it has been hitherto. (Applause.)

Mr. COSTLEY, preparatory to his lecture, said: To-night I shall deliver my last lecture of the series. I thank all who have attended them most heartily for the manner in which they have received the lectures. I know that you have thoroughly appreciated them, and I know there are persons present to-night who will have listened to the twelve lectures. It is not any words of mine that have been so attractive as the matter which I have gathered up from the thousand sources from which beauty is to be culled and collected. I also wish to offer my thanks for the liberal way in which the lectures have been supported by the purchase of tickets. My friends have responded handsomely and nobly to the appeal I made for funds in aid of the Salford Royal Hospital. My labour, I am glad to say, has not been in vain, for I shall have a sum of money to hand over to the governors of this deserving institution. (Cheers.) This is a result which I very much appreciate, and which I know you do. (Applause.) Landscape scenery is very difficult to define with any exactness. It has been defined by Virgil to this effect:—"To have a beautiful landscape there must be meadows, a river or brook running through them. There should be mountains on either side of the meadows, cattle grazing, plenty of different kinds of trees, and, to make the landscape perfect, a lady and gentleman strolling through the

meadows, the lady whispering something into the ear of the gentleman, or *vice versa*." In that they had a perfect landscape—as perfect as it was possible to depict it. Another great writer says that mountain scenery is the finest of all. Emerson says, "In every landscape the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies." (Applause.) This is a beautiful thought when one roams about the country. Landscape is immortal to everyone who has eyes to see, and ears to hear the singing of the birds. Landscape scenery or gardening is inherent in the Briton, and I believe it is not carried out in any part of the world on the same scale as it is in England. John Dyer says:—

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?"

We might get tired and weary of looking at works of art, but not so with scenery. Beattie says:—

"Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which nature to her vot'ry yields:
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be
forgiven?"

The Earl of Zetland once said:—"I have travelled a great deal in the world. I have travelled in Italy and Switzerland, and I can conscientiously say I have never looked upon more beautiful scenery than I have done during my extensive tour in the south-west of Ireland."

Killarney is a small town in the county of Kerry, in Munster, and is situated a mile and a half from the lower lake of the same name, 17 miles east of Tralee, and 46 miles west-north-west of Cork. It is said to be exceedingly dull in winter, but wakes up into animation in spring and summer. It is 180 miles south-west of Dublin, and in 1891 its inhabitants numbered 4,372. The town consists of two rather good streets, from which other thoroughfares branch off.

The Killarney Lakes, a series of three connected waters, are situated nearly in the centre of the county of Kerry. The Roman Catholic Cathedral, designed by Pugin, is, both internally and externally, a building of magnificent proportions. It is cruciform in shape, with a massive square central tower. St. Mary's

Church is a handsome stone structure of Gothic architecture. It was erected in 1812, and has a fine tower supporting a slated spire, the vane of which is 120 feet from the ground. Its painted east window represents the supper in the house at Emmaus. The town is worthy in all respects of the honour of adding the title Baron of Killarney to the many titles appertaining to the heir of the British and Irish throne.

Here, in Killarney, the highest mountains in Ireland rear their crests over 3,000 feet above the sea level, now standing peak above peak in the wildest disorder, and now advancing in well-defined ranges far out into the Atlantic. Beneath their shadows are the loveliest of lakes, embosomed in richest verdure, and gloomy tarns reposing in the lonely recesses of sterile and untrodden valleys.

The flora of the county of Kerry is more diversified than that of any other part of Ireland; it abounds in those plants which luxuriate in the moist climate. The arbutus, the holly, the yew, the myrtle, and the juniper unite in imparting an aspect of perpetual verdure to the woods of the district.

I left the Manchester Exchange Station at 3 p.m. one day in 1895, to spend a merry week-end in the south-west of dear old Ireland, going by the immortal Cook's first cheap conducted tour through the lakes of Killarney, visiting all the chief points of interest, including Dublin, Killarney, and Muckross Abbey.

We left the Prince's Landing Stage in the new screw steamer "Wicklow" about six o'clock in the evening, three hours before the setting of the sun. Never was there a more glorious sunset on the wide ocean than we had on this occasion after crossing the bar. The evening was calm, but the night became stormy towards twelve o'clock.

We arrived in Dublin at seven o'clock the next morning, and cars were waiting to convey us to the Royal Exchange Hotel in Parliament-street. This hotel is situated in one of the most central positions in the historic metropolis of Ireland. The great city of Dublin stands on the banks of the Liffey, which, running from west to east, divides it into two nearly equal parts.

After a delicious breakfast and a short walk, the cars were again in readiness to carry us to the Kingsbridge Station to catch a train at 9.30 for the far-famed town of Killarney. Light luncheon was served out to us about midway at one of the railway stations. The journey on the railway was not so tedious as we expected it to be, seeing that we had to travel 183 miles. The cars met us at the station, and took us to the Park Palace Hotel, in the main street of Killarney.

After partaking of supper we went to bed, and soon fell into the arms of Morpheus.

The third day being Sunday, we started from the hotel about 9.30 a.m. for the celebrated Gap of Dunloe and the grand tour of the lakes. At the western end of the little town we drove close by the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and Killarney House, the residence of the Earl of Kenmare. A few miles further we crossed the Beaufort Bridge, built over the river Laune, which discharges the surplus waters of the lakes into Castlemaine Harbour.

Dunloe Castle is next passed, and we soon reached Kate Kearney's Cottage at the entrance of the Gap, where we alighted and walked through the pass, for in many places it is too rugged for conveyances. Some, however, preferred to ride through on ponies. The gap is a narrow defile about four miles long between two mountains. McGillicuddy's Reeks rise to the height of 3,414 feet on the one side, and the Purple Mountains to 2,739 feet on the other. Dunloe Castle was originally erected for the defence of the Pass of the River Laune and for guarding Dunloe Gap. The fortress withstood some severe struggles in the earlier wars and insurrections of the country during the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth. During the Civil War of 1641, General Ludlow besieged it. The garrison defended it bravely, and only surrendered when the bombardment had laid the greater part of the fortress in ruins.

The River Lee flows through its length, forming the Black Cushoally and Anger Lakes in its course. At various points in the pass some wonderful echoes are to be produced by the bugler from the mountain caverns. When the northern end of the Gap is reached, a splendid view of the Black Valley is obtained. Lord Brandon's cottage at the head of the Upper Lake was soon reached, and there we expected boats with our luncheon on board. We found the boats, but no luncheon awaited my friend and myself, for, alas, it had been devoured long before we arrived at that sacred spot.

On leaving Park Place Hotel, about 10 a.m. on the Monday, our fourth day, for a drive through the beautiful domain of Muckross, we first visited the ruins of Muckross Abbey, and then continued the drive through the peninsula between the Middle and Lower Lakes, past the Colleen Bawn Rocks, and over the Brickeen Bridge to Dinis Island and Cottage, at the foot of Tomies Mountain. We proceeded round the base of Tor Mountain, and by the shores of the Upper Lake, Derricunihy, and Queen's Cottage, situated by a splendid waterfall. The return was by the Glengariff route, through fine scenery, by road,

mountain, and lake to Tor, Cascade, and from an eminence over the fall a magnificent panorama of the lakes was spread out beneath us. We left Killarney at 5-26 p.m., and arrived in Dublin at 11-15 p.m., and proceeded to the Royal Exchange Hotel.

The next day (Tuesday), carriages were provided in which we left the Royal Exchange Hotel at 9-30 a.m. for the purpose of visiting the principal points of interest in and around Dublin, amongst them being Trinity College, the Houses of Parliament, Grafton Street, Stephen's Green Park, the Viceregal Lodge, Constabulary Barracks, the Zoo, Glasnevin, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Phoenix Park, Rotunda, Sackville Street and O'Connell's Monument, after seeing which our party returned to the hotel and left Dublin at 7 p.m.

Having thus given an outline sketch as it were of our plan of campaign, I must now proceed to describe somewhat more in detail the principal objects of our visit.

I may here say that George Holmes, in 1797, visited Killarney, and afterwards published a small volume, in which he gives a masterly description of the lakes and town of Killarney, from which I take the following extract, which extract proves that there were men living a hundred years ago who were fond of travel, and had great admiration for the beauties of nature. He says:—

"Along the road we had in view the immense mountains of the lakes, which afforded a boundless scope for fancy, their fantastical and rugged heads forming a thousand strange contrasts; every five minutes changed their appearance, according as mists would break or clouds enwrap them; distant gleams of light would dart across their summits, and quickly then would succeed a thick and blackish vapour hanging on their gloomy sides till it was again displaced by a blaze of sunshine. Thus were we entertained till, on our near approach to Killarney, the wide expanding bosom of the Lower Lake burst at once upon our expectant eyes. And here no one can pass without a pause; it deserves it—nay, it requires it, for the eye naturally seeks for repose as well as the grosser parts of our system after exertion. After a pleasing kind of tumult of the mind had subsided, occasioned by the first impression made upon us by this magnificent scene, we moved slowly on, descending by Lord Kenmare's deer-park wall into the town of Killarney. It is exceedingly neat and clean, and thriving fast, both from the great encouragement given by Lord Kenmare to settlers, and from the prodigious influx of visitors to the lakes; the houses in general are good, and an appearance of comfort

pervades the whole, and the beautiful gardens spread themselves to the edge of the lake, finely planted, and preserved with care.

"Ross Castle stands on an island, formerly the seat of O'Donoghue Ross, one of the most ancient families in this county. It lies close to the water side, beautifully backed by wood, which covers almost the whole of the island; the banks, in most places, are hid by thick hanging foliage. The castle is now in tolerable repair, having a garrison, with a governor appointed for it, upon the establishment. Having embarked and taken on board two men with horns, and two small pieces of cannon, we stretched across the Lower Lake to the base of Glenna Mountain, where we deposited our provisions in the cottage, and shaping our course towards the Upper Lake, we entered between the two mountains of Glenna and Tor, a narrow canal or river which issues from the Upper to the Lower Lake. Here the most wildly diversified scenery unfolds itself that the enthusiastic imagination can conceive. The rugged and precipitous base of Tor, contrasted with the richly wooded sides of Glenna, whose romantic groves falling to the waves, cast a deep and solemn shade around; whilst on the other side, rock piled on rock, flung in wild confusion along the banks, covered with crawling ivy, and from their interstices bursting numerous shrubs in flower or bearing fruit, quickly the scene would change; the mountains retire suddenly and leave us in a plain of perhaps three hundred yards in breadth; the green lawn spotted with groups of oak, holly, and wild ash. Again the hills approach, and environ us with dark precipices and nodding woods; awhile the course seems lost, we are suspended in doubt, till, turning short, we penetrate a deep and gloomy shade, hid from the blaze of day by the umbrageous arms of the trees, which, interwoven together, form an imperial canopy. Once more we are launched into an amphitheatre of lofty rocks, clad with countless shrubs and forest trees, which, shooting from their bare sides, send forth their twisting roots towards the earth. Thus continuing our course, we at length entered the Upper Lake through a narrow channel formed by two projecting cliffs called 'Colman's Eye.' This lake is surrounded by mountains of a fearful height fringed with forests, which creep up their sides to various distances. From the glassy surface emerge huge rocks crowned with arbutus, displaying its bright green leaves of gayest verdure, blended with its scarlet fruit and snowy blossoms. Some immense islands left their bare and craggy summits high above others, from whose fantastical shapes the boatmen have named them, one, the man-of-war; another, the

and so on, according as there is a resemblance.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

A microcosm, or little world of all that is beautiful."—*Daily News*.

These lakes possess some remarkable features, among which may be noted the dense woods that surround them, the elegant and imposing contours of the mountains, the numerous islands, and the luxuriant vegetation, especially of the *Arbutus Uncedo*, the "myrtle of Killarney." Not only on the islands, but from the water's edge along the bank rises mass after mass of foliage so dense as scarcely to allow the fissures and peaks of the mountains to appear.

This beautiful tree, or shrub, called arbutus, a genus of plants of the heath family, is found nowhere wild in Great Britain and Ireland but in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Killarney. It has pale, greenish-white flowers and red fruit, which, with evergreen leaves, are especially beautiful in September, October, and November. Macaulay, in his history of England, says of this "strawberry tree" that there have been, in the neighbourhood of Killarney, specimens of the arbutus thirty feet high and four and a half feet round. It has been said that "the arbutus mingles its drooping alabaster flowers and its pendant crimson berries with its glossy dark foliage, thus offering all its beauties to enliven the evening of our year when most other trees have retired to rest." It has received the name of strawberry tree from us because its berries so nearly resemble in appearance that delicious fruit. When first introduced into Ireland it bore the name of cain-apple. It cannot be ascertained at what period it was first cultivated in England. Dr. Turner says he had not seen it in the middle of the sixteenth century. Gerard, in 1590, described the tree. The description given of it in 1640 by Parkinson is most important, for he says that it was introduced into England from Ireland. Except in Ireland it is not a native of these islands, that is certain, but rather of South Europe, Asia, and America, but its locality is the Lakes of Killarney. In some countries of Europe a wine is made of its berries, and its fruit eaten freely. Horace celebrates the shade of this tree:—"Stretched under the green arbutus." The great poet Virgil speaks of its foliage as being rather thin:—

"Ye mossy fountains, and grass softer than sleep,
And the arbutus which covers you with its thin shade,
Keep off the solstitial head from my cattle."

Another poet recommends the twigs as a winter food for goats:—

"Supply your goats with leafy arbutus."

It is this wonderful succession of vegetable beauty, varying in its colours from rich glossy green to russet brown, that confers such a peculiar charm on the scenery of Killarney. The view from the elevated ridges to the south of the Upper Lake is exceedingly fine, and embraces a large portion of Killarney lakes, woods, islands, and mountains. Travellers who arrive *via* Kenmare see it in perfection. The lakes of Killarney, so-called, are three in number, the Upper, Middle, and Lower. In their immediate neighbourhood are several others, all, however, of inferior note. An eloquent describer of long ago writes of this beautiful lake region :—" Although the Lower and Middle lakes exhibit a very happy combination of the sublime and beautiful, the grand and the magnificent are more peculiarly the characteristics of the elder sister, the Upper Lake. She is embosomed in an almost voiceless attitude, her mountains are more terrific, her islands more gloomy, her dashing cataracts more astounding. The Lower Lake, however, will be apt to continue the more general favourite, from its superior expanse of waters, the multitude and beauty of its sparkling islands, rich promontories, as well as from the level country that forms its boundaries, on one side presenting an undulating line of mountains in soft perspective. But the principal charm of Killarney consists in its magical variety. It is not by a monotonous perfection that it pleases, but by an ever-animated, ever-changing fascination, which every mist that sleeps upon its waters, every ray that glances on its mountain tops, every breath that ruffles its bosom, every season that clothes or strips or diversifies its mountain woods, exhibit under a new aspect of loveliness, imbued afresh with a thousand prismatic colours. Every step you take you imagine that all the objects around you are undergoing a visible metamorphosis. Not a rock, not a wave, not a tree from the Druidical oak to the diamond-hung arbutus, that does not alter its aspect with the position you take, and appear as if spangled anew with a fresh coat of sparkling tints and hues ; whilst the silvery mists, that rise like guardian spirits from the depths of the lakes, the fairy voices that respond at every call, the ever-moving lights and shadows which are continually revealing or shrouding some prominent feature of the landscape, never suffer the intensity of your interest to subside. Nor is there anything incongruous in the disposition of the surrounding objects. The highlands and the valleys, the animated and the solitary regions, the still grottoes and the surrounding cataracts, the wildness and the gloom,

the lofty and the gentle features of the scene, blend harmoniously together. Its solemnity is always relieved by its brilliancy, and its brilliancy ever chastened by the continual presence of its awful mountains. Add to this that every rock has its legend, every island its tale of marvel."

The Lakes, too, are not without their genii. In pagan times, where the Lower Lake (or Lough Leane) now heaves its fretful billows, or reposes in calm, mirror-like tranquillity, stood a rich and gorgeous city (so says the legend, a variation of one found in many regions), over which the O'Donoghues, who were also Kings of Cashel, held sway. This city contained a fountain, of which it was predicted that, should its mouth be left uncovered, even for a single night, its waters would rise and deluge the land. Inspired by more than usual recklessness, the then prince caused the cover of the well to be removed. During the night the spring flowed over, and what had been a teeming city and smiling land became a beautiful lake. Yet death came not upon the inhabitants or their prince. The city and palace still exist in all their ancient glory beneath the waters of the lake, and glimpses of them have often been obtained (so they believe) by the boatmen who ply upon it, whilst O'Donoghue himself is permitted at certain periods to revisit the upper world. On every May morning, at sunrise, this chieftain emerges from the enchanted lake, and, mounted on a beautiful white steed, comes riding over its waters, fairies hovering over him and strewing flowers in his path :—

"For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, bright lake, in thee.
Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
Young plumed chiefs on sea or shore,
White steed, most joy to thee,
Who still, with the young first glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake doth spring,
My love, my chief, to me."

I may here say that taking the lakes and their near surroundings as a whole, that they form a combination of wood, rock, castle, and water, which is unrivalled in these western isles.

The Gap of Dunloe is a magnificently wild mountain pass at the head of the Upper Lake, between the McGillicuddy Reeks, of which the highest point is Carnatual, 3,414 feet high, on the west, and the Tomies, 2,433 feet, and the Purple Mountains, 2,739 feet, on the east.

"Lift to the clouds their craggy heads on high,
 Crowned with tiaras fashioned in the sky,
 In vesture clad of soft ethereal hue,
 The Purple Mountains rise to distant view
 With Dunloe's Gap."

On either side the craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rocks, suspend fearfully over the narrow pathway, and at every step threaten the adventurous explorer of this desolate scene. In the interstices of these fragments a few shrubs and trees shoot out in fantastic shapes which, with the dark ivy and luxuriant heather, contribute to the picturesque effect of the landscape. A small but rapid stream, called the Loe, traverses the length of the glen, expanding itself at different points into five lakes, each having its proper name, but which are known in the aggregate as the Cummeen Thomeen Lakes. The road, which is a mere rugged bridle-path constructed on the frequent brink of precipices, follows the course of the stream, and in two places crosses it by means of bridges. One of these stands at the head of a beautiful rapid, where the water rushes in whitening foam over the rocky bed of the torrent. The part of the glen which attracts most attention is where the valley becomes contracted as scarcely to leave room between the precipitous sides of the scanty path and its accompanying strand. The peasantry have given to this place the name of the "Turnpike." When approaching the southern extremity, the mountain barriers gradually recede, and the defile becomes more open. There are some fine echoes in the Gap, which are awakened by the means of a bugle or a small cannon left there for the purpose. The Upper Lake, although the smallest, *is considered the most beautiful*. It is thoroughly Alpine in character, and singularly romantic. Its circumference is about eight miles, its length two, and its greatest breadth less than one mile. The mountains appear to ascend on every side, and form the barriers of a vast amphitheatre, of which the spreading waters of the lake compose the sparkling arena:—

"Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
 At once upon the level brink;
 And just a trace of silver sand
 Marks where the water meets the land."

Embarked upon its waters, the illusion of being altogether landlocked seems nearly complete. Its numerous fairy islets and indented shores give an additional beauty and an interest perfectly romantic to the noble panorama; intermixed with the many beautiful shrubs which decorate them, the arbutus, hazel, holly and mountain ash are in prominent

luxuriance. Bounding it on the south is Cromaglen, 1,226 feet high, and the woods of Derrycunihy; on the north side extends the Long Range and the Glens Mountain Ridge; and to the west stands out in gigantic elevation the lordly Reeks, with their many peaks bearing their rough original impress of Nature. At various points of these Alpine barriers are intersecting glens and ravines, deep and wooded, each pouring down its own sonorous and tributary flood to swell the waters of the lake.

The Long Range is a river a little more than two miles in length running through a generally narrow and contracted channel, and connecting the waters of the Upper and Middle Lakes. The banks on either side are covered with arbutus, and fringed along the water-side with the lofty *Osmunda regalis*. The most remarkable object in the progress of this river is the Eagle's Nest, 1,700 feet high. It presents the appearance of a gigantic precipice, so beautifully draped with wood and vegetation that it is like a vast green wall. The echo from this and the surrounding rocks is inconceivably wonderful. A small cannon fired off from the opposite side of the river makes a succession of echoes resembling peals of thunder, varying in number and intensity according to the state of the atmosphere, and the effect produced by a bugle or horn is truly marvellous, the call being repeated and answered from mountain to mountain, fainter and fainter, again rising as if from some distant glen almost to infinity. Where the Long Range approaches its junction with the Middle Lake is the wonderful landscape mountain, Tor, 1,764 feet high, which, with its tiers of woods passing from rich groves to the slender branches that catch footing in the crevices of the summit, is one of the most picturesque features of Killarney.

The Lower Lake, which is by far the largest, is entered from the Middle Lake under Brickeen Bridge, between Brickeen and Dinis Islands. It is about five miles in length by three in breadth. The islands, of which Ross and Innisfallen are the principal, are upwards of thirty in number, many being covered with trees, others mere rocks, and few of them exceed an acre in area. Ross is in reality a peninsula jutting out from the east bank between the Kenmare demesne and the mouth of the Flesk. The Glens, or Shehy Mountain, 1,820 feet high, casts deep shadows over a quiet and lovely nook called Glens Bay, the clear waters of which reflect the green forests so densely covering the face of the hill. The scenery around is thought by many to be the finest on the Lower Lake. Along the shore walks have been cut, and every facility given the visitor to avail himself of the various pic-

spects of this favoured spot. At the base of the Tomies Mountain, which forms the western boundary of the Lower Lake, and about two miles from Glens Bay, is O'Sullivan's Cascade, which has three successive descents. The uppermost falls perpendicularly about 20 feet into a natural basin beneath, then rushing between two overhanging rocks, the stream makes its way over a second precipice into a second basin, whence it plunges over the last descent, and rushes onward to find its level in the lake. The entire height of the waterfall is about 70 feet.

The long range is divided into two currents by Dinis Island, the stream to the left going off to the Lower Lake by Glens Bay; that to the right to the Middle Lake. The point is known as the "Meeting of the Waters." Under the old Weir Bridge (an ancient structure of two arches connecting Dinis Island with the mainland), the waters sometimes rush with a fearful rapidity. The boatmen "shoot" these rapids with admirable coolness and nerve. Dinis Island is a romantic spot, and commands perhaps the finest views of the "Eagle's Nest," the "Meeting of the Waters," and the old "Weir Bridge."

The Middle Lake is two miles long by one mile broad. It is most charmingly sheltered, and almost entirely cut off to the north from the Lower Lake, save for two narrow channels between Dinis and Brickeen Islands, and surrounded on the east shore by the groves and grounds of Muckcross; on the south is Tor and its more lofty neighbour, Mangerton, 2,379 feet high. There are several curious and picturesque caves and islands on this lake, among the latter being Devil's Island and Colleen Bawn Rock. One is also struck by the grotesqueness of the rocky limestone shores which have been worn by the action of the waves for ages into strange forms. The echoes, too, though not so remarkable as those elsewhere, are still very striking, that from Brickeen Bridge especially.

The waterfall known as the Torc Cascade is considered the finest about the lakes. The waters are precipitated in a sheet of white foam over a ledge of rocks 60 or 70 feet high. After breaking on the rocks in mist and spray, the torrent resumes its impetuous course through a deep narrow ravine, amidst plantations of fir and pine trees, until it falls into the Middle Lake. To the left a winding footpath conducts you to a spot whence is the finest view of the Middle and Lower Lakes and Muckcross demesne to be had, and higher still to where the Cascade is far beneath the observer's feet. The steep rocky sides of the glen are covered with luxuriant trees and ferns, and close at hand is Tor Mountain.

Innis Faithlen, "the island of the field," lies about

midway between the eastern and western shores of the Lower Lake. The island, which is about 30 acres in extent, is richly embellished with "everything that nature can supply, without a single touch from the hand of art save the crumbling ruins"—

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

Innisfallen contains the ruins of an abbey, supposed to have been founded by St. Finian Lobhar (also founder of the ancient diocese of Aghadoe) at the close of the sixth century. The remains are inconsiderable and of a rude character. The annals of Innisfallen were compiled in this abbey, and are written in Irish intermixed with Latin. The original manuscript, containing 57 quarto leaves, is preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The earlier parts consist of an indifferent compendium of scriptural and universal history down to the arrival of St. Patrick, A.D. 432. Thenceforward it treats of the affairs of Ireland, particularly of Kerry, finishing at 1319.

INNISFALLEN ABBEY.

Though fragments of the walls of the abbey are scattered over the island, but little of it remains to give any idea of its architecture. Probably the monks, relying for defence upon the surrounding waters of the lake, neglected to build it with fortress-like solidity. One daring chief, alike defiant of the guardianship of holiness and of water, attacked and plundered the monastery and slaughtered some of the clergy. The record of this sacrilege closes with a cautionary account of what befel this trenchant chief. "But God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou art, let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine.

TOR CASCADE.

As we approach the fall its sullen roar breaks on the ear, increasing in intensity as we proceed from the main road up the little path that leads to it. The fall is concealed by trees and evergreens until we are close upon it, when, through a vista in the leafy screen, it bursts on the eye in all its glittering magnificence, plunging with terrific force down rocky stairs about 60 feet in height. The first bound is in abroad,

unbroken sheet; then it divides and leaps from rock to rock in wild tumultuous grandeur, foaming and wreathing, boiling and surging, uniting and again dividing, fair as an avalanche, brilliant as a cornucopia of pearls, hissing amongst the smaller rocks, thundering into the black chasms, rushing, freighted with fury and noise and violence, away through a dark narrow gorge to the lake. Tor Cascade comes over a broken wall of rock, forming numerous cascades in its progress, but, from the nature of the rock, has less of the

“Falling, and brawling, and sprawling,
And driving, and riving and striving.”

MUCKROSS ABBEY.

Muckross demesne, for a distance of about two miles, is traversed by an exceedingly beautiful walk, extending through the woods, and carried into Brickeen and Dinis Islands by means of connecting bridges. The whole way is varied by a succession of open lawns and dark masses of clustering groves, occasionally diversified by most picturesque glimpses of the lakes at either side. The great attraction at Muckross, in addition to the scenery, is its venerable and interesting ruins, consisting of an abbey, with church. Muckross, formerly called Irrelough, “the building at the lake,” was founded for Franciscans on the site of a church that existed here prior to the 12th century, by McCarthy Mor, Prince of Desmond, in 1440. In the centre of the choir is the vault of the McCarthy's, marked by rudely sculptured monuments, and the other Irish chieftains have burial-places therein, amongst whom are O'Sullivan, Mors, and O'Donoghues. The plan of the church is that of nave and choir, between which is a low, square tower. On the south side of the nave is a transept, and on the north the cloisters with the conventual buildings, consisting of refectory and vaulted apartment underneath, dormitory, and abbot's house. The chief beauty of Muckross is the cloisters, in the form of a sombre piazza, surrounding a sombre court-yard, rendered still more gloomy by the presence in its centre of a magnificent Irish yew tree of immense age, with a girth of 13 feet. The different offices connected with the abbey are still in a state of tolerable preservation.

ROSS CASTLE.

Ross Castle is a noble ruin, clothed in the most picturesque manner. It was the stronghold of the O'Donoghues, who assumed kingly jurisdiction in these parts, an example which probably influenced

the Desmond to be as good as his neighbours. In 1645 the rebellious Irish were masters of every fortress in Kerry, with the exception of Ballingarry, and the county was not finally reduced until 1652. Ross Castle was then defended by Lord Muskerry, and General Ludlow brought a force of 4,000 horse and foot against it. The great strength of the place and the difficulty of attacking it would probably have stoutly tested the endurance of the Parliamentary troops, had not the garrison been intimidated by some old prophecy which told that the castle would be impregnable until surrounded by ships of war. With characteristic energy Ludlow caused some boats to be dragged up from Castlemaine and launched on the lake. Their appearance, filled with soldiers and munitions for the siege, so frightened the superstitious defenders that they at once surrendered. The grounds are prettily laid out and intersected with beautiful walks.

In conclusion, I must recite to you the following sonnet as a fit ending of these lectures :—

“The works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye, the fountain's sparkling rill,
And gardens, when adorned by human skill,
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire ;
But oh ! the free and wild magnificence
Of Nature, in her lavishness, doth steal,
In admiration silent and intense,
The soul of him hath a soul to feel :
The river moving on its ceaseless sway,
The verdant reach of meadows fresh and green,
And the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene—
These speak of grandeur that defies decay,
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,
Who stamps on all His works His own ' Eternity.' ”

At the conclusion of the lecture, a vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. Costley by the Rev. E. E. STUTTARD, who said: I am sure we have listened with very great interest to the lecture, and heard with equal interest of the charms and delights of Killarney. I believe I am right in saying that it was Lord Macaulay who said that the love of natural scenery is quite the result of modern education ; that a hundred years ago men looked upon the hilly country of Scotland as a wild and terrible district, which was haunted with hobgoblins ; a country which was impossible of being traversed, and that ought to be avoided by everyone who had the good fortune not to be called upon to traverse those trackless districts. (Laughter.) I was much surprised when I read that. At the same time, one could, I think, realise that when one first of all comes into contact with the great works of Nature—the imposing mountain scenery, the great powers of the

cataract—there is something awe-inspiring and terrible about them. It is only when we get used to them, and are able to appreciate their highest characteristics that, perhaps, the feeling of dismay passes away. We are indebted to the modern method of travelling—the railway—for bringing us more into touch with the beauties of Nature. I am sure we have all been greatly interested in the charming description of Killarney which has been given us to-night. We may congratulate Mr. Costley for having accomplished what some of us would have thought an almost Herculean task in having given this series of lectures. It has evidently been a labour of love on his part, and I think it has not been a labour, but a joy and pleasure to many of us to come here each Thursday evening for the purpose of listening to Mr. Costley's graphic description of his own experiences, and the result of his reading of literature. (Applause.)

Mr. W. ALLEN seconded the motion. He remarked: I have listened to the lecture with great interest, and I was greatly pleased to hear that there will be a balance to hand over to the Salford Hospital. I have been informed that it is Mr. Costley's intention to have this series of lectures published in book form. If this is so I sincerely hope that the work will enjoy the large sale it will deserve. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN: I feel myself very much instructed to-night by what I have heard. I am sure I shall never be happy until I make a visit to Killarney. (Hear, hear.) How to get there I don't know. (Laughter.) I hope that when I do go I shall have Mr. Costley as a companion. Nothing delights me more than to hear about such places and the legends associated with them. The legend of the buried city is not one peculiar to the Lakes of Killarney. I have read a similar legend in Wales. It has been met with in Switzerland, in Norway and Sweden, in Germany, and also in Yorkshire. There is a small lake in a Yorkshire dale called Semmerwater. It lies between Wharfedale and Wensleydale. Semmerwater has a wonderful legend. It is said that once a beggar went through the city that stood on the area now covered by the lake. He begged from door to door, and was persistently refused help, till he came to one cottage where food was given him. The legend has it that as the beggar left the place he said, "Semmerwater, Semmerwater, Semmerwater, sink all but that one little house where they gave me meat and drink." The consequence was the city sank and was covered with water, now called Semmerwater, into the depths of which I have looked, but have not seen the buried city. (Laughter.) I heartily share the wish of the

previous speaker that, if these lectures are to appear in book form, they will command a large sale. (Hear, hear.) A worthier object than the one Mr. Costley has had in view in giving these lectures there could not be, and we must all rejoice that he will be able to hand over a sum of money to the Hospital. Lectures in these days generally turn out failures in point of support. We cannot get audiences, not because people are less educated, but because they have more things to attract their attention. Again, they read a great deal more themselves than they used to do, and we have no reason to regret that this is so. (Hear, hear.) I think it is rather an improvement than otherwise. We could not have a higher testimony to the appreciation which the people of Pendleton have for Mr. Costley and his lectures than an audience such as this on such a wet evening. Your presence to-night proves that you have taken a great interest in the lectures, and that you would not allow the last one of the series to pass without hearing it.

The resolution was then put and carried with acclamation.

In response Mr. COSTLEY said: This effort has been to me a labour of love, and I am very pleased, as I said at the outset of the lecture, that it has been appreciated. Poetry has been my delight from my earliest youth. As soon as I could read and write I began to peruse poetry. Poetry and biography have been my favourite studies. Reading the lives of great men, their achievements, struggles, and trials, has been exceedingly interesting to me. Macaulay was certainly a very great critic and a very good historian, but he didn't hit the mark when he said that only a hundred years ago did there begin to grow a love of Nature. Macaulay had not that innate love of poetry that has been manifested by the English poets. Long, long ago, Virgil, after describing a country scene, soliloquised:—

“Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads,
Here could I wear my careless life away,
And in thine arms insensibly decay.”

Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakespeare have all written beautiful descriptions of country scenery. We are familiar with Burns' lines on the daisy, which he immortalized. All the poets have had an innate love of Nature. Even King Solomon was strong in description of nature, and he wrote beautiful verse. (Applause.)

Mr. R. GUEST proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

This was seconded by Mr. Jas. Ford, and carried amid applause.

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“An index is the bag and baggage of a book,
Of more use than honour.”—THOMAS FULLER, D.D.

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"Knowing how strongly Mr. Ruskin is in favour of primitive methods of producing the results that are necessary for civilised existence, and being well acquainted with a busy village in the neighbourhood of Lisburn, in county Antrim, Ireland, where a number of linen industries are carried on at a profit on Mr. Ruskin's principle, that is, by hand and water power, I conceived the idea of making a present to him of one of the beautiful handkerchiefs which are fabricated on one of their hand-looms. This idea I ultimately carried out, sending to Mr. Ruskin, with the handkerchief, an account of the industries as they are carried on in this Irish village. I also had the boldness to enclose a little poem which I had written upon the late Mr. John Hewitt, of Pendleton and Manchester. I hardly expected a reply, and was not even sanguine that I should get an acknowledgment. After some delay, however, I received the following letter which, it will be admitted, is thoroughly 'Ruskinese':—

Amiens, France, October 18th, 1890.

My dear sir,—I have just got the lovely handkerchief and your delightful statement with it, and only regret it has been so long without acknowledgment. Accept my sincere thanks. I will write further, but am too tired to-night.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

October 19.—I meant to post this yesterday, but in my hurry I mislaid your letter and am sadly afraid to-day that it has got burnt with some waste paper, for I can't find it. Luckily, your little poem gives me address enough. Please say if you get this note, writing to care of Mr. Arthur Severn, Herne Hill, S.E., London.

Such is Mr. Ruskin's letter, which I very much value, because in its caligraphy, and its phraseology, there is a very complete example of the dignified simplicity of the man, as well as of his kindliness. I cannot feel angry with him for telling me that in all probability my letter had been first of all consigned to the waste paper basket and then burned."

The Reporter.

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